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THE LIVES

OF THE

BRITISH HISTORIANS.

BY

EUGENE LAWRENCE.

"Namque et Herodotum illum, qui princeps genus hoc ornavit—et, post illum, omnes Thucydidea dicendi artificio, meâ sententiâ, facilo vixit."

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To

THE HON. ALEXANDER W. BRADFORD,

THE DISTINGUISHED JURIST AND SCHOLAR,

THIS WORK IS DEDICATED,

IN TESTIMONY OF THE RESPECT AND AFFECTION OF

THE AUTHOR.

P R E F A C E.

HAVING noticed that there was no account, in the language, of the lives of the British Historians, I have been led to publish the following sketches of those eminent men. They have been chiefly composed during the intervals of more severe studies, and I am too conscious of their many imperfections, not to feel great diffidence in offering them to the public. Yet I trust that the interest of the subject may atone for many deficiencies in the execution, and that they will prove not altogether unentertaining or uninstructional.

The Historians, as a class, unlike their more erratic brethren, the Poets, have usually been grave, wise, prudent and virtuous men. Some of them, like Clarendon or Burnet, have taken a large share in the politics of their age, and have left the impress of their peculiar opinions upon the history of their country. Others, like Gibbon and Hume, have been the popular authors of their time, aiding the progress of literature in every land, by an example of unselfish devotion to mental improvement. While even the humblest of them have prepared the way, by their researches and inquiries, for the advent of writers of greater genius, and, probably, a Macaulay or a Hume would not be unwilling to confess that they had been considerably indebted to Carte and Rapin.

In our own country our greatest writers are Historians, and already, in the dawn of our literature, it possesses eminent names in history, worthy to take their place by the side of Robertson and Hume. It is a pleasing trait, too, of the taste of our reading public, that historical

productions are so widely patronized, and that the works of our Historians are read with delight by countless numbers of their countrymen.

I am led, therefore, to hope that the following lives of the Elder Historians will not be unacceptable to the taste of the general reader; while, to the student of History, they may afford a clear and careful review of the progress of the art. They have been composed with care, from the best sources, chiefly with the hope of recalling the memory of a class of great writers who have as yet wanted a biographer, and I propose, should the work be favorably received, to continue the series down to the death of Arnold.

New York, Nov. 1855.

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REPORT OF THE

COMMISSIONERS OF THE LAND OFFICE
IN RESPONSE TO A RESOLUTION PASSED BY THE GENERAL ASSEMBLY
ON THE 15TH MARCH 1870
RELATIVE TO THE LANDS BELONGING TO THE CROWN

1870

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LIVES OF THE BRITISH HISTORIANS.

THE EARLY HISTORIANS.

HISTORY, the department of literature which requires most labor and research, has had peculiar charms for Englishmen. Their great historians, unrivalled since the days of Tacitus, have united almost all the highest excellences of their art; and both Gibbon and Hume are allowed to be more profound than Voltaire, more philosophical than Guicciardini, more learned than Schiller, and more interesting than the critical Niebuhr. The taste for historical writing has followed the Saxon race in all its wanderings, and the most promising trait of our own literature, is the excellence of its productions in history.

The long line of British historians, commencing with Gildas, who wrote when the Roman legions had hardly retreated from his unhappy island, and closing with the death of Arnold, I propose to divide into the earlier writers who preceded the age of Elizabeth, and the later,

who succeeded that period. The earlier historians were chiefly monks : it was usual in every monastery to appoint some person to record the ecclesiastical and civil events of the year, and hence arose the monastic taste for history, as well as the chief materials upon which it was employed. The studious monk, weary of monotony, or desirous, like the excellent Bede, to become useful to his age, was accustomed to relate in rude language, and with an amusing ignorance, and unbounded credulity, the history of the Saxon and Norman kings. Necessarily, these monkish histories have little interest ; they are filled with theological controversy, and the private affairs of the church. Being written in Latin, and in a Latin that no Roman could have understood, they have never made their way into general notice, nor is there anything in their contents that could have gained them any popular favor. They have seldom either method or point, and the ignorant author was content to narrate the facts or fictions afforded him by the monastic records, without discrimination, taste, or thought.

Yet, in one view, the monkish writers deserve high praise. They wrote under great discouragements, and had no means of improving their taste, or of fostering their love for letters. With books they could have had little acquaintance, for books, in those early ages, were so scarce as to be almost unattainable. They, perhaps, had never seen the works of the classical authors ; they had never read a line of Livy or Cicero, and knew Virgil only by the rumor of his fame. Their literature

was gleaned from a rare perusal of the vulgate, or from the frequent use of the beautiful services of the church. Warton, in his History of Poetry, and other writers, relate many circumstances which show how inaccessible were books from the eighth to the fifteenth century.

The libraries of Italy were so totally ruined by the invasions of the Barbarians, that the Popes were often obliged to borrow books from Germany. In France, they were so scantily supplied that, in the ninth century, the abbot of Ferriers sent to Pope Benedict III., to beg a copy of Cicero de Officiis, as there was none in all France. At the beginning of the tenth century, copies of the Bible were so rare in Spain, that one copy often served for several monasteries. It was a rule of the English monasteries, in 1072, that the librarians should deliver to each monk one book at the beginning of the year; and if at its close he had not read it, he was obliged to do penance. The Bishop of Winchester's cathedral library consisted in 1294, of seventeen books. This prelate borrowed from the convent of St. Swithin, a copy of the Bible, in two folio volumes, giving his bond for its safe return. The Bible had lately been bequeathed to the convent, and so valuable was the legacy, that a daily mass was said for the soul of the donor.

Books in those days were the most costly of possessions, yet no price could in fact exceed their value, since they contained the germs of civilization and advancement. In those few manuscripts, so revered

and valued, was shut up the great spirit of modern progress.

But even had the simple monks beheld clearly all the vast results that were to flow from the influence of books, they could not have looked upon them with more reverence than they did out of pure superstition, or for the sake of their rarity. If any person gave a book to a Holy House, he was thought to have deserved salvation. Formidable anathemas were pronounced against any one who should alienate or injure one of these costly possessions. The sale of a book was attended with as many formalities as that of a vast estate. Persons of character and importance were invited to witness the transfer; and a formal record was made of the transaction. In 1225, Roger, Dean of York, gave several Latin bibles to Oxford, with a condition that the student, who borrowed one of them, should deposit a pledge for its safe return. Oxford, the centre of English learning, possessed, in the fourteenth century, a library consisting of a few tracts chained to the wall, or kept in the chancel of St. Mary's church; and even so late as the middle of the fifteenth, it was ordered by a statute of St. Mary's College, that no student should use a book longer than an hour or two at most, so that all might profit by the scanty collection. In France, at the opening of the fourteenth century, the royal library of Paris contained but four classics, one copy each of Cicero, Ovid, Lucan, and Boethius.

Books therefore, the first want of the author, were

almost inaccessible to the Anglican historian: he was isolated from communion with other minds, and to him all the great masters of literature had written in vain. He might by rare favor, and at distant intervals, glance over a few pages of Cicero or Lucan in the library of some wealthy earl or liberal prince, but even kings in those days, could scarcely afford to purchase those books, which are now the common possession of the poorest. It is no wonder, therefore, that the monkish writers were usually deficient in taste, and becomes the more wonderful that Bede, and several of his successors, should have attained such wide information and so clear a style.

The earliest of the historians, Gildas, said to have been monk of Bangor, wrote about the middle of the sixth century. He had seen the last Roman legion retreat from England, and must have witnessed the sudden ruin that fell upon his country from the inroads of the German invaders. Under the Romans, England had shared in the general civilization of the empire; its people had imitated the luxury of the capital, and had no doubt made much progress in mental and social refinement. The baths, the houses, the Mosaic pavements, the jewels, and the coins of Rome had been copied by the distant provincials; and the ancient Britons, like the people of Gaul and Spain, must have imbibed the literature and manners of their conquerors. But they were now once more to be plunged into a new barbarism. The Germans, who had wholly escaped the

influence of Roman civilization, poured into the island, and by their tyranny towards the natives, and their violent wars and dissensions with each other, completed the misery of England. Of this event Gildas had been a spectator, and his famous letter, the first English historical work, is entitled "Of the Ruin of Britain." It is divided into two parts, in the first of which the author reproaches the British nobility for their vices and dissensions which have led to this melancholy result, and gives a short narrative of the events of the contest. In the second, he laments over the immorality and degeneracy of the clergy, the chief cause, he alleges, of the judgment with which heaven has visited his country.

Gildas has left behind him this single production. It can hardly rank with history, yet it is a remarkable and a methodical work, and it obtains a strong interest for every Anglo-Saxon reader, when we remember that it was written while the great race, to which we belong, was just struggling into being.

The next century produced a greater name. Bede, the venerable, has been claimed by both England and Italy, but there is no doubt that he was born in 672, near Wearmouth, in the diocese of Durham, in England, and was educated at the monastery of St. Paul, near the mouth of the river Tyne. Here he soon made himself observed by his piety and his application to study: he was ordained a deacon at nineteen, and a priest at thirty. The fame of his learning having spread over all Europe, Pope Sergius invited him to Rome to aid by his

counsels, in the government of the church. But Bede preferred to remain in his peaceful cell, devoted to literature, and happily engaged in instructing the young monks of his monastery.

No man was ever more thoroughly an author than Bede. From youth to age he was incessantly occupied with his writings. It was said of him that he passed from his prayers to his studies, and from his studies to his prayers. The result of this life of labor was a vast number of works, upon a wide range of subjects, embracing the whole learning of his time. It would be tedious even to name all his productions, and I can only offer a few examples of their subjects. He wrote "Four Books of Philosophy," "Of the Substance of the Elements," a "Martyrology," a description of Solomon's Temple, besides works upon Grammar, Arithmetic, Chronology, and similar topics, for the use of his pupils in literature.

His great work, the "Ecclesiastical History of England," by which he has gained a lasting fame, was not published until a few years before his death. Notwithstanding its absurd legends, this is an astonishing production for an age when so few materials existed for a learned research. It was looked upon, until long after the Norman conquest, as the glory and the wonder of English literature; and, even as late as the reign of Henry VIII., England had produced no writer who could rival the learning or the vigorous diction of the Saxon monk.

Bede was not only a writer, but a philanthropist and a reformer. He desired to restore the church to its primitive simplicity, which, even in that rude age, seems to have long since departed: he wrote a letter to his friend Egbert, Bishop of York, a relative of the royal family, and a man noted for his liberal views and wise policy, to obtain his sympathy in the movement. He points out to Egbert that the monasteries are filled with the immoral and the dissolute; that the number of these institutions was rapidly increasing, and threatened to swallow up in their vast possessions all the arable land of the kingdom: he complains that the great nobles make their children abbots and abbesses, without any proper preparation, and long before they have arrived at the lawful age; and he recommends as the only cure for these pressing evils, the assembling of a synod to consider the state of the church. When this letter was written Bede was in a decline: he did not live to carry out his reforms, but died May, 735, aged sixty-three.

His body was laid in the church of the monastery of Tarrow, and so sacred was his tomb, in the opinion of his countrymen, that thousands flocked thither every year to pray over his ashes. His life had been one of singular purity, and amid the general corruption of a barbarous age, he might well be invested with supernatural sanctity.

His love for study ceased only with his life. It is related that on the night of his death, as he was dictating certain passages from St. Isidore, the young monk who

wrote for him said to him that but one chapter remained, and begged him, as he seemed to have great difficulty in speaking, to leave it for another time. "No," replied Bede, "take a new pen, and write as fast as you are able." When there remained but one passage more to be translated, Bede urged him to hasten, and soon the young man said to him, "It is done." "You speak truly," answered Bede. "It is done;" and some minutes afterwards expired.

His Latin style is clear and strong, although necessarily far from correct, and he writes with an easy flow of thought that fixes the attention of the reader. He had apparently good natural sense, as well as great learning, although he indulges in many strange fancies upon theological subjects. His account of Joseph, Mary's husband, whom he asserts to have been a farmer, and his particular description of each of the three wise men who came to worship the infant Saviour, are novel and amusing. The elder of the Magi, whom he calls Melchior, had, Bede tells us, grey hair, and a long beard, and offered gold to the Saviour in acknowledgment of his sovereignty. Gasper, the second, was younger, had no beard, and offered frankincense in confession of his divinity; while Balthasar, the third, was of a dark complexion, wore a long beard, and offered myrrh to the Christ, a type of his humanity. He then describes minutely their dress, having perhaps borrowed his description from some ancient picture. He delights in the supernatural, and although possess-

ing excellent common sense upon all other subjects, seldom fails to lose it wholly when treating of theology.

His writings have been greatly admired by the English of every age, and, perhaps, too much decried by the French critics. Camden calls him "the singular light of our island, whom we may more easily admire than successfully praise." Leland commemorates him, as "the glory and chief ornament of England." In opposition to this extravagant praise, the French have ridiculed his credulity, and undervalued his monastic lore.

But the eminent merit of Bede as an author has been proved by the extent and permanence of his fame. Arising from the gloom of a dark age, he is still considered one of the most illustrious of the learned men of England. He was the first of her men of letters: and cultivated literature at a time, when, except among the Saracens, the love of learning had apparently died out. He gained an European celebrity, such as no author since the time of Augustus had possessed: his example served to cherish among his countrymen a love for letters, and his assiduous teaching diffused the literature which he had cultivated. By these efforts, as well as by his educational books, his grammars, arithmetics, and other useful compilations, he must have done great good, and have elevated the mind of many a young monk above the sensuality and superstition in which his companions were plunged. His various translations made his countrymen acquainted with works which

otherwise might have remained inaccessible to them, while his rendering of the Bible into early English made them familiar with sacred truth. The amiable and philosophic King Alfred was a diligent student of the writings of Bede, and became the translator of his Ecclesiastical History; and it is not unlikely that, without the influence of the learned monk, Alfred might have remained as rude and uncultivated as his ancestors.

Bede is always called the "venerable," a name, the origin of which, his admirers have variously explained. It is said that he was held in such veneration by his contemporaries, that his homilies were ordered to be read in every church, as a part of the service: but, in announcing the lecture, an embarrassment occurred as to what title was to be given to the author; that of Saint could not apply to a living man—his name without some mark of distinction would appear too bare, and the title of venerable was therefore invented and universally applied. This explanation, however, would not satisfy the monks, who have added the following miracle. "Bede," they relate, "being blind from age (though he was not very old when he died, and was never blind), a young monk, one day having led him in a rocky place, where there were many stones lying around, told him, in sport, that he was surrounded by a crowd of people, who waited in silence to receive his exhortation. The good father, having made them a long address, ended with a prayer, to which, to the surprise of his companions, the stones respectfully

added, 'Amen, venerable Bede.'" There is another version. A monk, little skilled in the poetic art, was engaged in writing Bede's epitaph. He could only compose these imperfect lines: "Hâc sunt in fossâ Bedae — ossa." Having vainly labored to fill up the blank, overcome with weariness, he lay down and fell asleep. But on the morn in looking over his work, he was astonished to find his doggerel completed as follows:—

Hâc sunt in fossâ
Bedae *venerabilis* ossa.

The name, however attained, was certainly well-deserved. Few men have been more truly venerable than the good Saxon monk, and English historians may well exult that the first of their race was the pure, learned, and venerable Bede.

No remarkable historical writer succeeded Bede, until after the Conquest, when Ingulphus, of Croyland, composed a history of his own monastery, in which he was naturally led to introduce something of the civil history of the country. He was born at London, in the year 1030. His father being attached to the court of Edward the Confessor, introduced him to Queen Editha, with whom he had frequent interviews. The intercourse between the Saxon and the Norman courts was then unrestrained, and it was common for Englishmen to visit, in a friendly manner, the land of their future conquerors. Ingulphus came to Normandy when he was about twenty-one, and was made Secretary to Duke William.

Afterwards he attended a party of noble pilgrims on a visit to the Holy Land, and on his return, entered a monastery of Benedictines, in Normandy, of which he soon became the prior: a visit to court, a pilgrimage, and a monastery, being the fashionable career of a talented clergyman in the time of the Conqueror. When William became king of England, he sent for his former secretary, and made him Abbot of Croyland, in Leicestershire. Ingulphus seems to have made an excellent abbot. He rebuilt his monastery, which had been burnt by the Danes, obtained for it new privileges from the king, and employed the close of his life in composing its history. This work has preserved his name to posterity. It is not favorable to the party of the conquered Saxons, and palliates the crimes of the Conqueror. Yet Ingulphus was evidently a man of ability, skilled in the old philosophy, industrious, learned and ingenious. His chronicle begins with the year 626, in the reign of the Saxon, Penda, and ends with the third year of William Rufus. He died 1109.

In the twelfth century, Baronius, a monk of Worcester, succeeded Ingulphus, and after him followed Eadmerus, a Canterbury monk. To him succeeded the more famous William of Malmesbury, who wrote the history of England, in seven books, from the landing of the Saxons, to the reign of King Stephen. He was a man of learning and judgment, and no friend to the government of the usurper who had seized upon the throne of Queen Matilda.

Jeffrey of Monmouth, the Livy of the monkish historians, lived also in this reign. He delighted in romantic lore, and filled his history of the Britons with legends that even yet are entertaining; he related the chivalrous feats of King Arthur, and professed a full belief in the prophecies of Merlin; and he produced a catalogue of more than seventy kings who had reigned over England before the landing of Cæsar. His style is clear and simple, his narrative told in an effective manner, while his authenticity has found such eminent supporters as Leland and Usher. Simeon Dunelmensis and Henry of Huntington, two well read monks, wrote about the same period. William of Newberry, so called from his favorite monastery, composed a history of the English, from the death of Henry I. to the year 1097. He amused himself by detecting and ridiculing the improbable tales of Jeffrey of Monmouth.

From the thirteenth century we have the fragment of a history written by Gervase, a monk of Canterbury, and at the same time, lived Roger de Hoveden, and Ralph de Diceto, Dean of London, both historical writers. But a more eminent name distinguishes the same era.

Matthew Paris, born in the commencement of the thirteenth century, took the religious habit in 1217, at the monastery of St. Albans. Poet, orator, and theologian, he also understood painting and architecture, and was skilled in mechanics. His versatile genius illumines the gloom of a monastic age: he was a man of

rare probity and virtue, devoted to his country, and perhaps, in his writings, too intolerant towards its enemies. He was zealous like Bede in reforming the monasteries, and in bringing back the ancient church discipline in its austerity. He also encouraged education, having obtained through his influence with Henry III. many privileges and advantages for the University of Oxford. He died in 1259. His "Historia Major Angliarum," the best known of his works, contains the history of England from the Conquest to the forty-third year of Henry III. It is a work, for that age, of singular boldness and liberality; it maintains the rights of the English church and people against the growing encroachment of the papal power, and relates and applauds the efforts of those of the kings of England who have striven to diminish the influence of the court of Rome. The style is clear, and the Latin remarkably pure for that uncultivated age.

History, during the next two centuries, languished. There was no want of monkish writers, but they had little of the spirit of Bede, or of Matthew Paris. Trivet, Higden, Hemmingford, and their successors, hardly deserve to be commemorated. The monastery of St. Albans, however, the memorable centre of mediæval historical research, still continued to deserve its fame. Walsingham, one of its monks, and, perhaps, regius professor of history, wrote a brief narrative commencing with the close of the reign of Henry III. and ending with that of Henry V. William Caxton,

also, who, with great labor and expense, introduced printing into England, wrote about this time, though with but inferior talents. His "Fructus Temporum" was simply the continuation of a Chronicle written by the monks of St. Albans.

In the sixteenth century history left the shelter of the monastery to assume a more original form, and, with the Reformation, appeared a new race of historians. A little in advance of these, but evidently of the new order, was Robert Fabian, a merchant of London, and some years its sheriff. This learned merchant was a poet and a scholar as well an historian. He wrote the history of England from the time of Brutus to the reign of Henry VII. His remarks upon the enormous revenues of the clergy were so free, that Cardinal Wolsey seized and destroyed all the copies of the work that came in his way. Edward Hall, Recorder, of London, followed Fabian, and wrote an entertaining account of the wars of York and Lancaster; he describes minutely the manner, dress, and appearance of the English of those troubled times.

The unhappy antiquary, John Stow, adorned and dishonored the close of the sixteenth century. He was born in Cornhill, London, in 1523, and was brought up to his father's occupation, who was a tailor. A passion for antiquities, however, soon allured him from his trade. He studied with intense labor, and travelled through a large part of England in search of manuscript histories in the libraries of the cathedral

churches. His first work, a "Summary of English History from the time of Brute," was published in 1573. In 1598 appeared his "Survey of London," a work of wonderful labor and research, containing the origin, antiquities, and history of his native city. He had long been occupied with an extensive history of England, of which his "Summary" was only an abridgment, but could find no publisher willing to bring out so costly a work. He therefore printed in 1600, a new abridgment of this history, the "Flores Historiarum," more extended than the "Summary," but yet far from fulfilling the vast designs of the author.

His old age was oppressed by ill-health and poverty. The king gave him a brief to solicit contributions, but gave him nothing more. Camden, who purchased some of his manuscripts, allowed him an annuity of eight pounds. But to the dishonor of the age, this excellent and laborious historian, this fearless and honest writer, died at the age of eighty, in extreme penury. Better perhaps had he remained a tailor than to have met no kinder treatment as an historian.

John Speed, another tailor by profession, and of no little skill and renown in his art, undeterred by the misfortunes of his predecessor, abandoned the goose to become a celebrated writer. He wrote the history of Great Britain during the conquests of the Romans, Saxons, Danes, and Normans; a work which was hailed by Sir Henry Spelman with a copy of verses, and was esteemed by all the learned men of the age. Speed

was born in 1553, and died in 1629. He had eighteen children, and was certainly, in every way, the most famous of tailors.

Sir Richard Baker, a renowned antiquarian and historian, of the time of James I. was of good family, was educated at Oxford, and possessed a considerable estate. He wrote the history of England from the Roman conquest to the close of the reign of James I. : his learning was great and his abilities remarkable. But his end was unhappy. Having married a daughter of Sir George Mainwaring, of Shropshire, he became surety for a member of her family, lost his estate, and was cast into prison, where he died in 1645.

With this author I shall close my sketch of the early historians. As writers, with but one or two exceptions, they have no claim to the notice of the reader, and the few particulars which are told us, render their biographies tame and uninviting. It would have been highly entertaining could we have entered more closely into their private life—could we have watched with Gildas, from the walls of his monastery, the flight of the Picts before the German invaders, or the slow march of the Roman legions as they abandoned for ever the conquests of Cæsar; could we have studied the daily life of the venerable Bede, or joined Ingulphus in his visit to the court of Duke William, and travelled with his noble party on their fashionable pilgrimage. But all such particulars are lost; and of the early writers we have little more than their names, and their rude historical works, which have preserved them from oblivion.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH.

SIR WALTER RALEIGH was born in 1552, a year remarkable, says the ancient chronicler, for the execution of Seymour, Duke of Somerset, and for a shoal of huge fish which made their way far up the Thames, events which were supposed to be prophetic of the adventures and fate of the great discoverer. He was descended from an ancient family, and his mother, a woman of remarkable ability, had already, by a former marriage, given birth to the three Gilberts, men whose taste for maritime adventure had no little share in forming the character of Raleigh. Nothing is told of his childhood. In his sixteenth year he entered Oriel College, Oxford, where he was known as a brilliant scholar, particularly in oratory and philosophy. From thence he went to the Temple, but probably paid but little attention to the law, since on his trial he asserted that he had never read a single statute ; while he could have scarcely been eighteen when he began his military career.

Although we have so few particulars of his early life, it is not difficult to form some conception of the pursuits

and amusements of his studious youth. The love for study, which so marked his later years, began no doubt with his first appearance at College and in the Temple. His mind was by nature speculative and inquisitive; he delighted in the abstruse inquiries of the schoolmen, and in every species of philosophical research which was cultivated before the advent of Bacon; and it is not unlikely that the germs of those curious theories which embarrass the reader of the History of the World were suggested during his early seclusion at Oriel College. That he was also known among his young companions for a rare and convincing eloquence, that his fertile and well-stored intellect was capable of being brought into ready action, and that his fine figure and graceful carriage gave him much of the physical influence of the orator we may readily believe. But in addition to these peculiar gifts, Raleigh possessed the higher instincts of the poet. His mind seems to have dwelt incessantly upon the two noblest themes of the poet's art, religion and love.

In his religious feelings, if we may judge them by their poetical expression, he inclined towards those stricter views which the party of the puritans were gradually infusing into the intellect of the age. His verses teem with expressions of self humiliation, of contempt for the outward glories of the world, and of a desire to fall into a perfect communion with the Deity. No Bunyan or Baxter ever composed hymns more justly unfolding the purest aspirations of Christianity than do several of these

devotional lyrics of the worldly Raleigh.* It is through them that we gain a clearer insight into his peculiar character and discover that while madly engaged in a strife for wealth and power and the triumphs of the world, he was in secret sighing for that inward peace which flows only from their complete renunciation.

These religious poems are constantly produced from the beginning to the close of his life. His "Pilgrimage," supposed to have been written between his sentence and his execution, pursues the same strain of confident trust

* One of his hymns is as follows :

Rise, oh my soul, with thy desires to Heaven,
 And with Divinest contemplations use
 Thy time when Time's eternity is given,
 And let vain thoughts no more thy thought abuse.
 To thee, oh Jesus, I direct my eyes,
 To thee my hands, to thee my humble knees,
 To thee my heart shall offer sacrifice,
 To thee my thought, who my thought only sees.
 To thee myself, myself and all I give.
 To thee I die, to thee I only live.

See the collection of Raleigh's poems by Sir Egerton Bridges.

The following from a dialogue between God and the Soul will also give some conception of the depth and truth of his religious impressions. He writes :

SOUL.

But Lord, what if I turn again,
 And with an adamant chain,
 Lock me to thee? What if I chase
 The world away to give thee place.

GOD.

Then though the souls in whom I joy
 Are Seraphims—then but a toy—
 A foolish toy, yet once more I
 Would with thee live and for thee die.

in faith and the hope of salvation.* And the "Farewell," also attributed to this period of humiliation and despair, dwells upon the same consoling theme. An opinion has long prevailed that Raleigh was a skeptic, one of the earliest of the school in England, and Hume with secret triumph claims him as a friend to free thinking. But these hymns and poems, speaking as they must have done the inmost impulses of his nature, show him to have belonged to the class of practical, rather than theoretical, unbelievers.

His youthful verses, too, are often upon the common theme of poets, love, and when writing upon this topic his thoughts seem to flow more easily and melodiously than when expressing the higher aspirations of faith. His verse softens, his images are finer, and his language pleases by its naturalness and ease.† He loved nature

* Give me my scallop shell of quiet,
 My staff of faith to walk upon,
 My scrip of joy, immortal diet,
 My bottle of salvation,
 My gown of glory (Hope's true gage),
 And then I'll take my pilgrimage.

† In his "Country Recreations" he writes as follows :

Abused mortals, did you know
 Where joy, heart's ease, and comfort grow,
 You'd scorn proud towers,
 And seek them in the bowers,
 Where winds sometimes our woods perhaps may shake,
 But blustering care could never make.
 Nor murmurs e'er come nigh us,
 Saving of fountains that glide by us.
 Blest silent groves? Oh, may ye be
 Forever thought's best nursery,

and the scenes of rustic life, amid all the pomp and artificial splendor of the court, and his mind recalls with delight the images of simple contentment, and seems to lament continually the exchange which he had made of quiet pleasures, a pure conscience, and an assured faith, for the uncertain, restless and weary existence of the courtier. \wedge

With all these higher elements of character, Raleigh joined a violent ambition, a stern pride, and an unbounded passion for renown. These latter passions, fostered by the circumstances amid which he was thrown, soon overmastered his religious and poetical impulses, and drove him from that calm haven of rest which his fancy dwelt upon so fondly in moments of reflection, to take part in the most active and least scrupulous movements of the time. He became a soldier, fearless, cruel, and unsparing; a courtier intriguing, dark,

May pure contents,
 Forever pitch their tents
 Upon these downs, these meads, these rocks, these mountains,
 And peace still slumber by these passing fountains.

The thought in the following verses, and the flow of the rhythm, show the spirit of a true poet :

Passions are likened but to floods and streams,
 The shallow murmur but the deep are dumb;
 So when affections yield discourse, it seems
 The bottom is but shallow whence they come.
 They that are rich in words must needs discover
 They are but poor in that which makes a lover.
 Wrong not, sweet mistress of my heart,
 The merit of true passion,
 With thinking that he feels no smart,
 Who sues for no compassion.

revengeful; a buccaneer who pursued his prey with as little remorse of conscience as a Kid or a Morgan; and it is easy to imagine that amid the storms of violent passion which so incessantly agitated his breast, his life could never have been happy, and that he must often have recurred with a bitter pang to the sense of what it might have been had he lived true to the purer and better part of his nature.

Raleigh, in his youth as well as in later years, possessed a fine form, a commanding appearance, a frame accustomed to exercise, and accomplished in all manly pursuits. He was fond of labor, activity, and enterprise. To the highest intellectual advantage, therefore, Raleigh added all those physical qualities which attract the admiration of the multitude, and contribute so largely to success in the struggle for distinction. Nature had already marked him as one of her peculiar favorites, and it is easy to conceive, that as he surveyed his own personal advantages, and felt a proud consciousness of his own superiority, his ambition even in early youth was fired, his self-reliance grew strong, and that he resolved to play no common part among the great events that were passing around him.

It was now the most brilliant period of the Elizabethan era. That energetic queen had already given a new impulse to British intellect, and had elevated her narrow island kingdom to a place in the politics of Europe such as it had never held before. Her daring policy called forth all the energies of her subjects and

her example inspired them with a stern self-reliance that became the source of all their unrivalled achievements.

The period in which she reigned was favorable for the display of Elizabeth's uncommon abilities. Protestantism, upon the continent, heretofore neglected or despised, was now everywhere persecuted and oppressed. Its adherents had risen against their oppressors. In France a fierce contest was raging in which the Protestants had succeeded in baffling all the attempts of their opponents to subdue or exterminate them. In Germany and the Netherlands a similar contest had arisen, and the Reformers of Europe naturally turned for sympathy and aid to that virgin Queen who, in her youth, had herself experienced all the violence and cruelty of the rival sect. Endangered at home by the intrigues of the Catholics and their foreign abettors, Elizabeth listened with pleasure to the appeal of the foreign Reformers, and had resolved by fostering the growth of religious freedom abroad, to give sufficient employment to the kings of France and Spain in their own dominions. She sent soldiers and money to the Protestant leaders, whenever they seemed to require aid; and although always frugal and prudent, rendered them effectual support. Her people were soon inspired by her unflinching spirit, and England began to produce heroes and statesmen worthy of their queen.

Entering life at such a crisis, when the safety, and the defence of the nation called for the aid of all its bravest

spirits, Raleigh naturally looked for preferment to a military career. Born with little besides gentle birth and natural advantages to aid him in the struggle for advancement, he had apparently no other choice. His family was poor although ancient, and Raleigh, a fourth son, could expect but little from the decayed estates of his knightly ancestors. He seized, therefore, an opportunity of distinction offered by the expedition in aid of the Queen of Navarre, and joined the hundred gentlemen who, with their followers, set out for France to take part in the wars of the League. English valor was appreciated on the continent, and the recruits were received with great joy by the struggling Protestants. Here, in the camp of the Huguenots under Condé and Coligny, Raleigh passed five years of his youth. Nothing is recorded of this period. He no doubt learned much of the world, and something from books, since he afterwards showed a wide acquaintance with both. Nor is it likely that so active an intellect, at a period when the mind is usually most busy, could have viewed the new scenes into which it was thrown without much lasting profit. It is said that he was in Paris at the massacre of St. Bartholomew, and narrowly escaped by taking refuge with the British Ambassador.

Soon after he returned to England, and for a time his active mind seems to have sought repose. He took rooms in the Middle Temple, and resigned himself to love and poetry. His early verses are the only record of this portion of his life. They have chiefly an amor-

ous turn and savor something of that grace and license which mark the French writers of the period. His taste was already well trained; he wrote with smooth and accurate rhythm, his fancy teemed with the fairest images of nature. These traits show that he had long studied and practised poetry; and that often during the idle hours of camp life, while following the banner of Coligny, he had beguiled the tedious interval by cultivating his poetical talent. It is not likely that Raleigh could ever become a great poet, since he was wholly wanting in sensibility. His feelings were never deep nor strong. But he was peculiarly imaginative. From youth to age, he was always influenced by some bright vision playing before his mind, which promised some sudden accession of fame, or wealth, or happiness. Perhaps in his earlier hours he pleased himself with the dream of excelling in poetry, and of assuming that place in English literature, which afterwards fell to the lot of his friend Edmund Spenser.

But the pause in his active life was short. He was born to handle the battle-axe rather than the lyre. His dream of love and poetry was broken by the clamor of the trumpet. Elizabeth having given effectual aid to French Protestants, now prepared to sustain the Reformers in the Netherlands. She felt that she could not better secure her own safety, than by employing the Spaniards in their own territories. The Dutch were valiantly fighting for their lives against the enormous resources of Phillip II. Should they fall, but a narrow

sea would separate Protestant England from the rack, the inquisition, and the avenging armies of Spain. A personal feeling, too, mingled with Elizabeth's policy. Mary of Scotland was her prisoner. The fate of the fallen queen had won the sympathy of Catholic Europe. In all their designs against England, the Catholic rulers were stimulated by the danger of one of their own order, a prisoner in the power of her heretic rival. The stern character of Elizabeth assured them that the life of Mary was not safe. Her crimes were forgotten in her imminent peril. She became to many Catholics an object of chivalrous affection and veneration. Don John of Austria, the son of Charles V. was now Spanish governor of the Netherlands. His military achievements, his haughtiness, cruelty and bigotry, had made his name hateful and terrible to Protestants. Don John espoused the cause of Mary. He declared his intention to lead his army into England, and having rescued the imprisoned queen, to marry her and seat himself upon the throne. The rumor of his design reached the ears of Elizabeth. It had two effects. It hastened the death of Mary, and secured the freedom of the Netherlands.

Elizabeth furnished the Dutch with men and money. Raleigh went with these forces to Holland in 1577. He was once again to fight on the side of the Reformers, and here in the struggle with Spanish cruelty and tyranny, he learned that hostility to Spain which was the source of his most renowned exploits. At the battle

of Rimenant, where Don John was defeated, the English and Scotch troops came late upon the field. As they arrived weary with marching and overpowered by heat, they flung aside their armor, and even their dress, and rushed almost naked upon the foe. Thus Raleigh studied the art of war on the great fields of the continent. After two years of service he returned to England. A new impulse was beginning to move the minds of his countrymen, the spirit of discovery.

Raleigh had all the elements of a discoverer. He was poor, adventurous, fearless. His poetical temperament glowed at the thought of a new world to conquer, and his bold fancy filled its unknown depths with populous and wealthy empires, with mines of gold and cities adorned with streets of silver. He had evidently been a diligent reader of those marvellous books of travel which amused and startled the credulity of the age. In his history of the world he makes use of several narratives of distant voyages, and even places some faith in Sir John Mandeville. His knowledge of the exploits of Cortes and Pizarro was full and accurate. Over their marvellous achievements he seems to have pondered unceasingly, until it became one leading purpose of his life to discover a second Mexico amid the wilderness of America.

His step-brothers, the two Gilberts, were famous mariners. Sir Humphrey had obtained a patent for planting and possessing certain northern parts of America above the 25th degree. The coast from Florida

to Newfoundland was as yet unknown. A company was formed to make a settlement upon Newfoundland. Many, hoping great profit, joined in the scheme. Ships were prepared, but before they could sail, the adventurers quarrelled. Some refused subjection. Others could not perform what they had promised. The majority dispersed, leaving Sir Humphrey with a few friends, among whom was Raleigh, to continue the adventure. The small squadron put to sea, was met by a Spanish fleet, and after a severe action was forced to return. Thus unsuccessful was his first attempt at colonization. But the idea had sunk deep into his mind that fame and wealth awaited him in America—that there he should perform deeds that should make his name immortal, and win possessions for England, over which he might reign with the pomp of a sovereign prince. This vision he pursued through dangers, sufferings, disappointment, and despair, until it plunged him in poverty and brought him to the block. Yet the dream has been at length fulfilled. The world has awarded deathless fame to Raleigh for his efforts to colonize America. A great nation has arisen upon the land which he first pointed out as worthy to be a nation's birth-place. And in her transatlantic possessions England has found richer mines than any discovered by Cortes or Pizarro.

His next field of action was Ireland. The Roman Catholics of that island were preparing to revolt. War was not openly declared between Philip and Elizabeth,

but the former seized the opportunity to repay those ill offices which the Queen had done him in the Netherlands. Seven hundred Spanish and Italian troops were landed in Ireland with a banner blessed by the Pope and a priest dignified with the title of Nuncio. They built a fort at Smerwick in Kerry, while the Irish rebels, under their leaders the Desmonds, hastened to join them. Among the English forces who marched against them was Raleigh, who had now risen to be a captain. It is stated that when Sir James Desmond was taken he was put under the charge of Sir Warham St. Leger and *Captain* Raleigh, by whom in virtue of a commission directed to them he was tried and executed.

Lord Grey had come over as Deputy from England to crush the rebellion at a blow. He approached the Spaniards with eight hundred horse and foot. Raleigh was with him and signalized himself by an exploit. He observed that as the army left their encampment, the Irish kerns or peasants entered and plundered whatever was left. He laid in wait near the camp, until he saw the Irish rush into the place, and then coming upon them suddenly took them all prisoners. There was one who carried a bundle of withes. When asked what they were meant for, he coldly replied, "To hang up English churls." "Is it so?" said Raleigh, "then they shall serve now for Irish." He ordered the man to be strung up with his own withes.

Meanwhile Grey besieged the Spanish fort by sea and

land. He sent an officer to demand from them the object of their coming. They replied "that the Holy Father had given the realm to Philip, and that Philip meant to recover it out of the power of the schismatic Elizabeth." While the parley was going on the Spaniards made a sally, but Raleigh was on the watch. He attacked the assailants with great valor, and drove them back into their camp. After five days' siege the fort surrendered. Lord Grey, with unusual cruelty, put the whole garrison to death. Barbarous as was the military policy of the age, even Elizabeth disapproved of this needless severity. Yet Lord Grey was a man of much refinement. He had chosen the poet Spenser as his Secretary, to attend him into Ireland. The grateful poet defends the conduct of his friend in his "view of the state of Ireland," by urging that Grey had never promised the Spaniards their lives. He seems to think the offence easily pardonable, so long as Grey had not violated his honor.

Here Raleigh and Spenser became first acquainted. They could hardly meet without becoming friends. Yet their intercourse was not frequent until later.

Raleigh became famous in Ireland for his partisan exploits. The rebellion half suppressed, still lingered among the fastnesses, and in the unsettled portion of the country. Many of the discontented nobility were plotting a general rising against the English rule. Over these Raleigh, stationed in garrison at Cork, kept a close watch. Once he went up to Dublin with but few attend-

ants, to complain to the Lord Deputy of some noted offenders. His enemies prepared to intercept his return. The seneschal of Imokelly lay in ambush on the banks of a stream which he must cross, with a large body of natives. Fortunately Raleigh arrived when the enemy was dispersed. He dashed through the ford singly, attained the opposite bank and defended himself successfully until his companions had crossed.

In 1581, when Ormond left Ireland, Raleigh was one of the three commissioners left in charge of the government of Munster. Here he was constantly employed against the enemy. He attacked Barry, a noted Irish partisan with superior force, and totally defeated him. With only six horse, he threw himself upon a large party of natives, and drove them before him until they fell into the hands of his foot soldiers. With his small company of eighty foot and eight horsemen, he rode through the rebellious districts without meeting a reverse.

But this rude life among the barbarous Irish, wearied Raleigh. Here was little fame to be acquired, and no prospect of improving his fortune. He pined like an exile. He scorned the petty warfare in which he was engaged, and longed for some fitting field for those talents of which he felt conscious. Was he to pass the best days of his manhood in fighting Irish kerns? "I disdain it," said he, in a letter to the Earl of Leicester, "almost as much as to keep sheep."

A new scene was to open to him. Elizabeth was form

ing her remarkable court. She felt that in the perils by which she was encompassed she needed to be surrounded by wise and valiant men. With keen penetration she selected from among her subjects all who could be useful to her in war or in politics. Her courtiers were men with frames hardened upon the battle-field, with minds large, vigorous, and commanding. In the society of such attendants the queen delighted. She delighted in mental and moral greatness as much as in mere physical beauty. Her courtiers were all eminent for a union of excellences. They were graceful, learned, brave, and usually of remarkable personal attractions.

Her weaknesses were vanity and love. She was vain of her sandy hair, her angular features, her awkward gait, and haughty mien. She believed herself the most accomplished, and the most learned, the most beautiful, and the most captivating of living women. She expected all men to die of love for her, but unlike most coquettes, she did not escape the fatal passion herself. There is no doubt that she loved Leicester violently, that she died of grief at seventy for the sake of the beautiful and misguided Essex. Her affections were not constant, and several of her gifted courtiers, among whom was Raleigh, touched the heart of the haughty queen.

From amid her weaknesses the strength of Elizabeth's character becomes more evident. Her woman's frailty could not cloud her strong intellect, or change her grand designs. She steadily pursued her plan of humbling

Philip, and of preserving Protestantism, while listening to the compliments of Leicester or the more earnest passion of Essex. The language of extravagant admiration with which her courtiers were accustomed to address her, was not wholly insincere. Her lofty genius united to a royal station, dazzled and overwhelmed their minds. The strongest minds of her subjects might well bow before that absolute monarch, who by her wisdom and vigilance ensured the prosperity and glory of her people; whose haughty self-will inspired almost as much dread in her own House of Commons as it did within the walls of Madrid. Her frailties were overlooked in that halo of veneration and awe in which her proudest subjects delighted to veil her.

Raleigh was now to be made known to Elizabeth. He possessed every quality which she most prized. He was in the first strength of manhood. He was about six feet in height, his form strong, compact and graceful. He wore the flowing beard and moustache of the time, and his dark hair cut short, waved slightly around his brow. In dressing he always excelled. His armor was of the choicest workmanship; his laces of the most costly kind. Upon one of his court suits the jewels alone were valued at sixty thousand pounds, and those on his shoes exceeded in value six thousand pieces of gold. His manners were stately, yet polished, and he had that deferential, awe-struck bearing which Elizabeth so loved to receive from men of eminent personal and physical attractions. He spoke with ease, readiness,

and plausibility. He knew how to touch the delicate chords of vanity, to awake to pity and to admiration, to present the wide knowledge of which he was possessed in the most alluring and agreeable form.

But he had a higher claim to the esteem of Elizabeth. He was a soldier, tried in fiercest contests of the time. He had fought in France, in Holland, and in Ireland, and had gained a practical knowledge of military affairs, such as few of his contemporaries could have possessed. His reputation for courage had reached England. He had gained the notice and perhaps the patronage of the Earl of Leicester. Lords Grey and Ormond could both tell how bravely the young captain had borne himself through the desultory campaigns in Ireland. Elizabeth no doubt ere now had heard his name mentioned with honor as a brave soldier, and a daring leader. She was prepared to receive with approving smiles the man who had already done her good services, and was likely to be of constant use in her future warlike schemes.

The tradition of the first interview between Raleigh and the queen is well known, though of doubtful authenticity, but which, as it is not altogether improbable, I shall not omit. It is said that while Elizabeth was once walking out with her attendants, she encountered a wet spot in the road. She hesitated, uncertain how to advance, when Raleigh gracefully approached, and taking from his shoulders a rich mantle, flung it down before the queen. She passed safely over, and then turned to survey the author of the unusual act of

gallantry. She was charmed by his appearance as much as by his politeness, and is said to have promised that, "the loss of one suit should be the gain of many to him."

The promise was kept. The graceful, gallant Raleigh, who but lately mourned his banishment amid the wilds of Ireland, became a star of that brilliant court which had been chosen with such discriminating care by Elizabeth. His was a nature in which the queen delighted. It was kindred to her own. She could understand that poetical temperament that glowed with happiness in her favor, and sank into despair beneath her frown. She could read with satisfaction that vehement ambition, which she meant not to gratify wholly, but rather to inflame by gradual advancement, and devote to the service of her realm in distant exploits. She heard with a growing tenderness those protestations of admiration and passionate regard which Raleigh soon learned were the surest paths to the favor of his stately mistress.

The court into which Raleigh came shone with genius and beauty. There, the chief favorite for many years, and with a power apparently immovable, reigned the fair-faced, haughty, vindictive Leicester. His power over the Queen seemed assured by some secret bond which held even her proud nature in check; for she never dared to cast him wholly aside, even when she was convinced of his faithlessness, and provoked by his cowardice and misconduct in Holland. There, too, was Sir Philip Sidney, nephew of Leicester, the author of

an able defence of poetry, a poet himself, a brave soldier, and a pure and virtuous man. He died at thirty-two; yet, though so young, the fame of his genius and his virtues had spread over Europe, at a time when fame travelled slowly. The nobles of Poland had chosen Sidney for their king, but Elizabeth forbade him to accept the crown. There, too, was Francis Bacon, a reformer in mental science as renowned as Luther in religion, a courtier as assiduous as if he had not possessed that mighty intellect which elevated him far above kings, and priests, and nobles. There was Burleigh, the astute, Walsingham, the keen detector of those endless plots which so often threatened death or deposition to the virgin queen. There at intervals shone Spenser, the beloved friend of Sidney and Raleigh, the bard whose sweet notes first discovered the melting harmony of the English tongue. There, too, came Shakspeare when masks and plays were to be performed before the queen, unconscious of his own greatness, and abandoning to the care of careless copyists that fame which was to be England's proudest possession, abandoning to ignorant transcribers those matchless plays, to restore whose original purity Pope and Warburton and Johnson were to spend years of fruitless labor. There, perhaps, came the gifted bricklayer, rare Ben Jonson, and the poetical atheist, Marlowe. There finally came Essex, the friend of all men of genius, the sweet and winning companion, the beloved even to death by his chosen friends, whose beautiful person, whose melancholy, pensive eye, whose

nobility of birth, of bearing, and disposition, so won the heart of the maiden queen, that she died of grief for his loss, even though he had fallen justly a convicted traitor and a conspirator against her person.

Such were Raleigh's peers. Yet among these eminent men prevailed a bitter and unceasing rivalry. Bacon was a low and subtile intriguer for office; Leicester frowned upon every new pretender to the favor of the Queen. Raleigh, himself, became soon immersed in intrigues for his own advancement, and in deep schemes for destroying his rivals. Essex, rising without effort to power, was driven by the malicious tales of his followers to look upon Raleigh as a traitorous foe. Cecil, Burleigh, Hatton, Vere, and Howard, with their innumerable friends, rivals, or enemies, completed the realm of misrule, and led the gentle Spenser to rejoice in his Irish solitude that sheltered him from the "enormities" of the court.

It was Elizabeth's policy to keep her courtiers from idleness. Some she employed in stately pageants, some upon distant embassies, and others in war or negotiation. Raleigh was soon made of use. He was ordered to attend to Antwerp, Simier, the envoy sent over by the Duke of Anjou to negotiate his marriage with the queen. He now first became acquainted with some of the court "enormities," and narrowly escaped falling a victim to the vindictive Leicester. The favorite had opposed the marriage with all his influence. Simier, cunning and bold, had discovered that the earl

was himself privately married. To destroy his influence he had revealed the fatal secret to Elizabeth. Her rage and grief were boundless, and Simier almost succeeded in his design of destroying the powerful earl. Yet, after a time, Leicester's influence revived. He was restored to his ascendancy and the French match was broken off. But Leicester could not pardon Simier. He resolved to have a deadly revenge. He hired some pirates to attack the ship which bore Simier and Raleigh to the continent, and to sink her with all her crew. The pirates chased the vessel for four hours, but were finally driven off by some men-of-war.

When the Duke of Anjou having visited England was about to return to France, Raleigh was one of those sufficiently conspicuous to be appointed to escort him home. The duke moved with a brilliant retinue. The queen herself, with the flower of her court, attended him to Dover. A splendid train of English nobles and gentlemen, among whom was Raleigh, accompanied him to Antwerp. Here Raleigh made the acquaintance of the Prince of Orange, who charged him with letters to the queen, and with a verbal message that "the States flourished only beneath her powerful care." When Raleigh came back to England he became an especial favorite and one apparently marked out for rapid advancement. Leicester was not yet his enemy and even showed him some favor. With Sidney and Bacon he could hardly fail to form an intimacy, so like were they in their love for learning. He had an open

rupture with Lord Grey, but against that powerful nobleman he found himself sustained by the favor of the queen.

His imagination still rested upon America. Amid the slow progress of court promotion he turned to that New World as the true field for his ambition. Sir Humphrey Gilbert had renewed his project of settling Newfoundland. He was to go in person upon the dangerous expedition. Raleigh built a bark of two hundred tons, called the Raleigh, to accompany his brother. To do this he must have possessed money or credit. Sir Humphrey added four more vessels. The expedition was patronized by the queen. Her penetrating mind perceived all the advantages that flowed from maritime adventure, and she honored and cherished all those worthy voyagers whose exploits laid the foundation of English supremacy on the sea. She directed Raleigh to write to his brother that she wished him "good hap." She sent him a golden anchor guided by a lady, and desired, as if foreseeing the doom of the brave navigator, that he would leave behind him his picture. The fleet sailed, June 11, 1583. But by midnight of the 13th, a violent contagious disease broke out on the bark Raleigh. She put into Plymouth in great distress. Meanwhile the remaining ships proceeded to Newfoundland. They landed and took possession of the island with great solemnity. But of the four only one vessel returned. Sir Humphrey, having lost his own ship, attempted to cross the ocean in a

pinnacle of only ten tons. A storm arose, and his companions beheld him disappear, on a dismal night, in the stormy Atlantic.

His fate had no effect upon Raleigh. His passion for discovery grew strong amid constant disappointments. The new world lay before him, almost an untrodden soil. The Spaniards had penetrated into but a small portion around the Isthmus of Darien. All the vast interior of North America, the outlines of which had been faintly indicated by the discoveries of Davis, of Cabot, of Gilbert, was still to be conquered and explored. Its long shores lay opposite to England, inviting her adventurous people to discovery and settlement.

Raleigh resolved to explore this unknown tract. He designed to form a settlement about midway between Florida and Newfoundland. Here he thought golden mines must abound, and the wealth of the Indians await the first discoverer. Here England might strengthen herself against the overwhelming power of Spain, by discoveries of equal value with those which had elevated the impoverished kings of Castile to such affluence and grandeur. He imparted his designs to Elizabeth. He clothed it in all the engaging colors which glowed in his own sanguine imagination. He presented it with all the skill of "his plausible tongue." The queen heard him with pleasure. She encouraged the expedition, and granted him a patent with power to hold, settle, and govern all the new territories he might discover.

As the great colonizer, Raleigh has won his most lasting fame. He was the first to lead his countrymen onward to these great discoveries, which have given them all their commercial supremacy. He was resolved that his own country should no longer be surpassed by Southern Europe, in the advantages of colonization. As yet England had lagged behind her contemporaries, and neglected those means of profit, which had made other nations prosperous. While Spain and Portugal had won great empires and vast revenues by their distant conquests, increasing trade, and untiring enterprise, the English, divided, by civil and religious contest, had remained but slightly benefited by the new discoveries.

Under the energy of Raleigh, a new spirit was imparted to Englishmen. He taught them the true destiny of England. He founded her empire upon the sea. His name and his influence aided every attempt at maritime discovery. His enthusiasm for naval affairs was limitless. It never flagged for a moment. He encouraged Davis on his perilous voyage to discover a northern passage. He aided Hakluyt to publish his celebrated collection of voyages. He sent ship after ship to the shores of the New World, to colonize, to relieve the colonists, to explore the unknown land, and to bring back an exact account of its productions, climate, and inhabitants. While a prisoner in the Tower, he wrote a treatise on ship-building; and closed his long career by a last voyage of discovery, that was fatal to his fortunes and his life.

Two vessels were prepared for his first expedition to the New World. They were equipped chiefly, if not altogether, at his own expense. Philip Amidas and Arthur Barlow were the captains.

These ships were sent out to explore the New World and to prepare the way for a perfect system of colonization. They were followed by the attention of all England. Raleigh's plan of distant settlement became the subject of conversation in the court and the city, among the nobles, the merchants, and the people. It was looked upon with general favor. Men's minds were filled with admiration at the greatness of his views and the patriotic ardor with which he illustrated them.

At length the ships returned. They had pursued the long route by the Canaries, and had passed several months upon the sea; but they had returned safe. They had seen the unknown land and had found it as beautiful as Eden.

Raleigh exultingly published the narrative of his captains. They related how, as they approached the shore of the New World, the perfume as of a garden of flowers had stolen over the ocean to welcome them. How, after coasting for many miles, they had landed and taken possession of the country in the name of their queen.

It was July. They had alighted upon the shores of North Carolina. The summer airs seemed to the voyagers to possess a peculiar softness such as they had never felt before. Nature saluted them coming from the monotonous sea with an unending variety of charms. All

seemed peace and rest, and luxuriant life. Vines grew so plentifully that they climbed to the tops of the tall cedars, and came down along the shore until they mingled with the waves. A gunshot awoke such vast flocks of birds that their united cry seemed like the shouting of an army.

A single native approached the English with but little show of fear. When they loaded him with gifts he was transported with gratitude. He leaped into his boat and commenced fishing. In half an hour, so plentiful was the yield, it was loaded with as many fish as it could bear. The native then landed on a point of land near the ships, divided his spoil into two parts, indicated that one part was for each vessel, and then disappeared.

The voyagers pursued their explorations. They were hospitably treated by one of the kings of the country, as they called the native chiefs. With royal liberality he sent them every day a brace or two of fat ducks, conies, hares, and fish, the best in the world. With these came various kinds of fruits, vegetables, melons, cucumbers, gourds, walnuts, peas, roots, and other unknown products of the country. It seemed indeed a land of plenty. The soil with but slight cultivation produced profusely. The forests and rivers teemed with the choicest food. No want could come to this favored clime. No sickness visited the transient explorers.

Yet the natives so mild to the English were found to be faithless, implacable, and savagely cruel to each other. They showed where whole races had been ex-

terminated in their wars. They told with barbarous triumph how they had invited their enemies to a feast and then, after praying to their idol, had fallen upon their guests and murdered them. They even invited the English to witness and take part in a similar exploit. They were idolators bearing about with them in war an idol of which they asked counsel. When their armies advanced to battle, instead of the noise of drums and trumpets, they sang fierce songs like the ancient Germans.

With such pictures of the new world did Raleigh fill the minds of his countrymen. Here was another Paradise discovered, possessed by demons who were to be driven out, or heathens to be converted to Christianity. Here was a land abounding in the spices and fruits of the Indies, and which must certainly contain great stores of gold. If the sea-shore was so inviting, what might not be expected in the interior? When Cortes first landed upon the shores of Mexico he encountered only savage tribes. Perhaps another Montezuma was reigning in peaceful impotence within the vine-clad shores of Ocracoke.

The narrative of his first expedition was laid by Raleigh before the queen. She was delighted with its success. Here was no chilly Newfoundland to be settled, uninviting and covered with fogs, but a soft climate and fertile soil waiting to be possessed. She bestowed a name upon the land which should perpetuate her own glory. She called Raleigh's new province Virginia.

The discoverer was knighted. He became Sir Walter Raleigh. He entered Parliament. To aid him in his plan of colonization, the queen gave him a monopoly of the sale of sweet wines, and his patent for settling and governing America was confirmed by Parliament.

In 1583, a new undertaking diverted for a moment his attention. Sir Adrian Gilbert, his step-brother, had prepared an expedition for the discovery of a northwest passage. It was to be commanded by the famous Captain Davis. Thus was Raleigh one of the originators of those marvellous voyages to the icy seas of the north which, if they have had no other useful effect, have given to the British seamen a daring valor and unrivalled hardihood that have taught them to despise the danger of all other maritime exploits. The Polar seas have been the school of American and British seamanship. There the whaler and the sealer soon followed in the track of the explorer. Davis sailed from England with but two barks, in the summer of 1585. He touched land as far north as latitude $66^{\circ} 40'$, the cliffs of which glistened like gold, and called it Mount Raleigh. He also discovered the straits which lead into Baffin's Bay, and which retain his name. Among the icebergs of the north the enterprise of Raleigh was felt. Without his cordial support the English mariner might long have shrunk from those boisterous seas, and have overlooked some of the richest grounds of the whale-fisher.

But though thus ready to encourage every scheme that promised benefit to the nation, Raleigh still cher-

ished with peculiar interest his plan of colonizing Virginia. In 1585 he prepared a second expedition. Seven vessels, having on board one hundred colonists, were made ready and the command given to Sir Richard Greenville, one of those famous mariners who in that day scoured the seas in pursuit of Spanish carracks, and delighted in any dangerous enterprise that promised profit or renown. He was Raleigh's most faithful adherent, and to none other could he have so safely committed the care of his young colony.

It may be wondered that Raleigh did not himself hasten to take possession of his province. But perhaps he feared to leave the queen, with whom he was now an almost unrivalled favorite, and was fearful that his enemies, of whom he always had many, would take advantage of his absence to destroy his influence. He felt that at court he stood upon a treacherous soil. His sole reliance was the favor of a haughty and sensitive mistress. A whisper might destroy him, an intrigue reduce him below those rivals with whom he now contended upon an equality. To be safe he must retain his influence over Elizabeth by an assiduous attendance and submission to her whims, her vanity, and her tenderness.

Greenville, therefore, led the important expedition. Ralph Lane went with him as governor of the colony. With the settlers were several remarkable men. Harriot, the inventor of Algebraic notation, Cavendish, the circumnavigator, and a painter, who made sketches of the natives, their dress, dwellings, and other curi-

osities of the country, which aided much in conveying to the people of England a just conception of the New World.

The voyagers sailed upon the usual southern course, from which the most experienced navigators of the age were afraid to venture, and passing by the Canaries, paused for a time at Hispaniola, where, notwithstanding their buccaneering propensities, they behaved with hospitality to the Spanish inhabitants, entertaining the governor and other men of note at a "sumptuous" banquet, given beneath a temporary banquet-hall erected with green boughs. The Spaniards returned their civility by giving in their honor a grand hunt of whitebulls.

Then Greenville bore off for Virginia, where he landed his colony. The settlers were charmed with the appearance of the country, and saw the fleet depart without regret. His duty accomplished, Greenville indulged his natural tastes. He fell upon Spanish commerce and made rich prizes on his homeward passage.

The colonists left behind in the Paradise, commenced exploring its advantages. They found the soil the goodliest under the cope of heaven, abounding in sweet trees that teemed with spicy gums. A continent of unknown greatness and resources stretched behind them. They prepared to discover its mines of gold, its jewels, its cities and its monarchs. Evidently it was well peopled, and the natives courteous. They met the strangers without suspicion. They were so ignorant as to prefer coarse cloth to silk, red copper to all other

metals. Such were the tidings the fleet bore back to Raleigh.

But the colonists soon began to discover that their beautiful wilderness possessed dangers and sufferings more pressing than those from which they had fled. The savages had been wantonly made their bitter foes. Before Greenville left he had taught the simple natives that the white men, whom they thought gods, were cruel and revengeful. A silver cup had been stolen in one of the native towns. Greenville, with the prompt cruelty of a buccaneer, had reduced the village to ashes, and destroyed its fields of growing corn. This act spread horror among the "courteous" savages. The reverence they had felt for the white men changed into a loathing dread. They believed them to be evil spirits come to destroy their race. A prophecy spread among them that more whites were coming to hasten their doom; that they were to be wholly exterminated, and their places taken by a new generation of strangers. So early did the sense of their mournful destiny humble the minds of the unreflecting savages.

With the hostility of the natives, famine came upon the colony. No kings any longer sent them braces of fat bucks, and abundance of fine fruit. The Indians neglected to plant their corn lest it should serve to nourish their invaders. The whites had not time to raise any for themselves. In the land which had been thought the garden of the world, the first settlers were nearly starved.

At this moment Sir Francis Drake came sailing triumphantly from the plunder of Carthagera, and the Spanish coasts, to visit Raleigh's famous colony. He found the settlers desponding and hopeless; Virginia had lost all its allurements. They begged Drake to take them back to England where, in a less favored climate, there were no savages, and food for all. They returned, bringing back a vast deal of information in relation to the country and its productions.

Meanwhile Raleigh, ever provident, had sent a ship of an hundred tons to their relief, loaded with a plentiful supply of all that they could require. She was detained in England until late in the season, and arrived at the colony a few days after the settlers had sailed. Not long after the departure of this vessel, Raleigh dispatched Sir Richard Greenville, with three ships, also laden with supplies. He landed upon the deserted coast, explored the country in person to some extent, and having left fifteen men upon the island of Roanoke, to prove that the project of settling in Virginia was not abandoned, he sailed back to England.

Thus failed Raleigh's second effort to colonize America. The expense of this attempt to him must have been almost ruinous. His only resource was the bounty of the queen; and Elizabeth, it is well known, gave but sparingly. His passion for discovery had thus far been indulged at great pecuniary loss. It had kept him poor, and ill satisfied. Yet he had not altogether failed. His expeditions had familiarized to the minds of his country-

men, the idea of colonization. They had brought over an accurate knowledge of the dangers, as well as advantages, of the country. To his experienced eye there appeared no difficulties that could prevent his scheme from having perfect success. Climate, soil, and the feeble character of the natives, seemed to invite to further enterprise.

One of the results of this expedition, was the introduction of tobacco into England. The savages of America had first discovered the uses of that plant, which has now become one of the chief luxuries of civilization. In his wigwams, amid swamps and wild woods, the Indian had learned to envelop himself in clouds of fragrant smoke. His pipe and his tobacco pouch were his choicest possessions. They accompanied him on his warlike expeditions, and solaced the monotony of his winter lodge. His strange and savage recreation became known to the whites. They adopted the fashion with avidity. Before the voyage of Greenville the Spaniards had introduced smoking into Southern Europe, but it had not yet reached England.

Raleigh made smoking the fashion. He brought into the stately court of Elizabeth, an amusement which seemed only suited to the lodge of a savage Virginian. Tobacco became his favorite solace. He lived in a cloud of perpetual smoke, and died almost with his pipe in his mouth. His arrangements for smoking were on a costly scale. His tobacco box, or rather its case, was of gilded leather, about a foot and a half broad, and

thirteen inches high. Within were receptacles for sixteen pipes. Around the case stood a circle of small wax candles of various colors, as around the altar of a god. It is not related that they were kept perpetually burning.

The practice soon became fashionable at court. What amused the chief favorite could not fail to entertain others. The demand for tobacco grew great. One chief employment of the future colonists of Virginia, was to be the cultivation of this plant. Its use soon became common all over Europe, a cloud of tobacco smoke floated over almost every palace, and every cottage. Philosophers like John Locke, and poets like John Milton, were not ashamed to adopt the savage custom, and proved by their common taste how small the difference between the barbarous and the civilized man.

To compensate him for his losses, Elizabeth gave Raleigh an estate of twelve thousand acres in Ireland, on condition that he should plant and settle it at his own expense. The gift could hardly have been of much value at that time. Ireland had lately been desolated by a rebellion in Munster, and when that was suppressed a famine fell upon the unhappy country, owing to the neglect of proper agriculture, which proved more fatal than many wars. Whole districts were depopulated. Elizabeth saw that she could never rely upon the fidelity of the native Irish. She offered inducements to English settlers to enter and cultivate the island. The deserted

lands were given to any who could colonize them. But they were chiefly bestowed upon those who had aided in suppressing the rebellion. Of these Raleigh had been one of the chief. His share therefore was large. This estate he afterwards sold to Robert Boyle, Earl of Corke, to whom it proved the commencement of a great fortune. Two other preferments at this time mark the gradual ascent of Raleigh's fortunes; he was made Seneschal of the Duchy of Cornwall and Exeter, and Lord Warden of the Stannaries of Wales and Cornwall.

The Earl of Leicester had been for more than thirty years the reigning favorite. On him Elizabeth had lavished her highest honors and her most liberal gifts. His marriage had but for a moment shaken his supremacy. But his influence now received a deeper blow. He had been sent to Holland at the head of the forces which Elizabeth had prepared for the relief of the Dutch. He had entered the provinces attended by a retinue of eminent men, among whom was the Earl of Essex, and had been received with joy and gratitude by the States. But ere long Leicester proved himself a coward, an inefficient general, and a man whose vanity and ambition rendered him unfit to hold any important command. Elizabeth recalled her favorite in disgrace. With Leicester, Raleigh seems to have long corresponded. They had continued ever friends. There is a letter from Raleigh to Leicester, written probably at this time, in which he assures the earl of his devotion to his interests,

begs him not to permit any poetical scribe to make him seem cold and hollow, and adds "the queen is on very good terms with you, and thanks be to God you are still her sweet Robin."

With the people Raleigh was never popular. He was even generally disliked. All his great achievements, his gallant manners, and his commanding mind failed to win him the affections of the citizens, or even to make him many friends. It was well known that he was haughty, overbearing and self-willed. It was believed that he was selfish and insincere. His political principles were more liberal than most of his contemporaries; his hatred to Spain was a popular feeling; his plans of colonization were on all hands allowed to be highly patriotic; yet was he singularly unpopular. Essex had only to show his fair melancholy face to the mob to awaken a hearty welcome of cheers and shouts. But when Raleigh walked abroad he was passed in silence.

This unpopularity is not strange. Men who gain influence by mere mental power are seldom liked. They govern the mind but not the affections. They rule over unwilling subjects. Of this kind was Raleigh's influence over Elizabeth. She admired his rare union of striking qualities, his refined taste, his strong intellect, his unusual personal attractions, and his martial skill, but she missed that impulsive nature, that passionate temperament which fixed her affections upon the youthful Essex. The people, too, soon discerned the nature of

the favorite's influence and character. They disliked his haughty, commanding spirit. They feared his singular tact.

An anecdote is preserved that seems to indicate the common feeling with regard to Raleigh. Tarleton was the best comedian of the time. He was the privileged court jester. Once, while acting a play before Elizabeth and her courtiers, he suddenly pointed to Raleigh as he repeated the words "see the *knave* commands the queen." Elizabeth frowned. But going on with the same freedom the jester added, "he is of too much and too intolerable power." He even made some reflections upon the great influence of the Earl Leicester which were received with such general applause by all present that the queen thought it prudent to conceal her displeasure. But from that time Tarleton was forbidden to appear at her table.

Elizabeth was the queen of a nation of buccaneers. Her subjects were almost universally engaged in privateering. English seamen were just beginning to display their native hardihood and cupidity. Their frail, ill-constructed barks, so small that in the present age they would scarce seem fit for river navigation, pierced the most distant and dangerous seas in pursuit of their prey. They had just learned the weakness and wealth of Spanish commerce. They found that an English pinnace of twenty tons was more than a match for a Lisbon galleon of twelve hundred tons. They taught the Spanish sailors to dread the coming of their

heretic foes as they would a legion of demons. The English indeed fought more like demons than men. They met, without flinching, force an hundred times more powerful than their own. A fleet of Spanish carracks of immense size lay around Greenville's single ship, the *Revenge*, a whole day. They could neither board nor sink her, and would have fled dismayed shattered and filled with slaughter from her terrible crew, had not her last barrel of powder given out. Almost every English captain was a Greenville and every ship a *Revenge*. They rode the seas with a triumphant assurance that they were its masters. Even the dangers of the waves were despised. Their ill-built barks were seldom tight. They leaked badly in the very harbour. They were so small that the slightest swell of the sea seemed sufficient to overwhelm them. The provisions were usually bad and insufficient. None of those inventions which relieve the hardships of modern sailors were known to the Elizabethan navigators. The science of navigation was yet to be learned. The compass and the lead were their only guides. Yet with such science and such vessels they encountered the violent storms of the Bay of Biscay, the dangers of the Atlantic, and the icebergs of the Polar seas. In consequence many brave men perished, many like Sir Humphrey Gilbert sank with ship and crew in stormy nights and raging seas.

But the fate of the lost did not check the zeal of the living. Rich prizes were daily arriving in English har-

bors, to stimulate avarice and adventure. The favorite speculation with all classes was to embark their capital in privateering. Elizabeth set the example to her people. Seldom an expedition went forth in which she had not a tenth or a fifth interest, and few prizes returned out of which she did not exact something more than her share.

Indeed, it was generally allowed that in these matters she often acted "but indifferently." She seemed neither honest nor just when the plunder of a great galleon of Andalusia came to be divided, and the gold, the jewels, the spices, and the gums were allotted to the happy adventurers.

The great nobles and wealthy merchants were as eager for Spanish plunder as the queen. Few of the courtiers of a military renown but had sailed at the head of a squadron or a fleet in pursuit of the great galleons that annually brought from America to Spain the wealth of Mexico and Peru. The ocean glowed with gold and silver, with pearls and diamonds for these noble adventurers. In it they found inexhaustible mines of wealth, and dangers and triumphs sufficient to try their courage and satisfy their ambition.

The ocean in those days was the pathway to fame. Land service offered but little allurements to the soldier. Elizabeth engaged in no great military expeditions. Her wars in Holland or in Ireland were barren of laurels or of plunder. She directed all the energies of her people to naval expeditions. Her chief attention was given to her navy. She perceived the true genius of

her subjects for naval excellence. She resolved to make England the ruler of the seas. Her nobles shared her zeal. The Veres, the Howards, the Earl of Cumberland, Essex, Carew, and Raleigh led her fleets with a success that first inspired in the minds of Englishmen the consciousness of their true destiny. Drake, Frobisher and Davis, of less elevated birth, of equal valor and of higher skill, completed the design of Elizabeth. She reigned over the ocean with a terrible supremacy. She strewed its waves with the wrecks of Spanish commerce and stained its distant bays with Spanish blood.

First among the buccaneer nobles stood Raleigh. He had a vessel in almost every expedition that sailed. When the Earl of Cumberland went with a squadron to the South seas, Raleigh's fine pinnace, the Dorothy, accompanied him. In 1586 he sent out two pinnaces, the Serpent and the Mary Sparke, at his own expense, to cruise near the Azores. These puny cruisers seem to have been hardly capable of crossing the English Channel. The Serpent was of but thirty-five tons burden, the Mary Sparke of fifty. Yet they stood bravely out across the boisterous Biscay, along the hostile coasts of Portugal, careless of the dangers of the sea, and glowing with the excitement of huntsmen in chase of a certain prey. They drew near the Azores, where the English were accustomed to lie in wait for the heavy-sailing Spaniards, who knew no other homeward route from the Indies. The little vessels now kept a keen watch. Their sport soon began. They took first a small bark

laden with sumach, on board of which was the Governor of St. Michaels. Then when westward of the island of Tercera they descried another sail. It seemed to promise a valuable prize. To conceal their intentions they hoisted a white silk flag. The Spaniards, unsuspecting, came sailing towards their foes, mistaking them for Spanish armada on the lookout for English men-of-war. "But when we came within gunshot," says Evesham, the narrator of the voyage, "we took down our white flag and spread abroad the cross of St. George, which when they saw it made them fly as fast as they might; but all their haste was in vain, for our ships were swifter of sail than they, which they fearing did presently cast all their ordnance and small shot, with many letters and the drafts of the Straits of Magellan, into the sea, and thereupon immediately we took her; wherein also we took a gentleman of Spain, named Pedro Sarmiento, Governor of the Straits of Magellan, which said Pedro we brought into England with us, and presented him to our sovereign lady, the queen." They took three more prizes, and then attacked a fleet of twenty-four sail, two of which were carraks of a thousand and twelve hundred tons. Yet the *Serpent* and the *Mary Sparke*, of under fifty tons each, were not intimidated. They rushed upon the enemy with undoubting confidence. It was a tempting lure. The fleet was laden with treasure, spices and sugar. The adventurers might make their fortunes at a blow. But the great carracks interposed their huge bulk between the privateers and wealth. "We," con-

tinues the narrator, "with two small pinnaces did fight and kept company the space of thirty-two hours, continually fighting with them and they with us." But the powder of the adventurers gave out and they were forced to sail towards England. They came to Portsmouth six hours after their prizes, where they were received with "triumphant joy," great ordnance being shot off in their honor, and the hearts of all the people of the city and the neighboring country being filled with exultation. "We not sparing our ordnance (with what powder we had left) to requite and answer them again." From thence they brought the prizes to Southampton, where Sir Walter, the owner, divided among them their shares of the sugars, the elephant teeth, the wax, hides and rice with which they had been laden.

Raleigh was still rising. He was made captain of the Queen's Guards, an office of great trust, and also lieutenant-general of the county of Cornwall. His fortune was improved by a gift of the forfeited lands of Babington, the conspirator.

He turned once more to America to make his final attempt to colonize Virginia. His imagination still lingered with delight upon its fair climate, its unknown wealth, and the great continent which stretched within it to tempt the untiring explorer. His plan of colonization he resolved to make perfect. He appointed John White governor of the new expedition, with twelve assistants, and sent over settlers with wives and children that they might readily form new homes in the wilder-

ness. They carried with them agricultural tools, provisions, and all things necessary to their support. In 1587, the fleet of three ships sailed for America.

Upon the island of Roanoke, where fifteen men had been left by Greenville, they found a solitude. Melancholy traces of decay were around them. The forts and houses built by the former settlers were indeed standing; but they were deserted. Vines had grown over the walls, and within the wild deer were feeding upon their fruit. The natives who had welcomed the first voyagers so courteously were timid and hostile. Those who still remained friendly told how the fifteen had been shot at from behind the trees by their enemies with innumerable arrows, had been hunted by an irresistible force to the shelter of their houses, from thence to their boats, and had finally fled to an unknown fate.

Under these auspices the city of Raleigh was founded upon the deserted island, with a population of one hundred and fifty disheartened settlers. It was the only community upon the long coast from Florida to the Pole. It shone with a flickering beam amid the surrounding night. When the ships returned to England the colonists urged Governor White to return with them and obtain new supplies, for they were already in want of provisions. They dreaded starvation in the wilderness. White at first refused. His honor he thought bound him not to abandon his charge. At length he yielded and departed for England, leaving at Raleigh, as a pledge of his fidelity, his daughter, and with her

his grandchild, Virginia Dare, the first native-born white child of Virginia.

The inhabitants of the city of Raleigh met with a mysterious doom. They were never heard of from the moment that White left. On arriving in England he found the whole nation preparing to struggle for self-preservation against Spain. The Armada was approaching. The finest troops of the continent were about to be landed upon the shores of England. Every ship and every man was required in self-defence. Nevertheless, Raleigh prepared a fleet under Greenville to sail to the relief of the colony. But Elizabeth sent down orders forbidding their departure. At such a moment she could not spare such a man as Greenville. Then Raleigh sent out two pinnaces, but meeting some Rochelle men of war, after a sharp fight they were obliged to return to England in distress.

It was not until 1690 that Governor White was enabled to return to the colony. He found the fated island once more a solitude. No trace appeared of his people, his daughter, or his grandchild. It was too late in the season for him to seek them among the unknown depths of the wilderness. The natives who professed friendship would only relate that they had wandered off to a distant and unknown coast. Their wanderings were never traced. A tradition relates that they mingled with the natives and adopted the savage manners; and the traces of a higher order of intellectual and physical conformation, which were supposed to characterize the descendants of one of the neighboring tribes, were afterwards

attributed to its union with the lost people of the city of Raleigh.

Impoverished by the ill success of his attempts to found a city, Raleigh had been obliged to give up his patent to a company of merchant adventurers, among whom, however, he could still hold a governing influence. He had spent £40,000 in his various expeditions, a sum immense in that period. He saw that private enterprise could not found a state. He abandoned it with regret. But the idea of trans-Atlantic achievements did not leave him. His attention in future was to be turned from North to South America.

When Philip II., roused to fury by the depredations of English mariners, prepared to crush Elizabeth by a tremendous blow, Raleigh was one of the most active in resisting the Armada. He even proposed to the queen to attack and destroy it in the very ports of Spain. He was one of the leaders of that fleet which met the huge ships of the enemy and drove them helpless and intimidated through the British Channel, and far up along the German sea, until the whole vast Armada was dashed to pieces against the rocky barriers that guard the northern borders of the British empire.

Leicester died in 1588, leaving behind him a representative destined to gain a more powerful influence over Elizabeth than ever he had enjoyed. It is said that before he died he had grown jealous of Raleigh's growing fame and power, and brought forward his step-son the Earl of Essex to compete with the new favorite.

Yet at Leicester's death none seemed so valued by the queen as Raleigh. Everything promised him a complete control of her affections. He was in his thirty-seventh year. His fame had been extended by numerous exploits. His wisdom and experience in all the affairs of war and government were undoubted. His revenue must have been considerable. He lived with much show and expense. He had done such service to the nation as might well recommend him for the highest preferment and the most distinguished fortune. But all his fair prospects were to be clouded by the success of his new competitor.

Robert Devereux was the son of the Earl of Essex, to whose title he succeeded in childhood. He left his University at sixteen, to retire to his estate in South Wales. Here he grew enamored of retirement. He was fond of letters, and believed that he could find happiness, rather in the society of nature and of books, than in the elevated station to which his birth and fortune invited him. The thoughtful, melancholy retiring youth was reluctantly brought into the army by Leicester, who had married his mother, and at length was induced to appear at court.

Essex was the most engaging man of his time. His soft melancholy eye won every heart. His fair classic face, his noble bearing, his manly form, his open heart and kindly nature were joined to undoubted bravery, and a well-cultivated mind. He was full of the fire and ardor of youth. His countenance, untrained to the

common artifice of a court, expressed every feeling, and glowed with sensibility.

Elizabeth received him with natural admiration. He was the son of an old servant who had died in her service. His high birth entitled him to preferment. His own qualities moved the heart of the queen, as those of no other man had ever done. She lavished upon him high offices. He was made at once her Master of the Horse. In 1588 he became a general. And when the queen received her army at Tilbury, riding along their ranks with an undaunted air, as if in defiance of the coming Armada, her affection for Essex was publicly displayed in a manner that might well excite the alarm of his rival.

With the haughty spirit of a Tudor, Elizabeth prized and distinguished high birth by a marked preference, and this was not the least advantage which Essex possessed over Raleigh. To the queen he seemed to have a better right to the great political offices, than the descendant of a decayed family of knights. Yet in all the qualities of the statesman and the soldier, Raleigh was the undoubted superior of his competitor. Essex was too hasty for a good general, too unskilled in naval affairs, to excel upon the sea. Raleigh had all the traits which his rival wanted. In command he was calm, prudent, yet of dauntless valor. In counsel the extent of his information, his long experience, his knowledge of men, and his keen penetration, enabled him to give the wisest and most appropriate advice. He was a man of matured

physical and mental powers. Essex was yet hardly more than an engaging, gifted, but impetuous youth. As a courtier Raleigh had every advantage. He knew all the secrets of court intrigue. He had read the character of his mistress, and understood its excellence and its defects. His nature was secretive. He could veil his enmities and his jealousies under a mask of profound concealment. He could smile as warmly upon his enemies as upon his dearest friend. His heart was not too warm to betray those whom he really admired, should they come into dangerous competition with himself. His narrow fortunes and doubtful prospects drove him to measures of perfidy to which his higher qualities should have kept him a stranger. And as he now beheld his generous rival thus suddenly stepping between him and fortune, there is no doubt that a deadly resolution entered his breast to crush while he admired him, to pursue him by every art to disgrace, ruin, and death.

To Essex all artifice and systematic enmity were unknown. He was not inclined to them by nature, his circumstances had not been such as to familiarize them to his mind. He had risen to the favor of the queen and to high office with hardly a struggle. He had never known the hopes, the disappointment, the bitter delays, and the torturous anxieties of a needy adventurer rising by court favor. His warm heart had never been frozen by the chills of adverse fortune. His open nature had never been clouded by the darker mysteries of court intrigue. The thoughtful youth, who had fostered a

modest dream of happiness amid his books and his Welsh solitude, retained much of his native simplicity until the last moment of his life.

The fatal rivalry began. Raleigh in secret conceived a bitter jealousy of his more fortunate competitor. Essex openly showed that he had already been taught to regard Raleigh as a dangerous and traitorous foe. They commenced at once a struggle for the queen's favor. They contended on the battle-field which should win the chief renown. They strove in the court circles to outshine each by the splendor of their dress and the gallantry of their bearing. Each sought by the extravagance of his compliments and the ardor of his passion to win the heart of their royal mistress. Elizabeth strove to maintain something like impartiality. Even in her favoritism she contrived to benefit her realm. Although she loved Essex she continued to cherish Raleigh. She resolved to profit by their rivalry and to direct their energies, excited by emulation, to the fields where they could be most useful.

It is painful to look forward to the fate of these eminent men, so gifted by nature, so accomplished, so noble minded, and so graced with those qualities that best adorn their race—to see the fair Essex, beloved by his nation and his queen, hunted to desperation by court intriguers and pressed by evil counsellors, lay his head upon the block and die a convicted traitor in deed, though no man ever believed him guilty in design, while from a neighboring window his triumphant rival

looked down upon the tragedy which he had caused and burst into irrepressible tears. Then gazing a little further forward to witness Raleigh's doom: to behold his warrior form, his active mind shut up for thirteen years in a prison, lost to his age although perhaps gained for future ages: to see that man of unrivalled genius dragged before a hostile court to be taunted with the coarsest abuse by a famous lawyer: to see that eminent patriot pronounced a traitorous conspirator: to behold him when palsied by age and quivering with fever dragged forth to die upon the scaffold in the old palace yard, near the spot where some years before he had witnessed and wept over the death of Essex.

After the destruction of the Armada the English fell with double fury upon Spain.

Philip II. saw with powerless rage his coasts plundered, his commerce preyed upon, and his great naval ports taken and burnt by his enemy. No exploit now seemed impossible to the English. They even aspired to conquer Portugal from Philip and to place Don Antonio, a branch of the ancient royal family, upon its throne.

This attempt to conquer a kingdom was a private enterprise. It was projected and carried out by a union of many eminent and wealthy men. The great naval leaders contributed their services. The rich nobles and citizens their wealth. Elizabeth aided the adventurers with a few ships and a small sum of money. Sir Francis Drake led the naval forces and Sir John Norris was to command by land. It was an enterprise of the people.

Twenty thousand volunteers joined it immediately. The romantic adventure suited the genius of Englishmen. Raleigh was one of the leaders. Essex fled secretly from court to share its dangers.

The adventurers met with terrible disasters. They plundered Groine, one of Philip's naval stations, and besieged Lisbon. But disease and famine fell upon them. Not more than half of them returned. Of seven hundred gentlemen and nobles only three hundred and fifty remained. The queen professed to be angry with Essex for joining this expedition without her permission. His marriage with the widow of Sidney soon after was a more real cause of displeasure. She was provoked that he should have chosen a lady of no higher station than the daughter of Walsingham. Yet his power soon revived. It is said that about this time he forced his rival to leave the court. Raleigh went to Ireland in 1589, where he renewed his intimacy with the poet Spenser.

It has been usual to complain of the lot of poets. They have been painted as living in penury and dying in want and neglect. The name of Spenser has been used in proof of this, but with injustice to his age and manifest untruth. The gifted courtiers of the Elizabethan age did not overlook its greatest poet. Spenser, when under twenty-five, was the friend of Sidney and patronized by Leicester. He was the chosen companion of both Essex and Raleigh. Lord Grey, as has been told, made him his secretary for Ireland at twenty-seven. In 1586 Elizabeth gave him an estate of over three thousand

acres in Ireland, and later a considerable pension. Thus early honored and enriched Spenser seems to have attained a full share of worldly prosperity.

The poet had withdrawn to his Irish estate. His home was Kilcolman Castle, in the county of Cork, a spot surrounded by fine scenery. The castle stood upon the banks of a fair lake, and was surrounded by a distant belt of mountains. It was a lonely spot, but one whose beauty must have solaced his loneliness.

He had already begun to people the wilderness with fair and stately virgins, with adventurous knights, with dwarfs and monsters, with Caelias and Speranzas, with all the splendors of Gloriana's court. He had written three books of the Fairy Queen.

Here in his own castle, with something of the state of a knight of old, Spenser received Raleigh. It was natural that they should become firm friends. There was much of romantic daring and untiring activity in the character of Raleigh to allure the quiet poet. While Raleigh, who in his versatile ambition had himself aspired to poetic excellence, recognized and admired in Spenser the master of the art. Spenser in his lonely dignity felt the want of a friend. He had just lost Sidney, the paragon of his time, with whom he had lived in perfect friendship. Raleigh seemed worthy of filling Sidney's place. He was the man of all others most renowned for his varied achievements, his eminent accomplishments, and his fine taste in letters and art. In his manly and heroic nature Spenser recognized the realization of

those ideal heroes who had as yet floated only in his fancy and been embodied in the lost Sidney.

Raleigh with his usual energy began immediately to advance the fortune and fame of his friend. Until now Spenser had proceeded languidly with his great work, had even met with discouraging criticism from those to whom he had submitted it. But Raleigh saw at once its real value. He urged Spenser to accompany him to London to publish the first three books. They came out in 1590 under Raleigh's powerful protection. The fame of Spenser went through England. He was acknowledged the finest poet that England had ever known. He was introduced to the queen, who admired and rewarded him. He received a pension of fifty pounds, and was the acknowledged court poet.

Thus the Fairy Queen is the best monument of Raleigh's fine literary taste. Without his just appreciation it might never have been known to its endless succession of admirers. The poet, discouraged by unfavorable criticism and by his own inactivity, might have suppressed it altogether. And those sweetly modulated verses, that vivid play of grotesque imagination, that pure antiquated diction, and those ingenious interweavings of double allegories, of various truths, of delicately shadowed moralities, which have been the study and the wonder of succeeding generations of poets, might have faded and been forgotten within the crumbling walls of Kilcolman Castle.

The Fairy Queen was dedicated to Elizabeth. "The

most high, mightie, and magnificent Empresse." The letter or argument prefixed to it is addressed to Raleigh, "the right noble and valorous." In this preface Spenser explains the nature of his poem. It is to be a narrative of unreal adventures and imaginary beings which yet are the types of actual life. Spenser believed that he could make this method of inculcating truth more interesting than any other. He urges that Xenophon is preferred to Plato because he has written allegory. He hopes to win men to morality by representing vice in hideous shapes and virtue in forms of superhuman beauty. He declares that his Fairy Queen is his royal mistress Elizabeth. But that she is also typified as a fair and virtuous lady in other characters. He concludes with a modest request for Raleigh's continued favor and friendship.

Raleigh wrote verses in praise of the poem in which he represents the graces as abandoning the Grave of Laura to follow the Fairy Queen. In which Petrarch weeps with envy, oblivion falls upon the herse of Laura, and even Homer trembles at the new ravisher of fame. But the reader will probably wish to have some specimen of his poetical powers, and I introduce, therefore, the first encomium.

A VISION,

Upon this conceipt of the Faery Queene

Methought I saw the grave where Laura lay,
Within that Temple where the vestal flame
Was wont to burn ; and passing by that way,

To see the buried dust of living fame,
 Whose tomb faire Love and fairer Virtue kept,
 All suddenly I saw the Faery Queene :
 At whose approach the soule of Petrarke wept ;
 And from thenceforth those Graces were not seene ;
 (For they this Queene attended,) in whose steed,
 Oblivion laid him down on Laura's herse ;
 Hereat the hardest stones were seen to bleed,
 And grones of buried ghostes the heavens did perse ;
 Where Homer's spright did tremble all for grieffe,
 And cursed th' accesse of that celestial thiefe.

W. R.

Spenser returned to his Irish castle covered with honors and emolument. For these he knew how much he was indebted to Raleigh. He felt deeply grateful. In 1595, upon publishing his pastoral, "Colin Clout's come home again," he dedicated it to Raleigh with expressions of deep gratitude. He begs Raleigh to accept of the poem "in part paiement of the infinite debt, in which I acknowledge myself bounden unto you for your singular favors and sundrie good turns shewed to me at my late being in England ; I pray continually for your happinesse."

The pastoral is a poetic narrative of his own journey to England. Raleigh, who is called the Shepherd of the Ocean, being banished from court by Elizabeth, "the Ladie of the Sea," in his wanderings discovers Colin, the poet, piping in the shade and singing the charms of the Mulla, a stream that flowed through Spenser's estate. Raleigh is charmed by the rustic strain, and himself accompanies the pipe of Colin with a song.

His song was all a lamentable lay,
Of great unkindnesse and of usage hard
Of Cynthia, the ladie of the sea,
Which from her presence faultless him debarde.

He next persuades Colin to leave the wilderness and accompany him to the court of Cynthia, whom he represents as excelling all her sex in wit and grace, beauty and generosity. Colin follows his new friend taking with him only his "oaten quill." The Shepherd of the Sea leads him safely over the boisterous ocean, and they reach the presence of Cynthia; her glorious beauty overwhelms the imagination of the rural poet, he despairs of being able to describe her properly by all his rustic imagery, and he likens her to a virgin bride adorned with roses, goolds and daffodils, to the circlet of the turtle dove and the hues of the rainbow. The Shepherd introduces Colin to this goddess and inclines her ear to his rude melodies, so that at timely hours she delights in his society and his song. Colin then sings the beauty of the great ladies whom he saw at the court of Cynthia, but declares them all inferior to their queen, professes his deathless gratitude to her, and promises that he will make her name to be remembered long after his pipe shall have ceased to sound for ever.

This pastoral was a worthy return for Raleigh's favors—happily he was one who could perceive its worth. It is full of delicate and ingenious allegory. Its simplicity and propriety are wonderful. To be understood, like all other works of art it must be studied. The careless

reader would probably pass it by in disgust. Yet there are few English poems more capable of exciting wonder and delight than this graceful narrative by Spenser of Raleigh's active friendship.

Restored to favor, Raleigh soon gave an instance of the liberality of his religious opinions. He interceded with the queen for Udall, a learned Puritan, who had displeased her by writing a book against the bishops. For this offence he had been thrown into prison, and bound with fetters. The crown lawyers could find no proof sufficient for his conviction, but the judges, before whom he appeared, by a fraud induced the jury to convict him. Udall stubbornly refused to recant his opinions and was condemned to die. In religious matters Elizabeth had all the cruel self-will of her father, Henry VIII. She would never permit the subject to profess a different creed from that of the sovereign. She punished an obstinate dissenter more unsparingly than a conspirator. Udall's friends came to Raleigh to beg his intercession. He consented and spoke with the queen. James of Scotland also interceded for the brave Puritan, who unhappily died in prison, just as his full pardon had been obtained.

In 1691, the famous Sir Richard Greenville waged his last and most terrible fight with the Spaniards. His ship, the *Revenge*, was surrounded, taken, and its commander made a prisoner, although mortally wounded. Raleigh wrote an account of the engagement to perpetuate the memory of his friend's valor, and to rebuke

the idle boasting of the Spaniards over the capture of a single English ship.

The fight had been long and bloody. The *Revenge* had formed one of a small English fleet which had been suddenly attacked by a large Spanish fleet. Lord Thomas Howard, who commanded, knowing that his ships were in bad condition as well as greatly inferior to the enemy, determined to avoid an engagement. He gave the signal to escape. The *Revenge* was the last to obey. Unfortunately she was overtaken by a huge Spanish ship, the *San Philip*, of fifteen hundred tons, mounting four tiers of guns, which by its great bulk took the wind from her sails and left her immovable at its side.

Four other large ships immediately attacked her, two upon each side. The *Revenge* was but a small vessel of a few hundred tons, with only a hundred men fit for duty: the Spanish ships were crowded with soldiers. Yet so fierce was the English fire that the *San Philip* was soon forced to retreat. The battle began at three o'clock in the afternoon: it continued with unceasing fury through the night. If the Spaniards attempted to board they were beaten back to their ships or flung into the sea. Their fire of cannon and musketry was answered by one more fatal and dreadful. Fifteen Spanish vessels attacked the single English bark and were defeated.

But as the morning light increased the English crew diminished. Forty of the hundred were already dead, many of the others wounded. Sir Richard,

an hour before midnight, had been shot through the body; he now lay dying below. As the English cast their weary eyes over the sea for help they saw none of their friends near save a single pinnace that was watching afar the event of the fight. They were alone in the midst of their foes. The last barrel of powder was nearly spent. The boarding-pikes were nearly all broken. The masts were shot away, and the ship had no motion but that given to it by the swell of the sea.

Greenville saw that he had but one resource. He resolved to die. He sent for his master gunner, upon whose courage he felt he could rely, and ordered him to sink the ship, that he might, at least, escape the disgrace of being taken. He was resolved, he said, that the Spaniards should not have the credit of having captured a single English ship. The master gunner would have cheerfully obeyed the command, but the other officers and crew interfered. They secretly surrendered to the enemy.

The Spaniards, amazed at the courage of the English, entered the *Revenge* with an emotion of awe and respect. They found her a wreck filled with her wounded and her dead. They brought Greenville fainting on board of their admiral's ship, where he was treated with great courtesy. But he died a few days after.

In this narrative Raleigh assails the Spaniards with violent invectives, that mark well the feelings of his

age. To the Englishmen of that day Spain was an object of abhorrence. Its pride, its cruelty, and its ambition were the terror of Protestant lands. Raleigh, therefore, dwells with exultation upon the humiliating losses which it had lately sustained upon the sea. He declares that God fights against the Spaniard. He points in confirmation to the vast fleets of prizes that had been brought into English harbors, to the multitude of Spaniards shot down at sea or plunged into its depths. He then relates instances of their cruelty. He recounts how they had massacred all religions and parties in Sicily, Naples, and the Low countries. How by the confession of one of their own bishops, Las Casas, they had destroyed by their cruelties three millions of people in their own Indies. "Who," he exclaims to his countrymen, "who would put trust in a nation of ravenous strangers." The burden of his narrative is deadly hatred to Spain.

From his pen he flew to his sword. The Panama expedition was preparing. Raleigh was one of its chief promoters. It was designed to attack the Spanish American colonies. Raleigh took the chief command, having taken with him the noted mariner Sir Martin Frobisher. The queen sent thirteen ships, the others were supplied through Raleigh's influence or at his own expense. Hardly had he sailed when the queen sent him orders to return. He could not resolve to obey at once. He remained with the fleet until he learned that the King of Spain had sent orders to the galleons not to

sail. He then changed his plan and having divided the fleet into two squadrons, one of which was to threaten the enemy's coast, while the other was to lie in wait for the passing caracks, he returned to England.

His plan was rewarded with an unusual prize. The English were told at Flores that an East Indian carrack had just passed. They pursued and rifled her. Then they learned that another and far greater carrack was approaching. The ships spread out over the sea more than two leagues apart to intercept the stranger. At length the fated *Madre de Dios* appeared. She was the richest prize the English had ever taken. She was of sixteen hundred tons burden, and valued at five hundred thousand pounds. As she came into Dartmouth the shores were lined with spectators who filled the air with their acclamations. Elizabeth claimed a large share of the plunder, on the ground that a small ship of her own fleet had been present at the capture, and Raleigh paid her for her proportion one hundred thousand pounds, the largest sum, he asserts, ever given by a subject to a sovereign.

When the *Madre de Dios* arrived in port, Raleigh was in disgrace a prisoner in the Tower. He had formed a passion for one of the queen's maids of honor, the beautiful daughter of Sir Nicholas Throgmorton. Elizabeth was incensed at his fault. She sent both the offenders to the Tower. Raleigh afterwards married the lady, who proved an excellent and devoted wife.

A letter from Gorges, to Cecil, relates the extrava-

gant conduct of Raleigh while a prisoner, and was probably written to be shown to the queen. Raleigh had heard that Elizabeth was at Sir George Carew's and was about to make a progress. He vowed he would disguise himself, get a pair of oars, and fly to please himself with a sight of the queen; else he protested his heart must break. Carew, the jailer, refused to let him pass out of the Tower. In the dispute they rose from choleric words to a violent struggle. They even drew their daggers. Gorges, who was present, interfered. But Sir Walter swore he would never forgive Carew as long as he lived if he did not allow him to see the queen pass.

If this scene were really enacted, it was but one of those court artifices by which Elizabeth's favor was won. Or perhaps it was only a pleasant fiction composed by Gorges to serve the purpose of his friend. On a slip of paper fastened by wax to the letter was the following postscript: "If you let the queen her majesty know hereof, as you think good be it; but otherwise, good sir, keep it secret for their credits, for they know not of my discovery whereof I could wish her majesty knew."

Another letter from Raleigh to Cecil, indicates the common language of the courtiers in speaking of Elizabeth. "My heart," he writes, "was never broke until this day that I hear the queen goes away so far off, whom I have followed so many years with so great love and desire in so many journeys, and am now left

behind her in a prison all alone. While she was near at hand, that I might hear of her once in two or three days, my sorrows were the less, but even now my heart is cast into the depths of all misery. I was wont to behold her riding like Alexander, hunting like Diana, walking like Venus, the gentle wind blowing her fair hair about her pure cheeks, sometimes sitting on the shade like a goddess, sometimes singing like an angel, sometimes playing like Orphens; behold the sorrow of this world! once amiss hath deprived me of all. All those times past, the loves, the sighs, the sorrows, the desires, cannot they weigh down one frail misfortune? She is gone, in whom I trusted, and of me hath not one thought of mercy, nor any respect of that that was. Do with me now therefore, what you list. I am more weary of life than they are desirous I should perish, which if it had been for her, as it is by her, I had been too happily born."

In these complaints and this extravagant adulation there was some sincerity. Humiliated and fallen Raleigh must have perceived his loss. To the courtier the want of his mistress' favor was intolerable. With it he was powerful, strong, hopeful. Its loss made him nothing. To her courtiers the proud queen seemed next in power to Divinity. To her they looked for bounty, protection and support. She inspired them with fear and hope. Her imperious will, even in her tenderest moments, awed and subdued them. It is not wonderful, therefore, that to their eyes she was something more than woman.

That her faded charms seemed surpassingly beautiful. That her smile transported them with passion. That her spare form and haughty tread seemed to glow with the effulgence of a goddess.

Raleigh now felt that for an earthly mistress he had lost the favor of this divinity. He had wounded her vanity, her tenderest point. Thrice had Elizabeth been thus deceived. Leicester, Essex, Raleigh had each dared to love another while professing a boundless attachment to herself. She had relented to the others, and at length pardoned Raleigh. He was confined until September, 1592, when he went to the west of England to look after his share of the Madre de Dios. It proved large. Yet he complains that she drew several feet less water than when first taken, from the large quantities of gems and treasure of which she had been plundered by his fellow adventurers.

He now wanted this supply. During his imprisonment his enemies had taken advantage of his disgrace to injure his fortune. They had levied for a pretended debt upon his Irish estate, and seized five hundred head of cattle belonging to his tenantry. They had even taken possession of one of his castles, about which there was some legal contest; and had inflicted upon him other indignities. It was a part of Elizabeth's policy to prove to him that as she had given she could also take away. That her favor was not to be forfeited without severe retribution. In the session of Parliament of the year 1603, he was a frequent speaker. His power in

debate was not less than his other gifts. His remarkable versatility seemed to embrace all intellectual excellence.

When the subsidy, which the queen demanded for the support of her military expeditions, was being discussed, some members proposed that the bill should declare that they were given for the purpose of waging open war with Spain. Sir Walter rose to support the motion. Hostilities had been heretofore carried on against Philip without an open declaration of war. Raleigh advocated a change of policy. He said he knew many that held it unlawful in conscience, as the times were, to take prizes from the Spaniards, who, if war were declared, would enter with ardor into the contest. He was one of those appointed to draw the preamble of the bill, and defended it by a speech glowing with his usual hatred against Spain. He said Philip hated England and had beleagured it on all sides. In Denmark he had brought over the young king and the chief nobility to his interest, so that his shipping might use its harbors as their own. All through the Low Countries he was collecting a great fleet. The French Parliament was in his interest, and the best havens of Brittany in his power. Scotland had been won by the promise of an army to re-establish popery. While in Spanish ports sixty galleons were building and a new armada was preparing to seize upon Plymouth and invade England. The times, Raleigh asserted, were more dangerous than in 1588.

This was the anticipation that haunted Englishmen.

Spain was still believed to possess inexhaustible resources. Her land forces and her generals were known to be the best in Europe. On the sea she might prepare a fleet of such vast weight of tonnage and metal, as would defy the assaults of the more skillful English, and sink their light vessels in the waves. Terrible visions therefore rose before the public mind, of a Spanish army marching upon London; of the returning rule of a pitiless Inquisition; of the approach of the hated Philip, to light anew the fires of Smithfield with a more unsparing hand, than when, as the husband of Mary, he had wreaked the vengeance of Rome upon Ridley and Latimer. The Spanish Inquisition was no imaginary thing to Englishmen. They had felt the cruel grasp of the Inquisitor, and had seen with horror the smoke of many an auto-de-fé. The same Philip who now threatened them with subjugation, had governed England in the name of Mary, had introduced the Spanish mode of treating with Protestants, had answered their arguments by the whip, the flame, the stake.

Raleigh thought himself bound to combat Spain by his pen, his voice, his sword. The queen and the people acknowledged his patriotic zeal. Elizabeth felt the value of his services. He regained her favor. In 1593 he obtained by her gift the Manor of Sherbroke, and not long after had hopes of being admitted of the Privy Council.

About this time the charge of Atheism was first

brought against him. A charge that was seized upon by his enemies to diminish his power, and which has been countenanced among posterity by the insinuations of Hume. Its origin proves it to have been groundless. The King of Spain had founded at Valladolid an English cloister designed to propagate the Roman Catholic dogmas and politics in England. Elizabeth met the danger by a severe proclamation against foreign seminaries and popish emissaries. Of this measures Raleigh was supposed the chief instigator. He became an object of bitter hatred to the Jesuits. Parsons, one of their number, having written a violent libel against the various members of the queen's court, who had been instrumental in advising the late proceeding against his own sect, endeavored to fasten upon Raleigh the stigma of Atheism. He accuses him of belonging to a class of thinkers who had lately arisen in France and Italy, and who doubted the prevailing belief. Of this school the Jesuit calls Raleigh a doctor and founder, and asserts that he was engaged in disseminating its principles among the young gentlemen of the court.

His enemies never permitted the accusation to be forgotten. It was constantly repeated to the queen, until Elizabeth is said to have so far believed it as to sharply rebuke Raleigh for the freedom of his opinions. It was generally believed among the people. And when the chief justice pronounced sentence of death upon him, he alluded, with malicious pleasure, to the common report, urging Raleigh to repent of his unchristian speculations.

Raleigh's mind was of a thoughtful cast, skeptical, earnest, and of untiring activity. Upon every subject he probably reasoned and spoke freely. It could hardly have happened that men like Bacon, Burleigh, Coke and Cecil, Raleigh and Essex could have met often without much liberal discussion upon theological dogmas. It was likely that in the antiquarian society to which Raleigh belonged, in company with Camden and many other learned men, and where a wide range of subjects were debated weekly, by the best intellects of a gifted age, there would be many opinions avowed and maintained, that must differ much from the standard of the day. But beside his own fearless independence of thought there is nothing that supports the charge of the Jesuits. His writings, and especially his history, teem with recognitions of the Divine power. He died professing the Protestant faith, in communion with the church, and under the ministration of one of its dignitaries.

Robert Cecil was now fast rising to power. He was the son of Lord Burleigh, the heir of his consummate tact. His deformed body concealed a master mind. Lord Burleigh was poor, and Cecil felt that he must rise as his father had risen. He was now of sufficient importance to become the rival and professed friend of both Essex and Raleigh. There is no doubt that Cecil looked upon these gifted men from the first with envious dislike. They possessed all that he must ever want, the admiration of their queen, uncommon natural advantages, the fame of heroes, and the applause of their

country. They had risen to power by no low chicanery. They were graced with a taste for letters, to which the narrow mind of Cecil was a stranger. They adorned their age with a matchless grace that he could never hope to rival. Yet the misshapen intriguer never doubted his own success. In the elevated natures of his rivals he saw hope for himself. Far as they seemed above him he felt that he could bring them down to the dust. He felt that with all their advantages they had great weaknesses. He relied upon their errors. Raleigh's ever-soaring imagination, and the impetuous nature of Essex, were to Cecil sure presages of his own triumph. He at first joined himself to Raleigh, and used his influence against the earl. When Essex was no more he sacrificed his pretended friend. Both Raleigh and Essex became Cecil's victims.

An El Dorado was now glowing before Raleigh's sanguine fancy, and employing all his versatile faculties. He believed that he had discovered a land where the cities were paved with silver, the palaces lined and roofed with gold, where a descendant of the Incas reigned with a splendor unexampled even in Peru. It was no mere speculation like that which had allured him to Virginia, but one that rested on the authority of an eye-witness, who had visited Manoa, and whose account was rendered probable by concurrent circumstances and the traditions of the Spaniards. He believed that he could point out the very site of the city; that he could reach it with little trouble. It was lying a ready prey for the

invader. Its stores of gold and precious stones might readily be ravished from the feeble inhabitants. They would make England the wealthiest of nations.

The El Dorado was hidden amid the wilderness of Guiana, the northeastern province of South America. Here Raleigh sailed with an expedition prepared at his own expense, with the hope of regaining his wonted influence over the queen and repairing his fortune by some sudden exploit. The result was unfortunate. Instead of a city of gold he found only a frightful wilderness, and a small Spanish settlement. He penetrated up the river Orinoco in boats, but found nothing that encouraged him to hope. Except some Spanish legends and marvellous inventions he gained nothing that could assure him of the existence of the city. His confidence however outlived the disappointment. He returned to England with his imagination glowing with wonders. He published an account of his voyage, in which he asserted his belief that, notwithstanding his own ill success, there did exist a city and an empire within the limits of Guiana, fairer, richer and more splendid than his tongue could tell.

Hume, who did not understand Raleigh, and who never had a just conception of heroic nature, pronounces this narrative to be full of "improbable lies." He evidently supposes that Raleigh wished to impose upon the world, but with what motive he does not tell. If it were a deceit, Raleigh was the only one who would suffer from the deception. It was at his expense, or that of

his friends, that the expedition against Guiana was prepared. He risked his own life upon the adventure. He crossed dangerous seas, penetrated into a barbarous wilderness, threw himself amid the savage inhabitants, and returned with the broken-hearted anguish of a disappointed discoverer. Here are no traces of deception. No preconcerted plan of imposition, nothing to be gained by the fraud.

Hume was blind to that dreamy enthusiasm which marked the characters of the eminent men of this age, to the peculiar earnestness and elevation of their thoughts, the grand and fanciful nature of their speculations. He could not understand how the wise and prudent Raleigh could yet be enslaved by the most sanguine of imaginations. How he who fought and studied and wrote so well could be living in a world of dreams, and be ever deluded by some constantly recurring phantom. He smiled scornfully upon the euphuistic pages of the *Arcadia*, the fanciful glories of the Fairy Queen. To his philosophy all enthusiasm was imposture. He could not believe that a wise man could be an enthusiast; if he professed to be governed by an extraordinary motive, he must do it with an intent to deceive.

Raleigh relates his impressions of El Dorado and whence they came in a manner that might have convinced the historian of his sincerity. He writes with simplicity, earnestness and confidence. "Many years ago," he states, "I knew by relation of that mighty, rich and beautiful empire of Guiana, and of that great and

golden city, which the Spaniards call El Dorado, and the natural Manoa, which city was conquered, re-edified and enlarged by a younger son of Guianacapa, Emperor of Peru, at such time as Francis Pizarro and others conquered said empire from his two elder brothers." Thus the vision first rose upon his mind. It was sustained by many circumstances. In itself it was not more improbable than the discoveries and conquests which had already been made. The achievements of Cortes and Pizarro, magnified by common report, had equalled the picture which Raleigh drew. They had in fact found cities in which were temples and palaces roofed with gold, in which the precious metals were almost as common as iron and lead in England. The eastern border of South America, upon which El Dorado was reported to be situated, was wholly unexplored. It was known only to be watered by immense rivers, and its interior to be hidden from the world by a broad wilderness. No good reason could be given why, within this circle of gloom, a city like Cuzco might not be found. It was, indeed, very likely that that capital was not the only city upon the vast continent. Tradition indicated another, and tradition had been the guide which led Pizarro to Peru. He had followed the intimations of the natives and found the land of gold.

These considerations, which might have made the existence of El Dorado appear probable to the coolest reasoner of the time, had a far stronger effect upon the sanguine temper of Raleigh. With him the bare tradi-

tion became a received truth. His imagination fired at the glowing and imposing nature of its details. The fables of Martinez, who pretended to have visited the city, to have spent two days in passing from one extremity to the other, and to have witnessed every fact he related, were the confirmation of his vision. His ambition urged him to believe, his declining favor made it almost necessary to his safety to discover some new field of enterprise. Here was one that offered to him fame, wealth and power, such as no other subject could boast. Should his expedition succeed he would be the greatest subject of the realm—he should outvie Essex, baffle Cecil, and win the lasting preference of the queen. Sad delusion that it was, it brought him to the scaffold!

His object in publishing his narrative was to gain the support of the queen and the public to a new expedition. He had returned from his first attempt broken in health and injured in fortune. "For myself," said he, "I am a beggar and withered." Yet he declares he will spend his life in the pursuit of the golden city. With great art and plausibility he recommends the scheme to his countrymen. "If any one," he adds, "shall occupy and conquer the same, he would do more than ever was done to Mexico by Cortes or in Peru by Pizarro. Whatsoever prince shall possess it, that prince shall be lord of more gold and of a more beautiful empire and more cities and people than either the king of Spain or the Great Turk." He describes it as

lying beneath the equinoctial line eastward from Peru toward the sea. It stood by the side of a lake resembling in size the Caspian Sea. It resembled Cuzco but was more magnificent. The service of its palaces was all of gold. Great golden statues adorned their chambers, and the commonest utensils were made of silver. It was even related that it had gardens in which trees, flowers, and fruits were wrought of gold.

He declines to enter upon an account of the manners, laws, and character of its people, because he had not visited it in person and could give only the report of others. He enlarges upon the wonders which will in that wilderness gratify the curiosity of the explorer. He tells that the river Orinoco runs two thousand miles east and west, and sends forth its tributaries eight hundred north and south, amid a country rich in gold and merchandise and peopled with prosperous nations.

He adds that "the common soldier shall here fight for gold and pay himself, instead of pence, with plate half a foot broad, where he breaks his bones in others' wars for provender and penury. Those commanders that shoot at honor and abundance shall find more rich and beautiful cities, more temples adorned with golden images, more sepulchres filled with treasure than either Cortes found in Mexico, or Pizarro in Peru. There is no country which yields more pleasure to the inhabitants either for those common delights of hunting, hawking, and fishing than Guiana hath."

When this splendid vision was presented to English-

men, authenticated by the wise, valiant, and powerful Raleigh, it was received with a mingled credulity and doubt. The ore which he had brought back proved worthless. His success in Virginia had not been such as to support his authority in these matters. There he had promised mines of gold and boundless conquests, but there his plan of colonization had been wholly foiled. A suspicion was already abroad that Sir Walter's plans of discovery were of doubtful worth. Yet there were many who yielded to his eloquence. In December, 1595, he was already preparing an expedition for Guiana with new hopes of success. "There be great means made," writes White to Sir Robert Sidney; "for Sir Walter Raleigh's coming to court. He lives about London very gallant. His voyage goes forward and my Lord Treasurer ventures with him Five hundred pound in money. Sir Robert Cecil ventures a new ship, bravely furnished; the very hull stands in Eight hundred pound."

Keymis, his faithful captain, was to command the expedition. He sailed in January 1596, and returned in June. Keymis was wholly unsuccessful. He returned without a trace of the imaginary wealth which had been promised. Yet he continued to keep up the delusion. He published an account of his voyage in which he promises that when in some other age some fortunate adventurer shall discover and admire the riches of the place, they shall celebrate the public spirit of Sir Walter Raleigh. He declares that the rest

of his life should be dedicated to the discovery and conquest of that fine country."

At his captain's return Raleigh was gone with the expedition against Cadiz. Elizabeth, alarmed at the force which Philip was forming in his harbors, resolved to destroy it before it could be united. This plan had been suggested by Sir Walter in 1588. He was now to be permitted to carry it out with perfect success. Cadiz was full of merchantmen laden with precious commodities, with the material of those armaments that were to conquer England.

The queen sent forth upon this expedition the splendid retinue of her court. It was led by those whom she most favored and admired. Lord Effingham commanded the naval force, Essex the army. To these were added a council, composed of Lord Thomas Howard, Sir Walter Raleigh, Sir F. Vere, Carew and Clifford. The fleet numbered one hundred and fifty vessels, only seventeen of which were of the first class. The land forces and seamen numbered near fifteen thousand men. The Dutch contributed twenty-two ships, besides soldiers and seamen.

Essex and Raleigh were now to fight side by side. They glowed with emulation. But Raleigh must have felt deeply the superiority which his rival had attained. While he held only a subordinate station Essex had a chief command. His experience, known valor, and mature age, had all been overlooked by Elizabeth, to gratify the ambition of her young favorite.

Pining with concealed mortification, Raleigh soon came into collision with one of his rival's friends, Sir F. Vere, who, as lord marshal, had been appointed to supply temporarily the place of Essex. He at once claimed precedence of Raleigh, a point of honor upon which he was peculiarly sensitive. Raleigh resented this claim as a bitter affront. The dispute, however, was arranged by Essex, who decided that at sea Raleigh should take precedence, Vere on the land.

Dissensions seem to have ran high between the friends of the two rivals. They even quarrelled at table in the presence of the chiefs of the expedition. Upon some fancied affront to Raleigh, Arthur Throckmorton, his brother-in-law, used such hot language in his defence, that the lord general commanded him away from his presence. Yet Essex afterward became reconciled to him, and at the return of the expedition, had him knighted.

As for Raleigh himself, he acted towards Essex with the most prudent respect. He was careful to show no outward signs of enmity. To his own heart alone he told those secret repinings, those fierce enmities which he cherished incessantly. The armament arrived before Cadiz without awakening the alarm of the enemy. Its port was filled with rich merchantmen, unsuspecting of the danger which threatened them. The English captured every vessel that could give intelligence to the enemy.

Cadiz, seated upon an island that shelters its harbor,

was the first object that attracted the attention of the adventurers. Essex proposed to land at once to assault the town. Lord Effingham, willing to save his vessels as much as possible, consented. The troops were already in the boats, and the landing was about to be attempted, when Raleigh suddenly joined the fleet from chasing some scattered vessels. The wind now blew strongly and the surf was beating upon the coast. Even already the boats could hardly live in the ruffled water. Raleigh saw that to attempt a landing in such weather would bring destruction upon all who embarked. He hastened to Essex to point out to him the danger, and when he seemed unwilling to retreat from his resolution, urged it so strongly and his opinion was so generally adopted by the other commanders, that Essex yielded. Raleigh then flew in his boat to the lord admiral, who also saw the prudence of his advice. It was determined that the English should enter the harbor and attack the fleet.

As Raleigh came back from his interview with Effingham he called out to Essex, as he passed, "Intramus." Then Essex flung his hat into the sea mad with joy at the prospect of winning conspicuous fame at the head of the invaders. He was disappointed. The queen, doubting his prudence, had sent instructions that he should remain in the van, and that the attack should be led by Sir Walter Raleigh and Lord Thomas Howard.

The account of this exploit has been written by

Raleigh, in a clear and accurate manner. It marks well the vigor and daring of the brave English mariners.

It was now too late to attack the enemy that night. The soldiers were yet in the boats and must be got aboard their ships. When this was done the fleet anchored for the night at the mouth of the harbor. Raleigh's advice seems to have been the guide of his superiors. At ten o'clock, he wrote to Effingham a plan of assault which was adopted. He advised that the fleet should not rely upon cannon in attacking the great galleons, but that boats should be provided to board. Effingham promised to furnish him with boats, but does not appear to have fulfilled his promise. Raleigh was elated by the dangerous post assigned him. He rejoiced in the opportunity of wresting fame from the grasp of his rival.

With the first peep of dawn he weighed anchor and led the fleet onward towards the harbor. All night the Spaniards had been busy with preparations for defence. Upon the walls of the town a long battery of cannon bore upon the invaders. Seventeen galleys lay beneath the walls of fort St. Philip which commanded the harbor, to annoy and embarrass the English. Culverins, cannon, and musketry were prepared to rain down destruction upon them from the land.

On the water the great Spanish ships the St. Philip, the St. Thomas, the St. Andrew; with ten great galleons of Portugal, many frigates, and a fleet of forty merchantmen, were under the command of the vice-admiral of all Spain. The ships of war were drawn up

side by side in a narrow strait leading to Puerto Reale under the guns of Port St. Philip. On their right, were placed the frigates. Behind were the argosies, and the Lisbon galleons. The seventeen galleys were ordered to interlace the ships, so as to form an impenetrable barrier across the strait. The galleys, however, were not yet in their places. They awaited under the walls of the port with their prows turned towards the invaders, hoping to take advantage of the wrecks which it was believed the fire from the forts and the long line of cannon would occasion.

Raleigh, in the Warspite, moved steadily onward at the head of his fleet, followed by six large ships of war, twelve London vessels, and the boats. As his ship entered the mouth of the harbor, it was assailed by a general fire from the fort St. Philip, the walls of the town, and the galleys. He answered only with scorn. To the Spanish guns he replied by a blast of English trumpet. To each gun a loud mocking blast. In this scorn there was something terrible. Calm and irresistible he led the way onward to the devoted ships.

His followers were not so patient. They fell upon the galleys with a fire that drove them from beneath the fort to the shelter of the galleons. As they passed Raleigh gave them a running fire, in the way, he says, of a "benediction."

Then as he drew near the great Spanish ships, and placed himself close at their side, he remembered the death of Greenville. The St. Philip, and the St.

Andrews, upon which he flung himself with ardor, had been present and aided in the capture of his friend. They were now to meet with a doom that would have satisfied the fierce spirit of Greenville.

Raleigh was supported on the one side by Lord Thomas Howard, on the other, by the Mary Rose, and the Dreadnought. Essex, in the van, saw with impatience the danger and the glory of his rival. Forgetting the commands of the queen, he pressed forward in the Repulse, until he was nearly on a line with the Warspite. As yet, however, Raleigh was at the head of all, the object of envy to all his companions. A fierce emulation to be first had seized the rival leaders, and no man was satisfied with his position unless he was in the front of danger.

After three hours of cannonading, Raleigh grew weary of the indecisive contest. While the balls flew as thick as in a skirmish of infantry, he leaped into a skiff and passed over to the Repulse to complain to Essex of the absence of the boats with which Effingham was to have provided him. He begged the earl to return and hasten their coming. He assured him that he would fight no longer in this unsatisfactory manner; that he must board the enemy or be sunk by their fire. Essex told him that if he wished to board he would second him.

While they were talking, Vere, eager to be first, urged his ship forward beyond that of Raleigh. Howard not to be out-done, pressed onward before Vere;

so that Raleigh was now the third from the front. This was not to be borne. He hastened back to the Warspite, let slip her anchor, and urging her onward before all his competitors, laid her athwart the channel so that none could pass again. Essex gained the next position. Howard had fastened a line to the Warspite to draw his ship to her side, but her sailors cut it off and he fell behind. So eager were these fearless mariners to meet that dreadful fire, which was poured down upon them by the enemy.

No fly-boats appearing, Raleigh resolved "to shake hands with the St. Philip." He threw a line aboard of her preparing to board. The courage of the Spaniards, which had sustained them in a distant cannonade, failed as they saw the terrible foe about to draw near. They slipped their anchor and ran their ship aground. Then an infatuation of terror seems to have seized them. They fled from their ships as the English attempted to enter them, falling from the port-holes into the water, says Raleigh, "like coals from a sack."

The St. Philip and the St. Thomas now took fire. The spectacle was lamentable and terrible, even to the invaders. Of the Spaniards, many drowned themselves in despair; others, scorched by the flames, were struggling in the water. Some hung by rope ends, under water to the lips. Others badly wounded were seen struggling in the ooze. So dreadful was the scene, so fierce the blaze of the vast ships, and so terrible the firing of the great ordnance, as the flames reached and discharged

them, "that, if any man desires to see hell itself," adds Raleigh, "it was there most finely figured."

Eight English ships had thus defeated, taken, and destroyed more than fifty Spanish, defended by powerful batteries, and filled with soldiers.

The enemy's fleet being destroyed, Essex landing his troops, drove back a detachment from the garrison who had sallied from the town, and having pursued them to the walls, carried it by assault. Raleigh who had been badly wounded in the leg by a splinter during his attack upon the fleet, yet insisted upon the witnessing the sack of Cadiz. Borne upon the shoulders of his men, he passed through the tumultuous crowd of plunderers, who showed, he says, "but little respect of persons," to return at night to his ship fainting with wounds and weariness, without having secured a single valuable prize. The fleet was now almost a solitude, its crews having hastened away to share in the plunder of the town. At dawn Raleigh sent to Effingham for orders to pursue and take possession of the Indian fleet, which lay in the Puerto Reale, the value of which was many millions; but such was the confusion that he could get no answer.

The vast prize was lost to the conquerors. At noon of that fatal day, the Spaniards had proposed to Effingham to ransom their fleet for two million of reals. But the next morning the Duke of Medina Sidonia, ordered it to be set on fire. And galleons, carracks, and argosies, with all their priceless cargoes, were ravished from

the English by the flames. Two only, the St. Andrew and the St. Matthew, "the two apostles," as Raleigh irreverently describes them, were brought to England.

Essex, when the attack was over, treated his prisoners with humanity and generosity. The town proved rich in money, plate, and merchandise. The spoil of the English was large. Many prisoners ransomed themselves for ten or twenty thousand ducats.

"For myself," continues Raleigh, "I have gotten a lame leg and a deformed. I have not wanted good words, but I have possessed nothing but poverty and pain. If God had spared me that blow I had possessed myself of some house." In the buccaneer spirit of the day he had longed to be at the sack, but his wound had prevented him from profiting by it. He sighed to grow rich like Clive or Hastings.

Success overturned the little natural prudence of Essex. He wished to be left at Cadiz with a garrison of four hundred men to hold it against the whole power of Philip. When this was rejected he pressed the admiral to crown their success by intercepting the galleons at the Azores, and by assaulting other ports of Spain. He returned to England full of complaints of his fellow commanders who had not yielded to his advice. He even claimed the whole glory of the naval engagement, and the taking of Cadiz to himself. He published his censures upon his associates, particularly mentioning Sir Walter Raleigh as one who had been unfavorable to his

plans. Another mortification awaited Essex upon his return. He found Cecil appointed secretary.

Elizabeth was delighted at the success of the expedition. She had wounded her enemy in a vital part. She praised and rewarded all the commanders.

Cecil, who professed friendship for Raleigh, was now reconciled by him to Essex. With his deep policy he was unwilling to have an open foe in either. He felt that he could not remain with safety closely connected with Raleigh while Essex was his enemy. Magnanimous and open-hearted, the earl was forgiving. He had been easily won to forget his displeasure against Raleigh; he was easily reconciled towards Cecil. The three rivals met together as friends. Cecil went in the same coach with the earl to his house, where Raleigh came soon after, and they dined together. After dinner they spent three hours in conversation. Essex was the dupe of his astute rivals. Unacquainted with deception himself, he could not suspect that they were plotting against him while they courted him.

In June, 1597, Raleigh was completely reconciled to the queen. Cecil, in the absence of Essex, who connived rather than consented to it, was to bring Raleigh to an interview with Elizabeth. She received him with something of the old favor. He once more was allowed to resume his captaincy of the Guards from which he had been long suspended. In the evening he rode forth with the queen and had a private conference with her. To the world he seemed at length about to resume his

old ascendancy. The happy scheme of Cecil for producing a reconciliation with Essex ensured his success. The earl and Raleigh were now often together. They were much at Cecil's house in private. But this intimacy could not long endure.

The queen heard that Philip was preparing an expedition against Ireland in Groine and Ferrol. She had now learned that the wisest plan for destroying Spanish armadas was the one suggested by Raleigh, of attacking them in their own harbors. She resolved therefore to anticipate Philip.

Another stately fleet sailed forth from England, commissioned to ravage the coasts of Spain and to intercept the plate fleet. Essex was made commander-in-chief of both sea and land forces, and led one squadron; Howard as vice-admiral, another; Raleigh commanded a third. Lord Mountjoy, Vere, the earls of Rutland and Southampton, Carew, Blount, and many more lords and gentlemen attended the expedition. They led one hundred and twenty ships with seven thousand soldiers.

At Weymouth, Essex called before him Vere and Raleigh, to have them reconciled. They readily professed their willingness. The fleet sailed, but was driven back by a storm. During the delay, Raleigh and Essex made a journey together to London to attend court. It was now determined to dismiss the land forces and to confine the object of the expedition to the capture of the treasure fleet.

Essex was surrounded by pretended friends who

seized every occasion to produce dissensions between him and Raleigh. The latter had been detained behind the rest of the fleet by the breaking of his main-yard. He then came to Lisbon, where finding some ships and tenders he conveyed them to the Azores. This was construed by the followers of Essex into a serious offence, as if he wished to act independently of his commander. Raleigh, however, upon rejoining the fleet, soon convinced the earl of their malice. Essex, who had been enraged at his supposed desertion, was easily pacified. He told Raleigh he never had believed he had deserted him, and that he "was sorry for a letter he had written to England against his conduct." It was observed by Gorges that Essex in great matters always consulted Raleigh in preference to many others who thought themselves first in his regard.

It was determined in a council of war that Essex and Raleigh should together attack Fayal, while to the other commanders were assigned other islands. Unhappily, in reaching their destination, Raleigh was separated from his general. He arrived at Fayal, but saw no traces of Essex.

He was now in doubt what plan to pursue. If he should attack the island before Essex had arrived, he must expect to excite the jealous anger of his rival. While if he delayed the attack, the Spaniards, alarmed by his approach, would so improve its defences as to make its capture difficult if not impossible. Two days he hesitated, doubtful whether to serve his queen at the

risk of displeasing her favorite. Meanwhile he saw the Spaniards busily increasing their fortifications. A council of his officers was called. The friends of Essex urged a delay. The chief captains were for attacking at once. Raleigh, however, yielded to the former, and agreed to wait a day longer. He then attacked the island with great bravery and quickly subdued it.

When Essex soon after arrived at Fayal, he was transported with rage to find the glory of the attempt wholly ravished from him by his rival. His friends inflamed his displeasure. They urged him to try Raleigh by court-martial, and put him to death. They even insinuated that he now had a good opportunity for removing for ever from his path a formidable foe. In his impetuosity he would have yielded to their violent counsels. He cashiered three captains who had shared in the attempt, and would have inflicted some hasty punishment upon Raleigh, had not Lord Thomas Howard interfered and reconciled them. He persuaded Raleigh to make submissions, and Essex to receive his apologies.

The earl gained no reputation by this expedition. By his want of seamanship he lost the galleons for which he lay in wait and of which he came in sight, and he returned to England mortified and enraged. He refused even to appear at court. His displeasure was increased by the conduct of Elizabeth. Cecil had been made chancellor of the Duchy of Lancaster, and Lord Effingham Earl of Nottingham, for his success at Cadiz. This

appointment gave Nottingham a higher position than Essex, for an exploit the merit of which Essex claimed for himself. He was so enraged that he offered to maintain by the sword his plea against Nottingham or any of his kindred.

Elizabeth employed Raleigh to reconcile the two earls. To soothe the wounded vanity of Essex she made him Lord Marshal of England, an office that had long been in abeyance, but which gave him the precedence over Nottingham.

The world was surprised at the close intimacy which now grew up between Essex and his rivals, Cecil and Raleigh. None, it was said, but they could move him as they pleased. France was preparing to make peace with Spain. Cecil was one of the ambassadors sent by Elizabeth to remonstrate against this design. Before he departed his friends entertained him with a succession of fetes. Raleigh, Lord Compton, Cobham and Southwell gave in turn banquets, plays and music. Howard and Raleigh attended him to Dover.

The rumor of a new Spanish invasion alarmed Elizabeth. It proved only a passing fleet bearing aid to their armies in the Netherlands. Yet Essex was dispatched to the defence of the Kentish coast. Raleigh to Cornwall. Raleigh was now talked of for Lord Deputy of Ireland, but is said to have declined the unpromising post. In 1598 died Lord Burleigh, the father of Cecil, the enemy of Essex, leaving apparently an undisputed supremacy to the earl.

But Essex had already somewhat shaken his authority by the imprudence of his behavior. With his rapid growth in influence he had lost that veneration for Elizabeth which marked his early bearing towards her, and which she demanded from all her courtiers. Time had increased his natural impetuosity and weakened his prudence. Prosperity had not improved his disposition. He had grown jealous, sensitive, hasty. One day in a dispute with the queen, with regard to some appointment, he grew so angry as to turn his back upon her in a contemptuous manner. The queen, equally hasty, repaid his contempt by a box upon his ear. The earl, enraged beyond restraint, placed his hand upon his sword, swearing that he would not bear such usage even from Henry VIII. himself. He withdrew from the court, and, far from concealing this affront, published it abroad by a letter which he wrote in vindication of his conduct, and of which copies were handed about among his friends. Elizabeth afterwards restored him to favor, but it was plain that so ardent a temperament as that of Essex must lead him ere long to equally dangerous outbreaks.

In 1599, Essex, in a moment of passion, ambition and self-confidence, obtained from the queen the appointment of Lord Lieutenant of Ireland. The Irish had long been a source of expense and uneasiness to Elizabeth. She relied upon the earl's known valor and genius to subdue them at a blow. She supplied him with near twenty thousand men, and expected that his complete

success would relieve her from all future difficulties on that island.

It is said that his enemies advocated this appointment, and united in raising the expectations of the queen, which they hoped would be disappointed. Raleigh, Cecil, Nottingham and Cobham rejoiced to see their rival removed from court, and exposed to the dangers of a campaign in a country where few laurels were likely to be obtained, even should he escape any great disaster.

The fate of the expedition equalled their highest hopes. Essex, easily deceived and incapable of forming a well-concerted plan, was baffled by the Irish, failed in all his enterprises, saw his great army melt away by sickness, desertion and death, and was finally driven to negotiate a disgraceful peace.

Elizabeth heard of the destruction of her army, the greatest she had ever equipped, with undisguised anger. Essex increased this feeling by writing imprudent letters to herself and the council, complaining of the calumnies which had been received against him. The queen sent him orders to remain in Ireland, but Essex, fearing the effect of the influence of his enemies should he remain any longer absent, resolved to fly to the queen. He passed over the Channel, hastened to London, and entered the palace. Covered with the marks of his hasty travel he came to the bed-chamber of the queen, who had just risen, cast himself upon his knees, kissed her hand and had some conversation with her. So that when he left

her presence he was so reassured of her favor as to thank God that though he had suffered many troubles and storms abroad he found a sweet calm at home.

He was surprised to find in the afternoon that he was ordered into close custody, shut out from all intercourse with his friends, and ordered to be examined by the council. Mortification and regret made him fall sick, and his life was even in danger. The queen, who retained for him all her affection, was alarmed. She showed her concern by her tears. She sent him some broth, with a message that if such a step were proper she would visit him in person.

About the same time Raleigh, it is said, pretended sickness and was cured by a similar message from his mistress.

The enemies of Essex used every artifice to excite the displeasure of the queen. His conduct in Ireland had been exceedingly imprudent. They insinuated that his sickness had been feigned. They awoke in her mind suspicions of which she had no thought herself. She resolved to have him tried by the Star Chamber, but was content with having him examined by the Privy Council. Here he was assailed by Coke, who opened the case against him with his usual unsparing violence. Among the counsel employed against the fallen earl appeared Bacon, the man whom he had so devotedly served, but who, with the noblest impulses, often descended to the basest artifices of the courtier. To please the queen he sacrificed his friend. Essex was, by

sentence of the counsel, suspended from his various high offices and confined a prisoner in his own house.

Elizabeth candidly told the earl that in all these punishments she never meant to withdraw from him her favor, but only to correct that impetuous temper which had proved so injurious to her interest as well as to his own. In this she was sincere. She loved Essex more than any other man. To Raleigh she was never liberal of her favors. The disgrace of his rival did not add to his good fortune. He had long hoped to be made a privy counsellor, but was constantly disappointed; some secret obstacle seemed to check his advance. The wisest commander, the bravest officer of his time, he had as yet held only inferior appointments. He sought to be made one of the commissioners of the treaty at Boulogne and was refused. Ill pleased to find nothing done for him, he retired to his estate of Sherbroke, being on his journey entertained by the Earl of Northumberland, at the Lion House. In May he returned to court to solicit the vice-chamberlainship. Soon after he went over into Flanders upon some secret mission. On his return he was made Governor of Jersey, with the grant of the Manor of St. Germain's, on that island.

In the meantime the impetuous temper of Essex had produced his ruin. The severity of the queen made him moody and desperate. He believed that no man was ever so wronged as himself. He thought the calumnies of his enemies had led Elizabeth to treat him with gross injustice. Dark plans of revenge against them and of a

conspiracy against her power filled his mind. His popularity was remarkable. Even in his disgrace the people still looked upon him with affectionate compassion. They reviled his enemies as knaves and cowards. They published libels against them. And Essex believed that he could rely upon their aid in any attempt to drive Cecil and Raleigh from power.

He joined himself to the sect of Puritans. He had daily prayers and exercises at Essex House. He used every measure to provoke the queen. He often ridiculed her appearance, and said that she was now grown an old woman, that she was as crooked in her mind as in her body. His house was filled with military adventurers whose aid he intended to use in his future schemes. He entered into correspondence with King James, and proposed to him a scheme for forcing Elizabeth to acknowledge the king of the Scots her heir. At Drury House met a secret council of his friends who gravely debated a design which he proposed to them for seizing the Tower and forcing the palace gates: for obliging the queen to dismiss his enemies from his counsels: to assemble a parliament and settle a new plan of government. Among the malcontents were the Earl of Southampton, Sir Fernando Gorges, Sir Christopher Blount and many other men of rank and fame. So strong was the influence of Essex over the hearts of his friends.

His enemies were now keenly watching his proceedings. They had already aroused the suspicion of the queen. She sent a son of the treasurer Sackville, to

Essex House to discover his designs. Soon after Essex received a summons to attend at the council, and at the same time came a note from a friend warning him to provide for his safety. The next day he summoned his friends to Essex House. There came the earls of Southampton, Rutland, Lords Monteagle and Sandys with three hundred gentlemen of rank and fortune.

Meanwhile Raleigh, who was watching the motions of his rival, sent for Sir Fernando Gorges to meet him on the Thames. Gorges consulted Essex whether he should go. Raleigh was looked upon with deadly hatred at Essex House. It was chiefly against him that those preparations were made. Blount urged Gorges to seize or murder Raleigh at the meeting. Gorges met Raleigh, who told him that a warrant had been issued for his arrest and urged him to fly. Gorges thanked him, but answered that he was engaged in another matter, and that there were two thousand gentlemen who were resolved to live or die freemen. It is probable that this was not all that was said and that Gorges gave Raleigh the full particulars of the plot. They parted, the one to Essex House, the other to the queen.

Then Essex burst forth from Essex House upon his mad project of raising the city, crying out that Raleigh and Cobham had plotted against his life. He was seized, imprisoned, and tried for treason. At the trial again appeared Bacon, not ashamed to aid in the destruction of his generous friend. The earl was con-

demned to death and his execution awaited only the signature of the queen.

Cecil appeared to have relented, and would have spared him, but Raleigh urged him to be firm. "If you spare him," he wrote, "I read your destiny." No mercy could he show to that noble heart which had so often forgiven, to that friend with whom he had spent so many hours in private conversation, who had shared with him the dangers of the battle-field and the pleasures of society.

Yet Raleigh had the excuse that the struggle between himself and Essex had become one of life and death. He knew the real power of the earl over Elizabeth. If Essex were spared he would rise again to an overwhelming influence. If he triumphed Raleigh and Cecil must die upon the scaffold. The wrongs which they had inflicted were too deep to be otherwise avenged. He wrote to Cecil: "His malice is fixed; if you relent you will repent too late." The warrant for the execution, which the tenderness of the queen had delayed, was at length signed by her—with what emotions? It proved her own death warrant as well as his. The earl died in a penitent mood; all his violent passions stilled at the approach of the Great Power. It is said that he even desired to see Raleigh before he died to assure him of his pardon.

Raleigh had been chiefly instrumental in discovering the conspiracy. He had been one of those who besieged Essex House. He had attended in his station

of captain of the Guards at the trial. He now came to the Tower to behold a death. There he saw the fair head drop upon the scaffold with tears of remorse. Was it so? Did the sight of the inevitable recall him to humanity and sympathy? The people did not so think. They followed with curses him who had feasted his revenge with malicious joy upon the lifeless form of the general favorite.

The last days of the great queen drew near. They were full of repinings, lamentings, and inconsolable grief. Clouded and stormy went down her splendid day. She had killed the truest-hearted of her subjects. Around were none but cold intriguers and heartless plotters. Childless, husbandless, the destroyer of a sister queen, yet with a heart pining for the joys of filial and fraternal affection, Elizabeth's pride, ambition, and vanity, could now no longer supply a child's, a mother's, a sister's place. The phantoms fled. She fell into a misanthropic melancholy. She starved herself to death.

About this time Raleigh sold his estate in Ireland. Having been engaged in a difficulty with Sir Amias Preston, which ended in a challenge, he settled his Sherbroke estate upon his son Walter in anticipation of the event. They were, however reconciled.

With the death of his mistress his fortunes fell. James, her successor, had been already taught to look upon him with dislike. Raleigh had been one of those who advocated the policy of laying certain restrictions

upon the new king, a measure that had excited his highest resentment. Cecil, too, who had professed friendship for Sir Walter so long as he was to be feared, had for some years been engaged in a correspondence with James, which he had successfully concealed from the queen. In this correspondence he took care to represent all those in unfavorable colors who were likely to become dangerous rivals to himself. He did not spare his friend Raleigh. He spoke of him in the way most likely to injure him with the king.

The martial fame, the restless adventurous spirit of Raleigh, were equally feared and disliked by the timid James. He hated and dreaded a soldier. He shrank from a bold commanding nature with envious alarm. When he heard that Raleigh was about to marry his son Walter to his ward, a descendant of the Plantagenets, with a fortune of three thousand pounds a year—a match, however, which never took place—he suspected him of forming a design upon his crown. When Raleigh came to him with a project for invading Spain with two thousand men at his own expense, he was shocked at the warlike proposition.

Yet the king at first temporized. He thanked Raleigh for some presents which he had received from him in Scotland. Though he removed him from the post of captain of his Guards, and took away his patent of sweet wines, in the place of the latter he allowed him a pension of three hundred pounds, and remitted some debts which he owed to the crown.

Yet James had hardly been three months upon the throne before the nation was astonished by the trial and condemnation of Raleigh for a conspiracy. Cecil, who was probably the inventor of the plot, was active in convicting his friend. In his letter to Parry he relates its details as if he were too familiar with them. With Raleigh were implicated Lords Cobham and Grey. Cobham, weak, dissolute, and desperate, who had always been greatly influenced by Raleigh, was now induced to become a witness against him.

The plague raging in London, the trial was appointed to take place at Winchester. Raleigh was taken in custody in his own coach to that city and imprisoned in the Castle with the other conspirators.

He was brought before the Earl of Suffolk and the two chief justices, Popham and Anderson, to be tried for his life. He was charged with having conspired with Cobham to destroy the king, and to advance Lady Arabella Stuart to the throne. The indictment stated that Cobham was to go over to the continent to procure the assistance of the King of Spain, the archduke, and the King of Savoy, to carry out the plot; that he was to bear letters from Lady Arabella Stuart, promising to tolerate popery and to be governed by those powers in her choice of a husband; that Aremburg, the archduke's ambassador, had promised six millions of crowns in aid of the plan; and that Raleigh had published a book against the king's title.

Coke carried on the case with his usual offensive

coarseness. Not many months had passed since he had thus treated Essex. He now seemed to exult in the humiliation of Raleigh. Cobham was the chief evidence. He pretended that he had been seduced by Raleigh's arts to engage in the plot; that he was to have gone to Spain to solicit for the six million crowns, and was to return by the way of Jersey where he would meet and consult with Raleigh. Another witness testified that Cobham and Raleigh, after supping together, had gone to Aremberg, the archduke's ambassador. Cobham deposed that he had a book from Raleigh written against the king's title. He added that Raleigh was to receive a bribe of fifteen hundred pounds a year from Spain for giving information; and produced a letter written to him by Raleigh after their arrest, urging him to retract his evidence. With some slight hearsay testimony, this was all the proof against Raleigh.

He defended himself with great courage and skill. His reply was clear and perfect. He denied all knowledge of the plot with Cobham and Aremburg. He declared he had never even heard the name of the Lady Arabella Stuart. He said that he who had written a book against peace with Spain, would not be likely to advocate a traitorous peace with that power. He urged that in cases of treason two witnesses were required by law, but that against him appeared but one, and that one by his own confession a traitor. He said the book spoken of came from the study of the late

lord treasurer, he had never read nor commended it to any man. He urged that it was not likely that he, who had spent forty thousand pounds against the Spaniards, would now accept a pension from them. And lastly, as a conclusive proof, he produced a letter from Lord Cobham, written in view of approaching death, as follows: "Seeing myself so near my end, for the discharge of my conscience and freeing myself from your blood, which else will cry for vengeance against me, I protest upon my salvation, that I have never practised with Spain by your procurement. God so comfort me in this my affliction, as you are a true subject for anything I know—I know nothing against you."

Then Lord High Admiral Nottingham rose up and by his side the Lady Arabella Stuart. The lady protested that she never dealt in these things; that she had indeed received a letter from Cobham, which she laughed over and then sent it to the king.

No defence could be more complete. The chief witness for the prosecution had confessed himself perjured, and had called God to witness that the accused was guiltless. All circumstances combined to render the guilt of Raleigh impossible. His whole life had been actuated by a single impulse, a hatred of Spain and popery. He had been the bravest and most untiring of that band of heroes, who had crushed for ever Spanish supremacy. His patriotic ardor had never wearied. For England he had fought, labored, and devised great plans of colonization which ages only could develop.

Everywhere he was esteemed the bravest commander, the wisest counsellor of England. And now, as he stood in the high court of his country, to be tried for his life upon an improbable accusation, he might reasonably hope for justice if not for favor.

Coke, the great master of English law, was attorney-general. His character was singular. He was bitter, mean, malignant. He rejoiced in crushing with sharp invective fallen greatness. No pettifogger was ever more addicted to coarse language, or more unscrupulous in miscoloring facts. He assailed the accused with the bitterness of a Jeffries. He could utter falsehoods at the bar, which he would have blushed to countenance beyond it. He made up his weak cases by a storm of invective and reproach. Nor can anything exceed the baseness of his conduct towards both Raleigh and Essex.

Yet Coke was an eminent lawyer, cool, ready, and resolute. From his overflowing store of well-arranged knowledge, has flowed a commentary abounding in just deductions and able reasoning, a work which has been the delight of all succeeding lawyers, upon which Blackstone and Mansfield, Kent and Story, have bestowed their highest praise. In politics Coke was a liberal at a time when liberality was likely to be construed as treason. The bitter, sardonic lawyer, defended obstinately the privileges of the commons against royal encroachment.

Coke, upon the conclusion of Raleigh's defence, rose

to reply. He had nothing but reproach and ill-language to conceal the weakness of his case. He told Raleigh he was the most notorious traitor alive: that he would not only have taken off the king, but destroyed religion: that he was a monster, a viper: that he had an English face but a Spanish heart: that he had never known a clearer case of treason: that he was the most vile and execrable traitor that ever lived.

Raleigh could not well bear this treatment. "You speak," said he to Coke, "indiscreetly as well as barbarously."

Coke. I want words to express thy viperous treason.

Raleigh. I think you want words indeed; for you have spoken one thing half a dozen times.

Coke. Thou art an odious fellow. Thy name is hateful to all England for thy pride.

Raleigh. It will go near to prove a measure cast between you and me, Mr. Attorney.

Then Coke produced a letter which he said had been conveyed by Raleigh to Cobham to induce him to retract his confession.

Raleigh allowed that he had sent a poor fellow with a letter to throw into Cobham's window, containing these few words. "You know you have undone me; now write three lines to justify me."

The chief justice then asked what he had to say with regard to the bribe of fifteen hundred pounds from Spain. And Raleigh with calm disdain answered, that "Cobham was a base, dishonest, poor soul." The

chief justice retorted, "I perceive that you are not so clear a man as you have pretended."

It was plain that justice was not to be done in that court. The chief justice charged strongly against the prisoner. The jury in fifteen minutes returned with a verdict of Guilty of High Treason.

This verdict surprised all men. Even the jury, it is reported, touched with a sense of the value of that life which they had sacrificed, demanded pardon for Sir Walter on their knees. Even Coke, who had retired from court into the garden for fresh air, on being told that the jury had convicted the prisoner of treason, exclaimed, "Thou art mistaken. I myself only accused him of misprision of treason."

Coke's coarse abuse of Raleigh is said to have disgusted his contemporaries. Shakspeare is thought to have satirized him in the character of Sir Toby Belch, in the Twelfth Night. Coke had exclaimed in his fury against the prisoner, "Thou viper, for I thou thee, thou traitor." Act III., scene 4, Sir Toby speaks, "Taunt him with the license of ink; if thou thou'st him some thrice it shall not be amiss."

Sir Walter walked erect and unconquerable from the mock trial to his prison. He remained at Winchester nearly a month in hourly expectation of death. During this suspense he wrote as follows to his wife:

"You shall now receive, my dear wife, my last words in these my last lines. My love I send you that you may remember it when I am no more. I would not by my will present you with sorrow, dear Bess.

Seeing that it is not the will of God that ever I shall see you more in this life, bear it patiently and with a heart like thyself.

“First, I send you all the thanks my heart can conceive or my words express, for your many travails and cares taken for me, which though they have not the effect as you wished, yet my debt to you is not the less. But pay it never I shall in this world.

“Secondly, I beseech you for the love you bear me living, do not hide yourself many days after my death. But, by your travails, seek to help your miserable fortunes and the right of your poor child. Thy mourning cannot avail me. I am but dust.”

He then relates how he had settled his property, and continues :

“When I am gone, no doubt you shall be sought for by many, for the world thinks that I was very rich. But take heed of the pretences of men and their affections. For they last not but in honest and worthy men ; and no greater misery can befall you in this life than to become a prey and afterwards be despised. Get those letters if it be possible, which I writ to the lords where I sued for my life. God is my witness, it was for you and yours that I desired life. But it is true that I d’sdain myself for begging it, for know it, dear wife, that your son is the son of a true man, and one who in his own respect despiseth death and all his misshapen ugly forms.

“The everlasting, powerful, infinite, and omnipresent God, who is goodness itself, the true life and light, keep thee and thine, have mercy upon me, and teach me to forgive my persecutors and accusers, and send us to meet in his glorious kingdom.

“My dear wife, farewell. Bless my poor boy, pray for me, and let my good God hold you both in his arms. Written with the dying hand of sometime thy husband, but now, alas ! overthrown. Yours that was, but now not my own.

“WALTER RALEIGH.”

A noble farewell to life and its loved ones ! The voice of a true heart sounding cheerfully amid its mourn-

ful circumstances. Not that of an Atheist, or a sensualist, but of a bold nature, striving by its own strength and God's aid, to stand erect in the tempest and keep others from sinking. Dying himself, he would keep *her* alive. He would not have her mourn him long. He could die with honor, with no vain prayers for life. His son should never blush for him. He had too often met the ugly, misshapen thing called Death, on the main, in the enemy's stronghold, amid battle, sickness, storm and wilderness, to meet him now like a coward. The great idea of God had never, as was reported, been banished from his active mind. It now filled all its height, its depth. Everlasting, powerful, infinite, omnipresent, it is now felt to be, if never before. It comes into his mind as other ideas fade, a star of hope.

Yet here is no passion. It is the farewell of a nature that never loved with violence, but with constancy: that was never sufficiently satisfied with the world to love it deeply, or to part from it with fierce regret. He looked on the past without much longing, on the future with no rapturous expectation.

Under condemnation, the Bishop of Winchester prepared him for death. The bishop was astonished at his composure, and found him a good Protestant.

But his death was not to be sudden. It was a long, weary, lingering process, closing with a barbarous execution. He was reprieved. On December 15, 1604, he entered the Tower a prisoner, to spend thirteen years within its walls.

His confinement was not strict. Several persons were allowed to visit him—his wife, son, and her maid, a surgeon, a clergyman, his servants and others. His prison-door looked out upon a garden in which there was a small henhouse that he converted into a still for chemical experiments. He was allowed to take air and exercise within the walls, and even to show himself to the people.

Yet with all alleviations it was a barbarous punishment. It would have been less painful to record his sudden execution, than to trace the gradual decline of that noble form and intellect in the monotony of a cell. The greatest captain of England, how must he have pined for the battle-field! A gallant courtier, how could he live out of that stately society of which he had been the gracious leader! While America lay yet an unknown wilderness, how must he have longed to break away from his chain upon some daring voyage of discovery and conquest!

His enemies, never idle, fell upon his estate. They hoped to share his supposed wealth among them. The Sherbroke estate had been settled on his son Walter. Chief Justice Popham, after malicious scrutiny, found a flaw in the deed of settlement. It was only an error of a clerk in engrossing, yet he pronounced it invalid. Car, Earl of Somerset, the first of the worthless favorites of James, a poisoner, an adulterer, a heartless coward, begged this estate from the king. He presumed to plunder the fallen hero. Raleigh wrote to him a letter which might have moved any heart but that of the

depraved murderer. He prays Car not to be the first to cut him down utterly, and to undergo the curse of those who enter the fields of the fatherless. But Car would not be disappointed of his prey. Lady Raleigh with her children then knelt before the king, but without effect. He answered to all their prayers, "I mun have the land. I mun have it for Car."

Sherbroke was taken and eight thousand pounds were given to Lady Raleigh in compensation. Its value was much greater.

In his prison Raleigh employed himself in chemical and medical experiments. He prepared a cordial which became a popular medicine. In the time of King Charles, his apothecary, Le Febre, was ordered to prepare a quantity, exactly after the original directions, for the king's use.

Queen Anne was cured, by Raleigh's medical skill, of a dangerous disease. The reward he desired was that Cobham should again be examined whether he had accused him of treason under his own hand. The king sent a deputation of lords, at the queen's request, to Cobham, who acknowledged to them that his letter accusing Raleigh had been written under a deception. The commissioners returned answer to the king, that "Lord Cobham made good all that he ever writ or said;" an equivocation that marked their malice and treachery.

One friend at court Raleigh possessed: the intelligent, ambitious young prince, Henry. The prince could understand a nature like that of Raleigh. He possessed

himself the germs of the heroic. Already he had won the love of the nation, which, humiliated under the undignified rule of his father, looked with hope to the opening virtues of his son. The prince was often in company or in correspondence with Raleigh, cherishing him as a lingering relic of that great Elizabethan era which was past, and wondering "his father could keep such a bird in a cage." No doubt he often listened with enthusiasm to Raleigh's tales of his battles with the Spaniards, and followed him in fancy over the immense ocean in pursuit of the shadowy El Dorado.

When Car, Earl of Somerset, was suing for the Sherbrooke estate, Prince Henry, indignant, had applied for it for himself in order to preserve it for his friend. It is said that he had prevailed, and that a recompense in money was to have been given to Car in its stead, when the prince died, not without dark suspicions.

To Prince Henry, Raleigh poured out those wise speculations which employed him in his prison. He wrote for him a treatise on ship-building, and his observations on the royal navy and sea service. He opposed the marriage of the prince with a daughter of Savoy, and spoke freely to him maxims of liberal policy that would have seemed clear treason to his father. With a tinge of prophecy running through his clear common sense, he thus writes to the prince. He is speaking of those who called James God's vice-gerent and encourage his policy of absolutism :

“Exert yourself, oh generous prince, against such sycophants in the glorious cause of liberty, and assume an ambition worthy of you to secure your fellow citizens from slavery. Preserve to your future subjects the divine right of being free agents. The soul is the essence of the man, and you cannot have the true management against his inclination; choose, therefore, to be the king or the conqueror of your people.”

Had Henry lived this advice would have been followed. His country's kings would never have aspired to be her conquerors. Raleigh's clear note of warning would not have died, but have changed the destiny of England. The revolution, her purification, need not have followed so soon the death of the prophet. So harsh a remedy might have never been wanted.

Literature had ever been Raleigh's solace. In youth it had employed and inspired the many idle intervals of camp and courtier life. It now became more than ever useful. Dark as was his exterior world, there remained to him boundless regions of inner life, lit by many pleasant stars, shining with unchanging gladness, among which the pole star of future fame pointed him to his goal. His nature was essentially intellectual and literary. He had more traits of the great author than of the great general or the great statesman. But he had been led away from authorship by the allurements and the emulation of court life. By these his real nature had been held in bondage. From these his captivity now set him free.

His mental activity became wonderful. He wrote, thought or studied incessantly. Besides chemical and

medical experiments, he composed in his prison the larger part of those numerous treatises found in Birch's and other collections. His mind passed discursively over many subjects. Religious distinctions, English policy, naval affairs, seamanship and discovery, fell successively under his keen observation and were illustrated by an experience gained in the forming era of his country's history. No man of the time thought so liberally as he. Even to Bacon, far-sighted in philosophy, kings were still "mortal gods on earth;" palaces, pageantries and courts were a nation's glory. Raleigh saw through the vain delusion. With him the future was a reality. England was not the mere narrow realm of James, weighed down and humiliated by a half idiot king, but the centre of a vast system of colonization, the parent of nations, whose daring enterprise should develop the resources of the earth, the waves, the intellect, and whose free opinions should hunt down absolutism to despair and humiliation, whether embodied in the gloomy magnificence of Philip of Spain, or whatever form the antiquated dogma might assume.

All his designs were grand and imposing. He had longed to become the founder of states, a conqueror like Cortes, and to direct the policy of England to the establishment of colonies and the assumption of the empire of the seas. And now, as he turned to literature, an idea equally elevated fixed his attention. He resolved to write the history of the world.

Circumstances seemed peculiarly unfavorable to this

design. His life had not been such as to prepare him for the untiring attention required by any extended literary undertaking. An adventurer, a knight errant of the seas, accustomed to stormy excitements and to listless calms, trained in the camp and on the unsteady deck, it seemed little likely that he could so command his restless intellect as to keep it constant, with unflinching interest, to one grand historical theme. Nor could it be supposed that amid his romantic and desultory career he had gained even the foundation of the knowledge requisite for his proposed work. His acquaintance with the ancient languages could be but faint; his knowledge of the ancient authors but superficial. If he remembered the leading facts of oriental and classical history it was all that could be looked for from a military leader in constant employment by land and sea.

But Raleigh had been a diligent student in all periods of his life. Few days had passed without being partly, and often in a great measure, devoted to active study. Wherever he went, on land or sea, his books were his constant companions.

His desultory career, too, was not useless to the historian. Acquainted with courts, with camps, with foreign manners, he came to his great undertaking with advantages which merely literary men do not possess. He had been engaged in actual warfare and could describe, with vividly clear conceptions, the manœuvring of hostile armies. He had learned the necessity of describing to his reader the peculiar character of every

new land into which the progress of events invited him. His knowledge of courts, of kings, of actual warfare and negotiation was an advantage that few historians have possessed.

Captivity, too, had made him a purely literary man. In the course of a long imprisonment his ardent restlessness was stilled and his attention wholly fixed upon mental progress. His friends supplied him with books. Sir Robert Cotton, the possessor of the best library in England, seems to have furnished him with materials with the greatest liberality, and his mind, with some transient intervals of discontent when it once more wandered to El Dorado, or busied itself with politics, must gradually have become engrossed with its great design. To become a great historian he now labored with the same ardor and resolution that had marked him in battle and in discovery. He had chosen a noble subject, the progress of man from the creation to his own day, and as he felt that the remainder of his life must probably pass away in prison, he wrote with the minute accuracy of a captive seeking to lengthen out a task that beguiled the weariness of confinement and yet with the enthusiasm of an ardent follower of fame.

He entered upon the task, however, with sincere self-distrust. The greatness of the subject, the length of his proposed work, and the variety of faculties and knowledge which its proper execution demanded, filled him with alarm. In a touching preface he relates his discouragements. How time had dulled the ardor with

which he was wont to enter upon his youthful undertakings: how brief was the period left him for the fulfillment of his design.

“How unfit and unworthy a choice,” he writes, “I have made of myself to undertake a work of this kind, my own reason, though exceeding weak, hath sufficiently resolved me. For had it beene begotten then with my first dawn, when the light of common knowledge began to open itself to my younger years, and before any wound received from Fortune or Time, I might well have doubted that darkness and death would have covered it and me long before the performance. For beginning with the creation I have proceeded with the History of the World, and lastly prepared (some few years excepted) to confine my discovery within this our Renowned Isle of Great Britain. I confess it had better suited my disabilities, the better part of whose times are worn out in travel, to set tight as I could the unjointed and scattered frame of our English affairs than of Universal—the day of a tempestuous life drawn on to the very evening ere I begin.

“But those inmost and all-piercing wounds which are wracking while uncured, with the desire of satisfying the few friends which I have tried by the fire of adversity—the former prompting, the latter persuading—have caused me to make my thoughts legible and myself the subject of every man however weak.”

So to heal the bitter wounds of regret, of disappointment, of broken friendships and of forgotten favors, he

betook himself to literature. What though the night of age and death was closing upon him! He would still do what he might. What though youthful ardor had fled for ever! still had he the goads of mortification and disappointment to urge him forward. Those racking wounds might yet be soothed, the contempt of the world be forgotten, the listlessness of his prison life be borne amid the engrossing interest of a high intellectual pursuit.

The history, embracing a period extending from the creation to the sixth century of Rome, was published in 1614. It is said to have had so slow a sale that the publisher was ruined. The story, however, is doubtful. In later times it was highly valued and was looked upon as one of the finest monuments of British genius. Many editions were published. It was long the best account of the nations of antiquity composed by an Englishman. It is now seldom read, and even many, not wholly ignorant, have forgotten that Sir Walter Raleigh was, in his own age and long after, the first and most celebrated of the British historians.

To compose this work he must have gone through an amount of reading remarkable even in the age of Camden, and his antiquarian society. It shows an acquaintance with all classical historians, with the deeper philosophy of Greece, and with the sacred writings. Its style is singularly strong and natural. With some of the obscurity of a metaphysician, it yet in descriptive passages, is ever clear and easy. It is far

less confused than that of Bacon and more weighty than that of Sydney. Its English, fresh and unassuming, flows onward in graceful periods, with none of that affectation of antiquity which marks the prefaces of Spenser or the inflated pages of the *Arcadia*. The language in that age had no acknowledged standard. Each writer, therefore, selected for himself the guise in which he would convey his thoughts. With his accustomed independence, Raleigh made a language of his own, nearly approaching the tone of common conversation, and separated from it but by the absence of vulgar phrases. He chose simplicity of expression in an age when the chief merit of a writer was supposed to lie in the discovery of a style that ran into exaggerated euphuism like that of Sidney, or into curt sententiousness like that of Bacon. His English was the best of his age with the single exception of that of Shakespeare.

His thoughts are strikingly new; not with the labored singularity of those of Bacon, but with a fresh and natural simplicity that flows from a peculiar genius. Of all his contemporaries I should compare him chiefly with Shakespeare. Both were more practised in the world than other writers; the one from mingling much with its varied scenes; the other from a diligent study of actual life for dramatic purposes. Both wrote in a language more nearly approaching that of our own time. Both contributed to give to the present English its naturalness, richness, and strength, and have taught

succeeding writers to avoid labored thoughts, and unnatural conceits.

The originality of Raleigh's nature shows itself in his treatment of his materials. He does not simply copy the ancient historians, but compares and collates them with the skepticism of a Niebuhr. He turns contemptuously from the authority of ancient names. "For myself," he says, "I shall never be persuaded that God has shut up all the light of learning within the lanthorne of Aristotle's brain." And he evidently looks upon the Latin historians, particularly Livy, with the same spirit which in the modern school of Beaufort, Niebuhr, and Arnold, has led to a complete overthrow of the received legends of Roman history. Raleigh's fresh and animated researches, had they fallen upon fruitful soil, might have prevented all those servile copies of Livy and Dion Cassius, which, borrowed from France, became the chief works upon that subject, for more than two centuries afterwards. As an example of his peculiar skepticism in Roman history, as well as of his style, I add a passage from his *History of the World*. He is endeavoring to construct a probable account of the exploits of the two Scipios in Spain. It will recall to the reader many passages of similiar criticism in Arnold and Niebuhr.

"The acts of these two brethren (Publius and Cn. Scipio), in their province were very great, and, as they are reported, marvellous. And peradventure, if we durst be bold to say it, the victories of the Scipios were neither so many nor so great as they are set out in Livy. This we

may be bold to say, that the great Captain Fabius, or Livy in his person, maketh an objection unto Scipio, which neither Scipio nor Livy for him doth answer ; that if Asdrubal were vanquished, as Scipio would say, by him in Spain, strange it was, and as little to his honor as it had been extremely dangerous to Rome, that the same vanquished man should invade Italy. And indeed, it is an incredible narration, that Asdrubal, enclosed on all sides, and not knowing how to escape out of battle, save only by the steep descent of rocks, over a great river that lay at his back, ran away with all his money, elephants, and broken troops, over Tagus directly towards the Pyrenees, and so towards Italy ; upon which he fell with more than three score thousand armed soldiers. Neither do I see how it hangs well together that he chose a piece of ground very defensible but most incommodious for his retreat, if he should happen to be vanquished ; and yet that he sent all his money and elephants away before him, as not intending to abide the enemy ; or how it could be true, that these his elephants, being so sent before, could hinder the Romans (for so they are said to have done in the last battle between him and Scipio) from breaking into his camp. Wherefore we can no more than be sorry, that all Carthaginian records of this war, and Spanish (if there were any) being utterly lost, we can know no more thereof than what it hath pleased the Romans to tell us ; unto whom it were no wisdom to give too much credit."

In this criticism Raleigh's military experience aids his theoretical skepticism. His varied knowledge was ever in use, and combined with his native independence of thought to lead him to an impartial scrutiny of his materials. The spirit of skepticism runs through all the work. It dissects and questions the speculations of the philosophers, as well as of the historians, and leads him into many discussions in the earlier chapters, which, while they take much from its popular interest, give it a peculiar depth. Of these discussions Hume

speaks contemptuously. To him they were only tedious "Jewish and Rabbinical learning."

Yet as examples of novel thinking they indicate the nature of Raleigh's genius, while the lover of intellectual subtleties will find them not unamusing. There is an alluring quaintness in the titles of some of the books, particularly as they stand as portals opening to the Grand History of the World. One is on "the Place of Paradise," others, "of our base and fallen bodies and that the care thereof should yield to that of the immortal soul." "That man is as it were a little world with a digression touching our mortality." "Of The Two Chief Trees in the Garden." And similar themes.

Raleigh thus confutes Pantheism: "For the rest I do account it not the meanest, but an impiety monstrous to confound God and nature—be it but in terms. For it is God that only disposeth of all things, according to his will. It is Nature that can dispose of nothing; God commands, Nature obeys. God begets all things; Nature is begotten."

He calls great conquerors "Troublers of the world, who have bought their glory with so great destruction and effusion of blood." And with the instinctive rectitude of a man of genius, doubts the propriety of awarding fame to mere courage and military skill.

His plan of historical composition is imperfect. Hume's criticism was just, and the work without its singular introduction would have been more widely read. Some features, however, it had which Hume

might well have imitated. It abounds in descriptions of scenery and manners. Raleigh seldom carries the reader to a new country without endeavoring to define to him its nature and its resources. To do this he brings into use all his varied knowledge. He quotes largely from books of travel and late voyages. He even uses Mandeville with some distrust and a degree of confidence which modern discoveries have justified him in awarding. Had he possessed more accurate sources of information than the few researches of travellers in that age he would have produced a work in this respect resembling that of the trustworthy Arnold.

I quote but one passage more from the history of the world. It is his account of Scipio Africanus. "This is that Scipio, who afterwards transferred the war into Afric, where he happily ended it to the great honor and profit of his country. He was a man of goodly presence, and singularly well-conditioned, especially he excelled in temperance, continency, bounty, and other virtues that purchase love, of which qualities what great use he made shall appear in the tenor of his actions following. As for those things that are reported of him, savoring a little too much of the great Alexander's vanity: how he used to walk alone in the capitol, as one that had some secret conference with Jupiter; how a dragon (which must have been one of the gods and in all likelihood Jupiter himself) was thought to have conversed with his mother, entering her chamber often and vanishing away at the coming in of any more, and how of these matters he nourished the

rumor by doubtful answers; I hold them no better than fables, devised by Historians, who thought thereby to add unto the glory of Rome; that this noble city might seem not only to have surpassed other nations in the virtue of the generality, but also in the worth of one single man. To this end nothing is left out that might serve to adorn this Roman champion. For it is confidently written, as a matter of unquestionable truth, that when a proconsul was to be chosen for Spain, there durst not any captain of the principal citizens offer himself as petitioner for that honorable, but dangerous charge; that the people of Rome were much astonished thereat; that, when the day of election came, all the princes in the city stood looking one another in the face, not one having the heart to adventure himself in such a desperate service; and finally, that this Publius Cornelius Scipio, being then about four and twenty years of age, getting up upon a high place, where he might be seen of all the multitude, requested and obtained, that the office might be conferred upon him. If this were true, then were all the victories of L. Marcius no better than dreams, and either very unreasonable was the fear of all the Roman captains, who durst not follow Claudius Nero, that not long before was gone to Spain proprætor, or very bad intelligence they had out of the province, which Asdrubal, the Carthaginian, as we heard even now, was ready to abandon. But upon these incoherences which I find in the too partial Roman Historians, I do not willingly insist."

Once more, after thirteen years of forced repose, he

came forward before the world, the adventurous, restless, valiant spirit he had appeared to his Elizabethan contemporaries. His expedition to Guiana was the single warlike enterprise that marked the sluggish reign of James. It recalled to the nation something of the realities of the times of Drake and Frobisher.

His enemy Cecil had died. Car, the favorite, had fallen under a charge of poisoning, and was now a prisoner in disgrace. The new favorite, Villiers, was all-powerful. Raleigh's friends applied to Sir Wm. St. John and Sir Edward Villiers, the uncles of the favorite, offering them fifteen hundred pounds to influence their nephew to obtain his release. The bribe succeeded in procuring an act of justice which no solicitation nor argument had been able to hasten. Raleigh was released and placed by the royal commission at the head of a naval force destined for Guiana.

In his fallen fortunes, through all his dreary imprisonment, the vision of Eldorado had never ceased at intervals to dawn upon his mind in all its wonted brightness. His youthful imagination survived disgrace and disappointment. The poetic element of his nature remained. He still hoped to repair his fortunes by one bold achievement, to win wealth, renown, and power, and to close his varied life by securing the fortunes and greatness of his family.

He was now an object of general love and compassion to the people, who glowed with hatred against Spain, despised the pacific timidity of James, and longed for

nothing so much as a war with the Spaniard, and a renewal of those glorious forays upon the sea which had signalized and enriched the reign of Elizabeth. But the old spirit of buccaneering had long since died out. The famous mariners who had swept the Spanish main, the Drakes, the Cumberlands, the Howards, were dead. Of all that noble company Raleigh alone survived; his great faculties wasting unemployed in the Tower, and the fame of his past achievements rising up more proudly day by day, to the disgrace of the degenerate king who had deprived the nation of its boldest commander. The people therefore universally loved and honored Raleigh. His old pride and unpopularity were forgotten. And as he came forth from the Tower to head a new expedition to the Spanish main, he was welcomed with general joy.

But Spain had already anticipated him. It had treated with contempt the right which he had established for England to the possession of Guiana, by priority of discovery. It had already settled and built a town in that country. And no sooner did Gondomar, the Spanish ambassador, hear of Raleigh's preparations than he complained of it to the king, as a violation of the peace between the two countries. James was intimidated. He repented of his concession to Raleigh. But he could not now retract. He therefore assured Gondomar that the expedition was not a military one, and that Raleigh would not venture to violate the peace. He betrayed to the Spaniard the exact number and

power of his ships, together with the place where he intended to land, and thus enabled him to warn his countrymen in Guiana to guard against surprise.

Raleigh's fleet consisted of twelve ships, and he was attended by a large number of adventurers. His principal object was to discover a mine of gold of incalculable richness, which lay in El Dorado not far from the river Orinoco. Hume thinks that the story of the mine was a mere feint, and that his only real design was to attack the Spanish settlements. He urges that so large a fleet would not be required for a simple voyage of discovery.

But there is no probability in this theory. Raleigh evidently was a sincere believer in El Dorado. On this belief he had now risked all that he possessed, his life, fortune and fame. The expenses of the expedition were paid with the remnant of his former property. The eight thousand pounds which had been given in compensation for his Sherbroke estate, with twenty-five hundred pounds raised for him by his devoted wife upon her estate in Surrey, were all ventured upon this last scheme. The adventurers who accompanied him were chiefly his own relatives or friends who had been allured by his fame and confided in his wisdom. He took with him his eldest son Walter, and his staunch friend, captain Keymis. It is plain that once more his ardent spirit flamed high, that his bold imagination was on fire, and that he firmly believed that the glittering vision which had so often eluded him was now at last within his reach.

Broken by age, for he was now sixty-six years old, palsied and withered by confinement and sorrow, the hero, undaunted, went forth from England on his doubtful voyage, as bravely and hopefully as he had broken into the harbor of Cadiz. He wrote to his wife on his outward passage that he had been very sick, but that his son remained well, and that they had yet strength enough to accomplish all they had undertaken. He was so weakened by a fever when he arrived at the mouth of the Orinoco that he was carried about in a chair. He sent Keymis up the river to take possession of the mine. The Spaniards fired upon the English, who immediately attacked them, took the town of St. Thomas, and plundered it. Young Walter Raleigh fell dead among the first. Keymis did not reach the mine, but returned, unsuccessful, to his commander with the intelligence of his son's death. In the bitterness of his grief and disappointment Raleigh reproached Keymis with having deluded and betrayed him. The faithful captain went to his cabin and shot himself, in mortification and remorse. The adventurers, alarmed at their own guilt, in having attacked and plundered a Spanish town during profound peace, resolved to return to England, carrying Raleigh with them.

Such was his last, disastrous voyage. In the account which he sent Secretary Winwood from St. Christopher, he endeavors, with great art, to excuse himself. He says that the capture of the town was not designed but accidental. He lays the blame of the attack upon

Keymis, and skillfully brings forward the argument that England's claim to Guiana justified all his proceedings. But he had no heart to write his misfortunes to that wife whose fortunes and happiness he had ruined. He tells her to ask Winwood for a copy of his letter, which will give her all the particulars, "for my brains are broken," he adds, "and it is a torment to me to write, especially of my misery."

When Raleigh landed at Plymouth, his frame quivering with disease and his golden vision vanished for ever, he was received with sympathy and veneration by his countrymen. To them he was still, though unsuccessful, the gallant and gifted soldier, the firm though ill-rewarded patriot. It is not likely, therefore, that James would have ventured upon so unpopular a measure as his execution had he not been forced to sacrifice him to the solicitations of Gondomar.

Spain was resolved to have his head. She could not feel secure while the conqueror of Cadiz and the brave assailant of the armada was yet alive, sighing to renew the achievements of his youth. Gondomar, therefore, pressed the feeble king with threats and allurements. He called Raleigh a pirate. He exclaimed that he had broken a sacred peace, that he had plundered a Spanish town, and had even proposed to his associates to waylay and capture the plate fleet. The king's old dislike and suspicion of Raleigh seconded the demands of the Spaniards. He published a declaration professing his detestation of the expedition, and charging his subjects

to give in all the evidence they possessed in relation to it. Raleigh's friends exerted themselves to save him, but found James relentless. Lord Carew went on his knees before the king, begging for Raleigh's life. James answered that he had as well hang him as give him up to the Spaniards, which he must certainly do. When Carew persisted, he said all he could do was to give Raleigh a hearing.

From Plymouth Raleigh was brought to London in charge of his relative, Sir Luke Stukely, who had been sent to arrest him. At Plymouth he might have escaped. He afterwards lamented to his wife that he had not done so. In order to delay his fate he is reported to have feigned illness. He endeavored to escape in disguise from a boat on the Thames, but was betrayed by the infamous Stukely, apprehended and confined in the Tower. He was examined before the chancellor and other commissioners, and it was then resolved to execute the sentence which had been passed upon him sixteen years before.

He was told that he must prepare for death. Although weakened by fever he was taken while in a severe ague fit to the bar of the Court of the King's Bench, to receive his sentence. The writ was read, and Yelverton, the attorney, said: "My lords, Sir Walter Raleigh, the prisoner at the bar, was fifteen years since convicted of high treason committed against the person of his majesty. His majesty now calls him to execution. Sir Walter hath been a statesman and a man who, in regard to his

parts and qualities, is to be pitied. He hath been a star at which the world hath gazed; but stars may fall."

Raleigh was asked what he had to say why sentence of death should not be passed upon him. He replied: "My lord, my voice has grown weak by reason of sickness."

Chief Justice. "Sir Walter, your voice is audible enough."

Raleigh went on to urge that though never been explicitly pardoned by the king, that he yet had received an implied pardon. The chief justice interrupted him, asserting that his former sentence still remained in force. Raleigh then said that he threw himself upon the mercy of the king. He was taken in custody by the sheriff of Middlesex. A warrant for his execution had been signed by the king, who would listen to no appeals for mercy for the noble prisoner, though his own queen seems to have been one of the intercessors. He was condemned to be beheaded.

As death approached he grew calm and cheerful. The sorrows of life could no more wound him. The Dean of Westmoreland, who attended him, was astonished at his cheerfulness. He took the communion, but persisted in professing his innocence. He asserted he had done no wrong. He even amused himself at this time by writing verses, and a fine poem, the *Pilgrimage*, is ascribed to this late hour. On the morning of his execution he was very cheerful, taking a hearty breakfast and beguiling his time with smoking.

On Thursday, October 29, 1618, the great author, discoverer and soldier was led to the scaffold. He wore a smiling countenance. He saluted the lords and gentlemen, whom he recognized among the crowd, with his usual courtesy. In his speech to the sheriff he again protested his innocence. The scaffold was then cleared. He prepared for execution, distributing his hat, money and other trifles among his attendants. He begged Lord Arundel to intercede with the king that no defamatory writing might be suffered to appear against him after his death. In concluding his request, he said: "I have a long journey to go; I will now take my leave." He then felt the edge of the axe, saying: "It is a sharp remedy but a sure one for all diseases." Passing around the scaffold, he begged those near to pray that God would strengthen and assist him. He then laid his head upon the block and died.

His head was long preserved by his devoted lady in a case. She survived her husband twenty-nine years, during all which time she preserved this sorrowful and dreadful memento. When she died it came in charge of his son, Carew, who finally buried it. His body was interred in the church of St. Margaret.

His family sank with him. Walter, his eldest son, had fallen in El Dorado. Carew, born while he was a prisoner, was educated at Oxford, and came to court about five years after his father's death, under the patronage of the Earl of Pembroke. James could not bear to look upon him. He said he appeared to him

like the ghost of his father. Pembroke advised him to travel during the king's life. When Charles became king, he petitioned the House of Lords to have his father's estate restored to him. Charles sent for him, treated him with great kindness, but told him that Sherbroke had been conveyed to the Earl of Bristol, in his father's reign, for ten thousand pounds, and that his petition could not, therefore, be granted. The king made it a condition of his favor, that Raleigh should resign all claim to Sherbroke. The friendless youth consented; and Charles settled a pension of four hundred pounds for life upon Lady Raleigh, with a reversion to her son after her death.

He married Lady Philippa, widow of Sir Anthony Ashley, who had a large fortune. In 1634, he was made a gentleman of the king's bedchamber. In 1651, during the revolution, when the Earl of Bristol had fled to the continent, he petitioned the revolutionary Parliament to have Sherbroke restored. A committee of the House reported favorably to his petition, but nothing was done. Not long after, by the favor of General Monk, he was made governor of the Island of Jersey. He was the author of some poetry, and wrote a defence of his father. His son Walter was knighted by Charles II. but died young, the last of his race.

In view of the whole life of Sir Walter Raleigh, it is difficult to determine upon which of his various great qualities and successes his fame with posterity should rest. In almost everything that he attempted he excelled.

He was a poet, the author of sweet and touching verses. A warrior unsurpassed in courage, coolness and decision. A courtier of remarkable address. As Yelverton said upon his trial, he was "a statesman at whom the world gazed as at a star." His noble schemes of colonization and discovery, have made the New World the home of the Anglo-Saxon. As an historian he was learned, sagacious, and original. His wide and boundless learning flows without stint through his pages and wearies the reader with a profusion of riches. He brings into historical studies the same bold and creative spirit which marked him as a warrior or as a discoverer, and there can be no doubt, that had his work been properly studied and appreciated by his successors, it must have produced a complete revolution in historical research. In fact Beaufort and Niebuhr had done little more than apply to Greek and Roman history, the skepticism recommended by Sir Walter.

The character of Raleigh was as varied and peculiar as was his intellect. At one moment he was engrossed with the pomp and pleasures of the world, at another he fled with sincere penitence to enter into communion with the deity. He loved nature, simplicity, and peace, yet he chose to shine in the court of Elizabeth, the most extravagant, and luxurious of his peers. He was fond of fine dress, diamonds, stately pageants, and costly entertainments: he was proud, revengeful, and fond of power; he sought to win the affection of his mistress the queen, by a profession of unbounded love, and to gain her

admiration by perilous exploits on land and sea. Yet in the midst of this stimulating pursuit he was wedded to one for whom he evidently continued ever afterward to cherish a most unflinching affection. There were moments when Raleigh indulged in dissimulation and falsehood. At others he was the most sincere and open of his race. Nor can we avoid perceiving that his nature, originally designed for purer purposes, was gradually tainted by the influences of a courtier's life; and that his character wants that dignity and elevation which we readily ascribe to his intellect.

WILLIAM CAMDEN.

CAMDEN was born in the Old Bailey, London, May 2d, 1551. He was one of the few eminent Englishmen who have come from the metropolis. His father was a painter and stainer, a circumstance which Camden, in his fame, never forgot, but left, at his death, a gilt bowl to the company of painters and stainers of London, inscribed with the words, "The gift of Wm. Camden, son of Sampson Camden, Painter, of London." His mother was a Curwen, of an old family in Cumberland.

The historian was therefore poor by birth and low in station, and little is known of his early life. When he was about twelve years old, being seized with the plague, which was then prevailing in London, he was taken into the country for the benefit of his health, and, on his recovery, was sent to St. Paul's School, where, it is said, he delighted in the study of the languages. He soon after entered Oxford as a servitor, and being disappointed of a scholarship in Magdalen College was invited by his friend and tutor, Dr. Thomas

Thornton, to Pembroke. Here he became noted for his devotion to study, and already began to indulge his passion for antiquarian research, a taste which was shared by several of his acquaintances. When Dr. Thornton was made a canon of Christ's Church he carried Camden with him, and entertained him for some time at his house. At twenty Camden became a candidate for a fellowship at All Souls, but failed because his Protestant principles were displeasing to the majority of the college. His circumstances now obliged him to leave the University, but in 1588, after the publication of the *Britannia*, Oxford bestowed upon him the degree of Bachelor of Arts, and at a later period that of Master.

From the University he came up to London, with probably indifferent prospects, and after a brief stay in the metropolis, seems to have wandered away to pass several years in visiting different parts of England, in the indulgence of his ruling taste. He was yet poor and unknown, and probably travelled on foot from shire to shire, examining the remarkable relics of antiquity, and collecting the first beginnings of that vast fund of local knowledge which finally rewarded his labors.

Camden was born an antiquarian. Of the few particulars known of his childhood, he has himself related the most important. He tells us that even when a schoolboy he could never pass any object of an antique appearance without pausing to examine it. As he

grew older his singular passion increased in strength. At Oxford he still found leisure to gratify it, and even inspired several of his fellow-students with his own ardent love for the old and the forgotten. When he became second master of Westminster School, every vacation or holiday was devoted to distant rambles to the sources of the Thames, or the banks of the Stour, and so successful was he in his explorations, that, while yet under thirty, the fame of his great researches had spread over Europe.

Among his own countrymen his taste was soon observed and encouraged, and he could hardly have been born in an age more favorable to his peculiar pursuits. The eminent men of the time, grown weary of scholastic speculation, were turning with new ardor to the collection and the study of facts. Bacon, Raleigh, Sidney, and their great contemporaries were all men of original research, and eager for new discoveries in every branch of learning. When, therefore, the extent and usefulness of Camden's studies became known, he was at once appreciated and sustained. Sidney, amiable and gifted, was his earliest patron. Cotton supplied him with books; the two Goodmans not only aided him with money and books, but secured for him the appointment in Westminster School.

The studies in which Camden was engaged were not only new to his countrymen, but were singularly well fitted, at that peculiar moment, to awaken and fix their regard. The native pride of Englishmen in the age of

Elizabeth, was heightened by their political situation ; they were separated from the great nations of the continent by their heretical faith and their insular position ; they stood aloof from their Catholic neighbors, and in defiance of the civilized world. And it was not unnatural, at such a crisis, that their affections should centre, with unusual warmth, upon their own beautiful native island. The purer impulses of patriotism were probably never so strong in England as they were in the age of Raleigh and Camden. Whoever, therefore, could recall the legends of ancient Britain, and invest its most common-place regions with an historical renown ; who could relate to his modern readers the history of every shire, and every town ; could trace the windings of its smallest stream ; repeat the local traditions that clustered around its banks, and recall the ruined cities that once rose proudly at its side ; who could paint so clear a picture of England, past and present, as should be at once familiar and yet new, was certain to arouse the enthusiasm of his countrymen and to deserve their highest applause.

This was now the aim of Camden. Heretofore he seems to have studied with the discursiveness of an enthusiast, gratifying his love of a peculiar knowledge with indiscriminate zeal. But he had now a definite object, and he resolved to gratify his friends and his countrymen by compiling an accurate account of British antiquities.

Yet he little foresaw the great labors and difficulties to which his patriotic undertaking must expose him.

His previous studies proved only the beginning of a vast and ceaseless research. His first difficulty was the want of materials: he was for a long time unable to procure a correct copy of the Itinerary of Antoninus, and succeeded finally by the aid of his foreign correspondents. When he obtained the Itinerary it opened the way to new labors. He found that the Roman names of towns were often corruptions of the elder British name, and that he must study Welsh in order to identify them. This language he acquired with less difficulty because it was a living tongue, cherished in that extremity of the island where the Britons had fled from their Roman invaders. On reaching the period of the Saxon invasion, however, his embarrassment was redoubled; the Saxon language had, in that day, completely died out, or become blended with the Norman French, and no industrious scholars had yet revived its grammar and its dictionaries for the use of the ardent antiquary. He was forced, therefore, to restore a dead language, which had lain unused for four centuries, and which existed only in the fragments of a few forgotten writers scattered in various learned collections. Having thus painfully acquired sufficient Saxon, a fresh obstacle opposed him: The early English historians had never been collected or published, and lay hidden, in manuscript form, among the neglected treasures of the private and public libraries. Camden pursued, found, and finally published an edition of a part of these writers for the benefit of future inquirers.

Thus Roman, Saxon, and Norman, had conspired to

perplex the zealous student but his unyielding energy finally triumphed over them all. In 1586, in the tenth year from its commencement, the *Britannia* appeared, with a dedication to Lord Burleigh. Camden was about thirty-six when he published the first and imperfect edition of his great work, the completion of which employed the remainder of his life.

The *Britannia*, the offspring of so much patriotic love and such untiring ardor, was received with delight by the Elizabethan public, as well as by all European scholars. We can readily imagine with what joy such intellects as Bacon, Raleigh or Burleigh, must have hailed the appearance of such a work; it sold rapidly, and in three years passed through three editions, besides two published abroad. Besides a wide renown, Camden received, in consequence of his literary success, several substantial rewards. Piers, Bishop of Salisbury, in 1588 made him prebend of Iffercomb, although he had never taken holy orders; he also received the degree of M.A. from his University: was made Head Master of Westminster School in 1593, and in 1597, at the solicitation of Sir Fulke Greville, was appointed Clarencieux king-at-arms.

Camden exerted a wide influence upon the eminent intellects of his time: the example of his success found many imitators, and antiquities became the favorite study of the age. His vast learning, his ardent spirit, and the dignity of his patriotic emotions, conspired to place him at the head of a school unrivalled in the

annals of England for great acquirements and untiring labor. The highest attainments of the modern scholar seem feeble when compared with those of the contemporaries of Camden, and even Germany can hardly equal the achievements of those strong men of the age of Elizabeth and James the First. Spelman, Usher, Cotton, Saville and Selden, were all Camden's friends, living together in constant correspondence, cheering each other by mutual sympathy, refusing to be won from their studies by the temptations of wealth or power; and forming a phalanx of unselfish and devoted students such as the world can hardly hope to possess again.

Of all his antiquarian friends, Sir Robert Cotton was the most constant and devoted. Himself and his library were said to be Camden's oracles. Sir Robert was himself one of the best antiquaries of the age. He had been knighted by James I., and was often consulted by him in the affairs of the government. He shared, however, in those liberal opinions which, with the advance of knowledge, began to stir the British mind during the reigns of James I. and Charles I. and was sent by the latter to the Tower; an indignity which so preyed upon his spirits that he is said to have died from its effect. Camden often accompanied Sir Robert in antiquarian researches through the island, and studied with him in his magnificent library. This library, which was improved by their mutual efforts and researches, after being enlarged by the son and grandson of Sir Robert, was finally deposited in the British Museum.

Sir Henry Spelman, another famous antiquarian, and one of Camden's intimate circle, was also a man of vast and peculiar learning. He had been employed in the service of the state, as men of ability usually were in that age, but at fifty resigned his employment, to devote the remainder of his life to literature. His various works, but little known to the public, exist as great store-houses from which inferior intellects plunder and appropriate at pleasure.

Another of Camden's correspondents was Usher, Archbishop of Armagh. Usher had all the peculiar traits of the learned men of the time: he was wholly devoted to study, conceiving every other occupation to be worthless, and contemptible; and so sincere was he in this conviction that he resigned his whole patrimony to his brothers and sisters lest it might prove an impediment in the way of his mental progress. Like his great contemporaries, he leaned towards liberality in politics, and in religion was accused of Puritanism. His library was, for that age, of immense size, numbering ten thousand volumes: he was many years younger than Camden, and lived to the Civil War; but even Cromwell appreciated the learning of the studious prelate, and, when he died, buried him with great pomp in Westminster Hall. During the Civil War, when it seemed unsafe for him to remain at home, Usher was invited to a professorship at Leyden, and was even offered by Richelieu an asylum in France, with the free exercise of his religion; but he resolutely refused all invitations to leave his native island.

With such friends, and supported by the general admiration of his countrymen, Camden could not but be content. He went on with new ardor to enlarge and improve his Britannia. The employment was a pleasant one, however laborious; and the early passion, which had been indulged only on vacations and holidays, he was now enabled to gratify without restraint. His appointment as king-at-arms gave him a sufficient income, and an honorable position; he was surrounded by friends and admirers; and his name was repeated with applause in all the courts of Europe.

Such prosperity could not be long without its pains. A book appeared, entitled "A Discovery of certain Errors published in print in the much commended Britannia:" it was without the name of printer or bookseller, and was evidently the assault of a concealed and unscrupulous enemy. It charged Camden with gross plagiarism, and endeavored to convict him of various serious mistakes. Its author, he at length discovered to be Brooke, the York herald, who had been an aspirant for the place of Clarendieux; and who, when Camden obtained the post, had taken this means of proving his rival's unfitness for the place, and his own superior merit.

A few errors, no doubt, were to be found in the Britannia, as Camden ingenuously confesses, but they were not to be discovered by so superficial a writer as Brooke. Camden showed very clearly, in his reply, that his critic had made an error in every instance where he pretended to have discovered one. The

charge of plagiarism was more imposing: Brooke charged that Camden had merely copied from the unpublished papers of two antiquarians, Glover and Leland, which had been placed in his hands.

Glover had been Somersetshire herald: he was deeply skilled in antiquities; but had died early, before he had been able to prepare anything for publication, leaving behind him a confused mass of papers which had been communicated by Lord Burleigh to Camden, and Camden had made use of them as far as they served his purpose, giving, however, all due credit to Glover.

Leland, another unfortunate antiquary, was empowered by Henry VIII., in 1533, to search the libraries of all cathedrals and colleges, for the materials of an Itinerary; and, in the meantime, was directed to employ a curate to discharge the duties of the parish of which he was rector, while he made a general survey of England. He was an ardent student; and, having made large collections, finally, in 1545, settled in London, with the design of compiling his discoveries in one vast work. He proposed to devote sixty books to an account of the different counties; six to a general survey of the British Isles; and three to an account of the English nobility and genealogies. But, unhappily, hardly had he commenced his labor, when he went mad: the vastness of the work he had undertaken, it is thought, turned his brain. He died insane, leaving a large collection of papers, of which Camden made

some use; but which gave no ground for the charge brought against him. The hostile criticism of Brooke therefore soon sank into neglect, and the unlucky herald sank with it.

Camden's life was a succession of literary labors and triumphs. While master of Westminster School he published a Greek grammar, which had occupied his attention for twenty-two years. The plan proved so excellent that it was at once adopted in all the public schools, and went through a vast number of editions.

In 1600, he published an account of the monuments and history of Westminster Abbey; and soon after an edition of the early English historians, dedicated to his friend, Sir Fulke Greville. He is said, too, to have meditated a civil history of England, a work which, had he accomplished, would have given us a clearer view of the early English than any succeeding writer has been able to furnish.

Upon the discovery of the gunpowder plot, King James was anxious that a correct narrative of that remarkable instance of religious phrensy should be drawn up by some able writer to serve as a justification of his own conduct to foreign courts. He selected Camden to be his apologist, and Camden performed the task with his usual success.

During all his other literary avocations, he had been constantly enlarging and improving his chief work. In 1607 he published the complete edition of the *Britannia*. Time had only served to strengthen its reputation with

the public, and he was hailed on all sides as the Strabo, the Varro, the Pausanius of Britain.

The last work on which he was engaged was that which gives him a place among historians, his annals of Elizabeth. Lord Burleigh had first suggested the design of this work to him in 1597, but, although he commenced it about that time, the death of Burleigh the next year, and that of the queen which followed, damped the ardor of the author, and he temporarily abandoned the design. He was now engaged, too, in completing his antiquarian researches, and had little time to devote to the lesser object. But when the final edition of the *Britannia* was published, he once more turned with all his wonted industry and zeal to record the exploits of the great queen. In common with all the best minds of the time, Camden looked with awe and love to his tyrannical mistress, not ignorant of her many weaknesses, but excusing them all for the sake of her bold and patriotic spirit. His work derives a striking interest from his ardent admiration for Elizabeth. From 1608 to 1615 he gave all his attention to this subject, and the publication of his first volume was looked for with eager expectation by the court and the public. In 1615 it appeared, and was highly praised. Selden pronounced this and the life of Henry VII., by Bacon, the only biographies of British monarchs worthy of their theme.

A second volume was ready for the press by 1617, but Camden prudently resolved that it should not appear until after his death. He felt the danger of treating of

characters and events too near his own time, and had even given some offence by his first volume, particularly in the part relating to the unhappy Queen of Scots. He deposited the manuscript of the second, therefore, in the hands of a friend, who retained it until 1625, when it at length appeared. Another of his literary labors deserves particular mention: a journal which he had kept from the death of Elizabeth to the close of his own life, and which he particularly intended for the use of succeeding historians.

By frugality he had gathered a considerable property, for, although his income had never been large, his habits were always simple and regular. He was never ambitious. Like Usher and Spelman he preferred a life of study to the toils and danger of high office.

Avoiding the court and the gay circles of the city, Camden wisely associated almost wholly with learned men. The scholars of that time, more united than their descendants, formed a peculiar and powerful class; a nobility of the intellect, who held a position in the eyes of the world more illustrious and conspicuous than that of the feudal aristocracy. They addressed each other with titles of admiration which appear, in the present age, a strong exaggeration; to each other they were "the glory of their time," "the brightest stars of the age." The scholars of France and Germany, acknowledging the common brotherhood, no sooner landed in England than they hurried to feast their eyes upon its great luminaries of learning. When President Brisson,

the French ambassador, came over to negotiate the marriage of Elizabeth with the Duke of Anjou, he hastened to pay his respects to Camden, then under thirty, and the second master of Westminster School. Upon one occasion Camden was visited by six German noblemen, who begged of him his autograph that they might carry back with them some proof of having beheld him. Ortelius always addressed him in terms of singular veneration; and the learned Gruter sharply reproved some young men of the Palatinate, who had returned from England without having "consulted its only oracle and beheld its brightest star;"—they had neglected to call on Camden.

In this apparent exaggeration there was much truth as well as honest enthusiasm. The learned man of that day was acknowledged by his contemporaries to be an oracle and a star. Literature had but lately been renewed. Not many years had passed since the world had been almost as barbarously ignorant as before the discovery of letters. Even yet the possessors of knowledge were few and highly prized: they were invited from court to court as rare and honored visitors, their fame was sounded from land to land, and their names and memories were treasured as valuable possessions in their native country.

The power of knowledge, too, was far more strongly felt in that early age than now; for it had just effected a striking change in the physical condition of mankind. Under its influence Europe had been recovered from

barbarism. Men of learning had everywhere been the harbingers of the new era, and wherever they appeared, civilization and refinement had followed closely in their steps. They seemed to carry a blessing with them, and by recalling the inventions of the past, gave rise to all physical advancement. They pictured to the half-civilized nobility of France and England the refinements and comforts of Roman and Grecian life: they compared the luxurious villas of Cicero and the palaces of the Empire with the rush-covered halls of the Tudors and the Plantagenets: they showed how, while the haughty Elizabeth was clad in coarse woolen, the Roman nobles had reclined on couches of silk, and a whole Roman audience been covered by a silken canopy: they compared the ill-built, unsightly habitations of the modern merchant with those convenient dwellings which had lined the streets of Rome: they contrasted the ease of ancient manners with the unpolished demeanor of Norman barons and Saxon earls: they compared the luxurious feasts of Sallust or Lucullus with the coarse revelry of the baronial hall: they described the broad roads that penetrated every part of Italy, and pointed with contempt to the narrow trackways that in England were beset by sloughs and endangered by robbers: they showed how literature had crowned ancient civilization with a radiance that was immortal; how eminent poets and historians had alone preserved the glory of their contemporaries from oblivion; how, but for literature, the past of Greece and Rome would have been as

unknown to the modern scholar as was the history of Media and Assyria; how literature had once been the employment and the solace of emperors and warriors; how knowledge had been the source of all national advancement, and had lifted the people of antiquity to an excellence in arts, arms and domestic comfort, that should make the half-barbarous moderns blush for their own degeneracy.

By such pictures did the learned man of the middle ages stir the minds of his contemporaries; every fact that he rescued from the darkness of the past threw light upon the present, and hastened the progress of physical and mental improvement. By showing what Europe had been, he proved of what it was yet capable. He taught the rude descendants of the Gauls and the Germans to emulate the refinement of their ancient masters the Romans. He taught them how to build comfortable dwellings, to provide good roads, to renew the forgotten inventions of ancient art. He was the oracle to whom kings applied for instruction in government and manners; the star that guided the progress of mankind; and it was not unnatural, therefore, that he should be looked upon with peculiar veneration; that he should be prized as a valuable possession, and treated as a superior by the rude noble, and ignorant monarch.

This feeling of veneration for learning still lingered in the reign of Elizabeth, although sensibly declined. Learned men, however, were the last to become con-

vinced that it was actually passing away. They still kept up in words the shadow of their former greatness; and bestowed upon each other epithets of admiration which, to the modern ear, seem extravagant and even ridiculous. Civilization, however, had now ceased to depend upon mere classical learning for its support. It had already, in some arts, outstripped the skill of the ancients. Its navigators had attained a daring eminence more than Phœnician; its geographers had demonstrated many of the errors of Ptolemy; its manufactures were beginning to rival the fabrics of Tyre; and a new literature had sprung up of which Shakspeare, Bacon, and Spenser, were the first and noblest fruits.

Learning, too, in the age of Camden, ceasing to be wholly classical, began to assume a new vocation; it aimed to collect facts rather from actual observation than from diligent study. It grew creative and original; and, since the time of Bacon, learning has governed the progress of mankind not by holding up to its view the great Past, but the greater Future; not by making him a servile imitator, but by urging him on to new creations and fresh progress.

One of the most valued of Camden's friends was the sickly, studious and excellent De Thou, "the glory of France and the Prince of Historians," as Camden, in the ardor of his admiration, was wont to address him. They held frequent correspondence and often assisted each other in their common studies. De Thou, engaged

upon his history of his own times, applied to Camden for aid; Camden recommended him to use great caution in treating of the history of Mary Stuart. This caution, however, did not prevent De Thou's relation of that episode from giving great offence to King James, and Camden was fixed upon by the king to write a refutation of his friend's narrative. His "animadversions" on that part of De Thou's history show the falseness of many of his statements. Their difference upon this point, however, did not interrupt their friendship. De Thou wrote to Camden, in defence of his own narrative, asserting that he had related nothing except on the authority of persons from Scotland, who had been eye-witnesses of the facts, and had laid no further stress upon Buchanan's account except as it had been confirmed by them; he requests his friend, therefore, to clear him at court from the suspicion of being hostile to either England or Scotland.

London formed the centre of learning under James I., and here were gathered the chief scholars of the nation. The feeble king, without any elevated taste for literature, was still fond of good scholarship, and capable of discerning it. His own folly was mingled with a real love for learning and with a considerable share of information. The only persons upon whose sympathies he had any claim, in his own time, were scholars, and his only pretension to the respect of posterity is that he was the last learned monarch of

Great Britain. Yet his idle suspicion, about this time, broke up one of the few valuable institutions of his reign, the first British Antiquarian Society.

The learned men of the metropolis had agreed to meet weekly, for the better prosecution of their favorite study, and Sir Henry Spelman has left the following account of the origin of this society: "About forty years ago," he says, "divers gentlemen of London, studious of antiquities, framed themselves into a college of antiquarians, appointing to meet every Friday weekly, in term, at a place agreed upon, and, for learning's sake, to confer upon some questions in that faculty, and to sup together. The place, after a meeting or two, became certain at Darby House, where the herald's office is kept, and two questions were propounded to be handled at the next that followed; so that every man had a se'night to advise upon them, and then deliver his opinion. That which seems material was by one of the company (chosen for the purpose) to be entered in a book, so it might remain to posterity. The society increased daily, many persons of worth as well noble as learned joining themselves to it."

After having met regularly for twenty years, this society was for a time broken up: "as all good uses commonly decline," adds Sir Henry, but in 1614 it was revived. "There meet," continues Spelman, "Sir James Ley Knight, then attorney of the Court of Wards, since Earl of Marlebury and Lord Treasurer of England, Sir Robert Cotton, knight and baronet, Sir John Davis,

Sir Richard St. George, Mr. Hackwell, queen's solicitor, Mr. Camden, then Clarendieux, and myself. Of these the lord treasurer, Sir Robert Cotton, Mr. Camden and myself had been of the original foundation, and were all then living of that sort, to my knowledge, saving Sir John Doderidge, knight, justice of the King's Bench."

Several of the antiquarians, however, were known to entertain liberal opinions, and King James grew jealous of the designs of the associates. He feared that they might discuss other subjects besides antiquities in their weekly meetings, and that their learned inquiries might prove no support to his cherished prerogative. His dislike towards their association becoming known to the members, they thought it prudent to cease their attendance. A part of the transactions of this society are yet preserved in the Bodleian Library at Oxford.

Camden was now grown old. At sixty he had retired to a house at Cheshurst, about ten miles from London, and the closing years of his life were devoted to his account of the reign of Elizabeth. About two years before his death, he grew incapable of any literary labor; but his passion for antiquarian research having no way declined, he resolved to devote a large portion of his fortune to the encouragement of that study among his countrymen. He founded, therefore, a professorship of history at Oxford, where, in early life, he had perhaps felt the want of direction and aid in his own historical studies. On the 17th of May

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1622, Dr. Piers, the vice-chancellor, announced to the University that Mr. Camden had founded a History Lecture, and had set apart for its support the considerable sum of £140 yearly, secured upon the income of his manor of Bexley in Kent. The University returned him a vote of thanks, and Degory Whear, nominated by the founder, became the first professor and was author of several works.

Camden died soon after, November 9th, 1623, in the seventy-third year of his age. Having never married, from the fear of interruption to his studies, he left the remainder of his property in charity to the poor and in legacies to his relations. He gave his books of heraldry to the herald office, and his manuscripts and printed books to Sir Robert Cotton; but by some confusion in the terms of his will, the printed books, designed for the Cottonian collection, were seized upon and removed to the library of Westminster.

He was buried at Westminster Abbey, with great pomp, the whole college of heralds, and great numbers of the nobility and gentry, attending. The procession was met at the doors of the abbey by the dignitaries of the church, arrayed in their priestly robes; a funeral sermon was preached by the Rev. Dr. Sutton, and then the great antiquarian was laid in the South Aisle, not far from the tombs of the learned Causobon and the poet Chaucer. A white marble monument was raised over his grave, and upon it stood his effigy, bearing in its hand a book, inscribed "Britannia."

His life had been long and well spent. He was a

member of the Church of England, a man of great sincerity, consistency and goodness. His friends loved him steadily and delighted in his society. "I am sure you may make me a happy man without any discontent to yourself," wrote the learned Sir Henry Saville, endeavoring to persuade him to come and live with him in his house at Eton College. And this warmth of feeling runs through all his correspondence with his friends.

Although possessing many admirers abroad, who would have received him with uncommon distinction and regard, yet Camden never travelled. His only journeys were made along the quiet streams and among the legendary spots of his native island. He preferred to linger in obscure haunts, afar from the busy capital, where he could mark at leisure the windings of river, the hidden ruin, the Roman camp, or the relics of palaces and towers that had been built in the days of William the Conqueror. To a person so simple in taste and so devoted to one pursuit, the glitter of Paris or the learned solemnity of Leyden had little attraction.

The chief excellence of Camden's writings is their truthfulness and labor. His *Britannia* is one of those productions of an industrious intellect that startle by their vastness: like Johnson's *Dictionary* or Gibbon's *History*, it seems almost incredible that a single mind could have produced so extensive a work. His motive, Camden asserts, in entering upon this undertaking, was simply a love for his native country, and a desire to revive the memory of its early inhabitants, nor

is there any reason to doubt the truth of his patriotic professions. In the preface he thus relates the origin of the work: "The great restorer of the old geography, Abraham Ortelius, very earnestly solicited me, thirty years ago, to acquaint the world with Britain, that ancient island." And thirty years of enthusiastic and ceaseless labor had alone enabled Camden to fulfill his cherished design. "I submit them" (his labors), he continues, "with the greatest deference and veneration, to men of learning and sincerity, who, if they do not approve, at least, I hope, will pardon what I have attempted out of the zealous love I profess for my native country."

Such was the patriotic ardor of Camden. The ancient poets wrote in the hope of immortality, and the modern author toils for a pecuniary return; but the venerable antiquarian was possessed by a rare and unselfish conviction. He believed that his long labors were destined to add to the glory of his native land, and this simple faith gives vigor to all his descriptions. With him there is no coldness, tameness or weariness. His subject is to him a perpetual joy, and he views his beloved island as a graceful form whose charms he is bound to delineate to the world—every line must be imitated and every varying color caught. He describes every shire, pursues every river to its source, and candidly allows that there may be some small towns which have escaped his accurate survey.

Tradition is Camden's particular delight. He rejoices

to relate how the Stour flows by Chelham and Fulham, where, "'tis a current report among the inhabitants, that Julius Cæsar encamp't here in his second expedition against the Britains, and thence it was called Fulham, as if one should say, Julius' station or house." He relates the following legend of Blackmore Forest: "At the rise of the Frome, where the soil is most fruitful, Blackmore Forest, once so well wooded but now bare, affords excellent hunting. This is commonly called "The Forest of the White Hart." The name arose from a tradition that King Henry II., while hunting here, among several deer which he had run down, beheld a milk-white hind. He resolved to spare it. Unfortunately, soon after, De La Lande, a gentleman of the county, with some others, pursued and took it. The king heard of its fate and was greatly enraged. He imposed a fine upon all who had been engaged in the act, and the land in the neighborhood, to this day, pays into the Exchequer an annual fine called "White Hart Silver."

When Camden comes to describe London, he revels in legends and antiquarian lore. His patriotism will not allow him to deny the tradition that Brute the Second, nephew of Eneas, was the founder; but, although not perfectly assured of this fact, he is certain that whoever was its builder, it began with a lucky omen. He asserts that it was as prosperous, during the Roman, Saxon and Norman rule, as any other city in England, scarcely ever falling into any great calamity. He

relates, exultingly, that when the Franks were approaching to plunder it, the river Thames, ever the true friend of London, enveloped in its fogs a band of Romans, who came to rescue the city, and conducted them in safety to its walls. The great Constantine, he contends, at the request of Helena, his mother, had built around it a wall of hewn stone, of which many fragments yet remained, but the Londoners, when this wall fell through age, refused to repair it, despising all fenced cities, like the old Lacedæmonians, and trusting for defence rather to their own courage. Ludgate, Newgate and Cripplegate, he thought, were all relics of the seven gates that once faced the walls of Constantine.

In this manner Camden passes over England, describing all the leading traits of the country and showing a close acquaintance with the various races, who had successively occupied its domains. Whatever he saw himself is told accurately and well; the legends he gives as he hears them, with evidently a strong inclination to maintain their truth.

Since Camden's time, the little island, which he so enthusiastically loved, has become the ruling power of the globe. The descendants of his countrymen have built up the greatest empire and the greatest republic the world has yet beheld. They have engrossed to themselves all political and religious liberty; they have planted in every part of the earth the germs of civilization and progress. For the final causes of these great events, we must look to the Britannia. There are illus-

trated the climate and soil of ancient England, the strange blending of discordant races which took place upon its bosom, and traits of whose conflicting natures may yet be traced in the habits of their descendants; the long struggle which took place before these opposing races could be blended into one united people; the conflict of opinions which followed the cessation of military violence; the reaction of Saxon liberty against Norman feudalism; and almost every trait that tended to form the national character of Englishmen.

Camden's "Annales Rerum Anglicarum," his only purely historical work, has met with general favor. Hume thought it the best historical production that had yet been composed by any Englishman, and Selden pronounced it equal to the biography of Henry VII., by Bacon. It pleased the author's contemporaries, and has not been wholly forgotten by posterity. Yet the "Annals" want the warmth, zeal and peculiar inspiration of the Britannia. Camden was an antiquarian rather than a historian, and was better fitted to collect the materials for historical composition than to produce a powerful and engaging narrative.

EDWARD HYDE, EARL OF CLARENDON.

CLARENDON'S life was one long error. His master passion was a love of literature; but he chose to crush the impulse of nature beneath a haughty and misplaced ambition. He left his quiet study and the gifted company of authors with whom he had mingled in early youth, to enter the rude arena of the law and the struggle for court favor. His ambition was speedily gratified. He became a lawyer of remarkable eminence, and a statesman unequalled in power. Charles I. made him his chosen friend and counsellor; he became the guardian of Charles II. in his exile, and the chief of his ministry at the Restoration, and at length he reached a position above every other subject of the realm. The heir of the crown married his daughter, and his descendants were destined to sit upon the throne of the Tudors and Plantagenets. But suddenly he fell. His royal connections availed him nothing. He was driven out of England by the general hatred of his countrymen and the ungrateful policy of his king; and the close of a life, once so prosperous,

was passed in a provincial city of France, in poverty, neglect and contempt.

Strangely mistaken is the common estimate of good fortune, if Clarendon is to be believed. He names in his memoirs the three happiest periods of his life. He passes with contempt those hours which had been gilded with court favor, and employed in the highest exercises of ambition; when, with Falkland and Colpepper, he had directed the counsels of the first Charles; or, when in the joyous hours of the Restoration, amid titles, wealth, power and royal connections, he stood next in station to his sovereign, and might well amuse his leisure by preparing for his family a palace worthy of royalty. Such moments Clarendon forgets to dwell upon. Brilliant as they were with all the splendor of successful ambition, they were not happy: their joy was hollow. His nature claimed a higher gratification; and, amid the pomps and pleasures of the world, sighed for something better.

The happy periods of his life, he asserts, were three: one, when a fugitive from the rebels in the Isle of Jersey, he commenced his great work—the History of the Rebellion; one, when, in 1649, he lingered in poverty and neglect at Madrid, and felt amid the works of Velasquez and Murillo a love of art grow up within him, almost equal in strength to his love of letters; and finally, when, fallen and deserted, his old passion for literature and his dreams of immortal fame came to solace his exile at Montpellier, and to crown his old age with a joy that was denied to his prosperous youth.

The Hydes were an old family of Wiltshire, who had possessed an estate there since the Conquest. Respectable, however, as they were, they still occupied a station in the middle walks of life, nor was there anything in their condition that foretold the great fate that awaited them. Little could Laurence Hyde, the grandfather of Clarendon, a clerk in the Exchequer, foresee that two of his great-grandchildren were to be queens of England! Laurence Hyde left a good estate which he settled upon his wife, in whose prudence he had great confidence, to be used by her for the benefit of his four sons and four daughters. His children were noted throughout the county for their excellent dispositions, and for living together in constant harmony, in the practice of the old English virtues, of order and content.

Henry, his third son, the father of Clarendon, was educated for the bar; but, preferred to pass the earlier portion of his life until his thirtieth year in travelling upon the continent; he then returned to England, and married. He possessed considerable property; was a quiet, plain man, and lived contentedly at Dinton, in Wilts, esteemed by his neighbors as a peacemaker and a good man. He served in Parliament during Elizabeth's time; but, upon her death, lived wholly upon his county estate, never visiting London, partly from a love for retirement, and partly from motives of frugality. Another brother, Sir Nicholas Hyde, was a lawyer of eminence, and became chief justice of the King's Bench. Henry Hyde left four sons and five daughters.

Edward, the future chancellor, was born at Dinton, February 18th, 1608. He was educated until thirteen years of age by the vicar of the parish, and was then sent to the University. The younger son of a family of moderate wealth, he must rely upon his talents for advancement. He went up to Oxford with the hope of being elected to a scholarship at Magdalen, and was provided with a letter from King James to Dr. Langton, the head of the college, recommending his election. By some informality he failed to obtain the place, at that time, but the secretary of state having rebuked the principal for not obeying the king's letter, he was elected to fill the next vacancy. None having occurred for a whole year, Hyde was by that time become an only son, his elder brother having died, and he was soon after sent by his father to the Inns of Court to study law, his uncle, Nicholas Hyde, being then treasurer of the society. He left at the University the character of a young man of talent rather than of industry, and of having been led by the example of his brother, into irregular habits, he speaks of his removal from Oxford as having been a most fortunate event.

At sixteen he was threatened with consumption, and returning to Dinton, passed a year with his father for the recovery of his health. Nor did he at the close of that period return with much satisfaction to the study of his profession. He confesses, in his memoirs, that at this period of his life he loved literature better than law, and was particularly fond of the Roman authors. —

He had also made some dangerous acquaintances among military men, and growing too fond of their society, shared in their dissipations. Yet he thought afterwards, that he had learned something from these associates. His uncle seems to have carefully watched over his law studies, and every night spent some time in questioning him upon what he had read during the day.

While travelling the circuit with Sir Nicholas, in 1628, he fell ill of the smallpox at Cambridge, and lay for a long time in great danger. Another misfortune soon after befell him; his uncle, from whose patronage in his profession he must have hoped to profit, caught the jail fever from a prisoner on trial before him and died.

But a new motive to exertion proved more useful to the young lawyer than hope of patronage. He had fallen in love with a young lady of great beauty but of small fortune, the daughter of Sir George Ayloff. He now determined to apply himself with undivided ardor to his profession; and having married, became connected with many of the best families of England. He ever recurs with a touching melancholy to this brief period of his early marriage. But his happiness was soon destroyed. His beautiful wife and their unborn child died when they had been but six months married. Overwhelmed with grief, Hyde, in his despair, thought of flying across the seas, into some foreign land, to abandon himself to his melancholy.

He found, however, a more effectual relief in devot-

ing himself to his profession, and when three years had passed away, since the death of his first wife, he began to look round for another. One requisite which he now demanded in the lady was a fortune, and this he seems to have found, united with many excellences, in the daughter of Sir Thomas Aylesbury, master of requests, to whom he was married in 1632. For thirty-five years this lady shared his varying fortunes, having died not long before his flight to the continent. About the time of his marriage he lost his excellent parent, "the best father, companion, and friend that ever was."

Hyde soon after made a less useful acquaintance, and one whose unhappy influence led to the chief errors of his future career. Archbishop Laud was now endeavoring to engage the court and the nobility in forcing his own narrow and bigoted opinions upon the people. His chief aim seems to have been to intimidate, and, if possible, to extirpate the Puritans, a sect who he declared, if not suppressed, would one day "set the kingdom in a flame." Instead of seeking to guide and soften the violence of the new Reformers, Laud excited their zeal to madness by bringing their leaders to the pillory and the jail; he endeavored to exalt the power of the church to a height to which it had never before aspired, and enforced unity of doctrine with a pitiless and unsparing severity. Yet Laud, in all matters except church government, was honest, laborious, and prudent. Having lately been appointed a commissioner of the treasury, he was desirous to

qualify himself for the place by proper inquiries into the laws of trade. Hyde, already much employed by the merchants, was introduced by an eminent member of that body to Laud, as a man well versed in mercantile affairs. The archbishop, pleased with his peculiar mental qualities, and probably with the rigidness of his doctrinal opinions, became his patron and constant supporter, and so recommended him to the judges of Westminster, that Hyde gained speedily what in that day was the chief reliance of the lawyer, the favor of the bench.

Business now came in upon him rapidly. He was one of the most successful practitioners at the bar; his acquaintance enlarged; and he became known not only to many of the highest nobility, but to all who were eminent in letters.

In the midst of an extending practice, Hyde could not consent to deny himself the pleasures of literary society, and he delights, in his memoirs, to dwell upon those happy hours when, withdrawing from the labors of his profession, he stole a brief enjoyment in the company of the gifted writers of the time. He describes with minute and fond attention the various characters of that brilliant circle in which he rejoiced to think himself "the worst man in the company." Just at the opening of the first revolution, England possessed a literary society well worthy of the exultation of Clarendon, and its eminent members were in the habit of meeting frequently, before the discords of party severed and destroyed it.

With Ben Jonson, the severe and classical reformer of the stage, Hyde was intimate for many years. The learned bricklayer constantly formed one of the favored circle that met for mutual pleasure and improvement. There, too, came the pure and gentlemanly Selden, acquainted with all literature, and familiar with the usages of courts, gifted with delightful powers of conversation, and although inclining to republicanism, yet never losing his regard for his royalist companions. There came Cotton, learned and polite, but falling at last into sensual indulgences, to the great grief of all who knew him. There was Vaughan, rough, haughty, insolent, and a republican. There was Sir Kenelm Digby, graceful, beautiful, dissolute, and brave. There came the modest and timid May, the translator of Lucan, who, from a favorite of Charles I. and his foreign queen, became the historian of the rebel Parliament, and whose ashes, at the Restoration, were taken from their resting-place in Westminster to be flung into a pit at St. Margaret's. Clarendon, in his memoirs and his history, lingers with delight over the memory of these eminent men, the companions of his youth; paints with delicacy and enthusiasm their noble qualities; surveys with generous forbearance their peculiar faults; and rises almost to the eloquence of a great author, in the ardor of love and admiration with which he records their characters and their fate.

In such society, and in the diligent pursuit of his profession, the life of the young lawyer passed calmly on-

ward, while around him everything seemed to promise a continuance of prosperity. His country was advancing in wealth and was yet in perfect repose, while almost every other portion of Europe was disturbed by civil convulsions or desolating wars. No monarch of his time seemed so blest as Charles I. From his secure retreat he could look out upon the convulsions which ravaged the continent as the landsman from a promontory beholds a storm and a shipwreck at sea. His kingdom was rich and thriving; its commerce was spreading over every sea, and its plantations in the New World, so lately added to its dominion, seemed to promise an unbounded increase of power. "Who could foresee," exclaims Clarendon, as he recalls that happy period, "who could foresee the storm that must soon blast the glory and beauty of England."

It was more remarkable that he himself did not perceive the greater danger that hung over England in this moment of boasted tranquillity; that he did not see in the cruel oppression of the Star Chamber, and in the avowed purposes of the king, the progress of a tyranny which must soon reduce Englishmen to the condition of continental serfs. But honest loyalty blinded him to the faults of his master. So long as the king was safe and the church omnipotent, Clarendon believed that the rights of his countrymen were secure.

His honest intellect could never penetrate the false and unsettled characters of the Stuarts. He believed Charles I. to be a man of honor when he had repeatedly

broken his pledges to his people, and had practically asserted the principles that kings were bound by no oaths which they had taken to their subjects. Nor was he yet convinced of his faithlessness when the king had sacrificed his old friend, Strafford, to the rage of Parliament, and suffered him to be condemned for faults of which he alone was guilty. To the false and frivolous nature of Charles II. Clarendon was equally blind. He evidently wasted his sincere love and loyalty upon that most selfish and heartless of princes; and even when he had himself fallen before the treachery of Charles, and was expiating in undeserved exile, like a second Stafford, the crimes of his master, Clarendon forbears to utter a word of reproach against the king, who had repaid the long services of his life with such selfish ingratitude.

In 1640, Charles I. was forced to call a Parliament, when the nation was already excited by the progress of Puritanism and by a secret dread of the purposes of the court. It sat for a few weeks in the spring of that year and was then hastily dissolved. In this Parliament Hyde was elected from two boroughs. He began his political career a reformer. He attacked the Earl Marshal's Court, in which were tried all offences against the privileges of the nobility, and which had become an instrument of great injustice and oppression. His influence in Parliament was extensive; he sat upon seven committees during its continuance, and was noted for his industry and activity.

The "short Parliament" was followed by that famous

assembly which established the liberties of England and America. A new Parliament was summoned for November 4, the same year—the author of the revolution. Hyde was one of its most active members. He resumed his attacks upon the abuses of the government, and gained an extensive influence; but he soon betrayed his peculiar hostility to any thing that might touch the interests of the crown or the church. Living by his fortune and his practice, no man could question his honesty or rank him among the pensioned supporters of the court. Yet he was, from the first, distrusted by the reformers. He was the friend of Laud and was known to entertain some of his extreme opinions. He was an open friend to royalty, in opposition to those republican tendencies which were already advancing among the people. The republicans made frequent efforts to gain him to their extreme measures, but when they found him immovable endeavored to arouse a general prejudice against him, and even sought to invalidate his election. Hyde, however, was still much employed in the business of the House, and sat as chairman upon many committees.

While presiding upon one of these occasions he gave, as he believed, inexpiable offence to Oliver Cromwell, who was present at the hearing, by the sternness with which he rebuked the violence of certain republican witnesses. When anything was urged that displeased them, the witnesses grew clamorous and insolent, so that Hyde was obliged to reprove them sharply. Cromwell

immediately accused the chairman of partiality, and became so violent and insulting that Hyde told him, if he proceeded in this manner, he would dissolve the committee. Cromwell never forgave the offence.

As the times grew more alarming, Hyde gave up his professional business to devote all his attention to the interests of his country. When, not content with attacking abuses, the reformers began, as he believed, an attempt to tear down the church and the monarchy, he became the most resolute of their opponents. Their leaders endeavored, by every art, to win him to their side, and when they failed, marked him out for their peculiar hostility.

Hyde had now formed an intimate friendship with Lucius Cary, Lord Falkland. That pure and gifted character had won his deepest regard. Late in life, when age might have dulled his enthusiasm, Clarendon could only speak of his friend as "that incomparable young man." He was in fact "incomparable," for no parallel can be found for him in all the history of the time. Born to a large fortune, he had devoted himself to severe study, so that by his twenty-third year he had read all the Greek and Latin fathers. He married, at an early age, a lady who had only worth and intelligence for her dowry, in preference to a wealthier one, who was pressed upon him by his father. The father was dissolute and extravagant. When Falkland discovered that his parent was involved in debt by his own follies, he offered to give up to him the whole family estates,

which had been settled upon him by his grandfather's bequest. He went abroad with his young wife, and remained thus in studious exile, until his father died. He returned to England Viscount Falkland, but instead of lingering amid the gaities of London, immediately withdrew to his rural estate. Here his house became the resort of all the learned: his books, his fortune and his company were ever at their service. Here Ben Jonson was a constant visitor, with Chillingworth, the great controversialist, and Hales, the learned professor, from Oxford; and here Clarendon delighted to steal away from the ceaseless drudgery of business.

Falkland's character approached perfect goodness. He was modest, generous, studious and refined. No unchaste word ever passed his lips, no sarcasm ever escaped him. Cheerful, composed and beneficent, he spread happiness around him. Many were his secret benefactions to indigent poets and suffering wits; and no one could do more than guess at the extent of his generosity. Yet all this nobility of feeling and elevation of nature was concealed under a most unattractive exterior. Falkland was small and plain, with a boyish look, and eyes of singular brightness. As a speaker he was ungraceful, his voice harsh, and his appearance unimposing; but when he grew warm in debate the fire of his eyes and the clearness of his reasoning made amends for all deficiencies.

The first note of the revolution had aroused Falkland from his literary seclusion. He entered Parlia-

ment, and, like Clarendon, began his career a reformer. But, with Clarendon, he soon recoiled from the excesses of the republicans. He was a friend to church and king; one of the most eminent of the opposers of the republican faction.

But as the political disputes grew fiercer, Falkland's friends observed that a great change had taken place within him. He, who had once been all cheerfulness and hope, was now become gloomy, sad, and desponding. He grew negligent of his dress, and careless of appearances, and even his books failed to win him from his melancholy. His heart was evidently grieving hopelessly over the troubles of his country: his own position dissatisfied and annoyed him. Opposed to the rebellious Parliament, he was yet hardly more at home by the side of the king. More discerning than Clarendon, he perceived early the faithlessness of the court, as well as the lawlessness of the people, and he feared that the success of either must be equally fatal to England. His hopeless anxiety was terminated by an early death. He fell at Newbury, one of the first victims of the revolution.

Hyde's steady loyalty soon won for him the confidence of the court. When the Parliament published their "Remonstrance of the State of the Nation," Hyde drew up an answer, which was seen by Lord Digby, who carried it to the king. Charles directed it to be published; and soon after he selected Hyde, with Falkland and Colpepper, another zealous loyalist, to become

his most trusted advisers. He desired them to meet frequently to consult upon his affairs, and promised to do nothing without their approval. His promise, of course, was soon broken. Yet the three friends continued to meet at Hyde's house, which was now become the chosen resort of all who were well affected to the king. Hyde, now an avowed leader of the loyalists, had drawn upon himself the peculiar hatred of the Commons. When the king fled to York, to raise the royal standard, Hyde remained in London until he heard that his enemies were about to arrest him for having given evil counsel to the king: he then went down into the country as if for a little recreation, and when the Parliament sent orders to him to return, fled to the royal camp. The king received him with uncommon distinction; bade him welcome to York, and treated him rather as a friend than a subject. When the commissioners arrived from the Commons, to summon him to London, Hyde told them he would come when the king gave him leave. The Commons, in return, excluded him from their offers of mercy.

York was now filled with the court, the gentry, and the royalists who had fled from Parliament. King, nobles, and commons mingled together in unceremonious freedom. "Ned Hyde," as Charles familiarly called him, was in high favor and employment. He was constantly busy with pen, speech, and personal influence, in strengthening the royal cause. The king became so familiar with his writings, that one day he

laid a wager of an angel with Falkland, that he could discover Hyde's peculiar style among a thousand. A short time after, Falkland brought to Charles a speech, professedly written by Lord Pembroke. The king read it with delight. He had not thought, he said, that Lord Pembroke could have written so well. But he had lost his angel. The speech was written by Hyde.

Meantime, several offices of trust and honor were offered to him, but for preferment he showed little anxiety. He declined the post of Secretary of State, out of regard to a friend whom he thought more worthy of it than himself. The king, however, continued to press him to take office, and he at last consented to become Chancellor of the Exchequer, was sworn of the Privy Council, and knighted. In office he was active, laborious, and wise, and had he been taken earlier into the Councils of his king, might have saved England much bloodshed and many misfortunes.

The civil war began. After a long interval of tranquillity, Englishmen once more learned to stain their hands with each other's blood. London became an armed fortress, the centre of sedition. Old Elizabethan mansions, the scene of family enjoyment and domestic peace, were fortified, attacked, defended, riddled with bullets and blackened with fire. Brave English matrons summoned their servants about them, and beat off rebel assailants from their dwellings, as if they had long practice in the terrors of war. And all over the island, cavaliers, with blood-stained swords, swept by startled

cottages, and troops of iron-clad roundheads marched through green lanes and quiet neighborhoods, in pursuit of their vanquished foe.

From the first Hyde and Falkland had no hope for the king. They believed him doomed. They saw that he had entered upon a contest from which Henry VIII. and the great Elizabeth had shrunk back in just alarm. But they clung to his cause with pity and devotion. Amid all the reverses of the royalists, Hyde preserved an unchanging cheerfulness. However sunk and desponding might be his spirit, his countenance remained ever serene. He stood by his beloved king with the firmness of a loving heart. Step by step the cautious parliamentarians won their way to victory. Early in the conflict, at the battle of Newbury, Hyde lost his incomparable Falkland, and one by one, that gallant circle which had assembled, full of ardor and loyalty, at York, was lessened by the bullets of the foe. At Naseby all was lost. Hyde was selected, with Lords Capel and Hopton, to take charge of the youthful prince. He parted from his master Charles I. with sorrow and despair, yet ignorant that that venerated head must be laid upon the scaffold. There is something unusually touching in the fervent admiration and love with which he always regarded his erring king.

He went with Prince Charles, then fourteen years of age, to Bristol, and thence, after the battle of Naseby, carried him into the isle of Jersey. Queen Henrietta, who had never been well disposed towards Hyde, now

summoned the prince to Paris, while Capel, Hopton, and Clarendon remained for a time in Jersey. They took a house in St. Hilary, the chief town in the island, and here Hyde returned to the studies of his youth. He commenced his history of the Rebellion, and wrote various pieces in defence of the royalist cause against the triumphant Parliament. The three friends lived together in perfect concord. Their simple fare satisfied their moderate desires. They amused themselves with books, rural amusement, and morning walks along the sands.

The character of Arthur, Lord Capel, has lately been gracefully delineated by his descendant, Lady Theresa Lewis. He was one of those noble natures that are sometimes brought into bold relief amid great civil convulsions. His form was almost gigantic in size, his appearance fine and commanding. Born of a wealthy country family, he sat in the Long Parliament and at first opposed the measures of the crown. Soon, however, when the designs of each party became apparent, he left the republicans to take his place among the firmest supporters of the king. His loyalty and self-sacrificing devotion to Charles were conspicuous even among the many examples of these qualities for which that period is remarkable. When the rebel forces, having seized Capel's young son, held him up before their front ranks to check the ardor of his father, Capel bade them murder his son, for that Heaven would avenge him. And he attacked the enemy as if no obstacle intervened.

The society of the exiles was soon broken up. Capel having ventured to pass over into England to engage in an enterprise against the enemy, was taken prisoner at Colchester, and for some time lay uncertain of his fate. While in prison he heard that his master was condemned to death; the zealous loyalist immediately wrote to Cromwell begging to be allowed to suffer in his stead. Unmoved by such noble self-devotion, Cromwell soon after caused Capel himself to be executed; when he was about to die he wrote to his wife to be comforted, for that "more would celebrate his name with praise than with sadness."

Lord Hopton having left Jersey, Hyde was alone. He then went to live with Sir George Carteret, the governor of the island, who received him with great regard. His time passed pleasantly among his books, although his poverty was so great that he was unable to send for his wife and children. It was, however, one of the happiest periods of his life. Ten hours each day he passed in study, and daily wrote a full sheet. The fame of his history reached King Charles in prison, and it was an evident satisfaction to him, in the gloomy close of his life, that his name and memory were to be preserved to posterity by the pen of his devoted servant. The king wrote to Hyde to thank him for his promised work, and offered to send him some important particulars in his own hand, particularly those that had happened since they parted.

In 1648, Hyde was aroused from his seclusion by a summons from the Queen Henrietta to attend her son

Prince Charles at Paris. He immediately hastened to France, but found the prince gone to Holland. Hyde, with several royalist companies, set sail for that country; their ship was seized on its passage by an Ostend privateer, and the adventurers made no scruple to seize upon the property and jewels of the exiles, the last relics of their decayed fortunes. Hyde thought himself happy in being able to recover, by the intervention of the magistrate of Ostend, his private papers and manuscripts, which he valued more than all his possessions.

Dejected, poor, and disunited, the exiles gathered around their prince at the Hague. Violent dissensions were already raging amongst them. Prince Rupert hated Colpepper, and was not friendly towards Hyde. The character of the young prince, too, was unpromising. He had none of the grave dignity and apparent virtue which threw a veil over the faults of his father. Good-natured, brave, but licentious, unprincipled, and self-indulgent, he seemed little likely to conquer back his kingdom. One hope alone cheered the fallen spirits of the exiles: they believed that the Commons must yet relent towards their imprisoned king, and that the interest and the quiet of England would finally enforce his restoration. This hope was now suddenly quenched for ever. News came to the Hague that his majesty the king had been executed like a traitor upon the scaffold. The royalists were filled with horror and despair. In their view the nation had committed an

inexpiable crime; their countrymen were parricides. And for themselves, after their first grief and indignation were over, they ceased to hope.

Lord Cottington and Hyde were sent in 1649 as ambassadors to Spain from the wandering and dethroned Charles II. They could hardly look for a flattering reception in a kingdom which was already trembling before the energy and fame of Cromwell. Upon their arrival, they were treated with little ceremony. No public notice was taken of their entry into Madrid, and they were studiously overlooked. Hyde, however, was charmed with the stately manners and graceful sports of the Spaniards, their Moorish games of horsemanship, and even their bull-fights, of which he has left in his memoirs, a striking description. In Spain too, he learned to value art. In the galleries of the Escorial he became familiar with the masters of the Spanish school, and studied at leisure the works of Murillo and Velasquez. In after life, this passion was to revive with new force, and to give birth to the famous Clarendon Gallery.

Neglected by the Spanish government, and almost moneyless, Hyde remained unnoticed at Madrid, studying the manners and policy of the people among whom he was thrown. He had perfect leisure. The ministry scarcely noticed him, except when at rare intervals a hope of success once more dawned upon the royalists. When Charles II. entered Scotland, with some prospects of advantages, his ambassadors were treated with more

regard ; after his defeat at Worcester they were ordered to leave Spain. Hyde set out for Paris, in such distress that he had hardly money sufficient to pay for his daily food. He paused, however, to visit the chief cities of Spain and its eminent seats of learning. His mind in the lowest stages of his fortunes, never ceased to gather information. At Paris he found the royal family divided, by constant disputes ; the Queen Henrietta was displeased with the Duke of York, who was dependent upon her bounty for his support : and for Hyde she had never anything but enmity : the king too, was in Scotland hiding from his pursuers, and to complete the gloom which hung over the prospects of the royalists, a rumor had arrived of his death.

Soon after, Hyde with his wife and family went to reside at Antwerp. They were reduced to want. Hardly could he provide them with the common necessities of life. For himself, although he was often without money to buy suitable clothing, or fuel to defend himself against the inclemency of the winter, and was often forced to give up his pen because his fingers became numbed with cold, yet all this might easily have been borne for the sake of his king and his principles ; but the condition of his poor family, he tells one of his correspondents, wrings his heart. In his distress he took refuge with his old comforters his books and his companions. At Antwerp he found a friend who must have recalled the memory of Falkland. Sir Charles Cavendish, deformed, little, and repulsive to

look upon, had merit, genius, learning and courage sufficient to make him renowned. He corresponded upon scientific subjects with Descartes and Gassendi. He had fought by the side of his brother, the Marquis of Newcastle, in the fiercest battles of the civil wars, and Clarendon ever remembered him as one of the most gifted of that long succession of remarkable friends who had secured his lasting regard.

An important circumstance now occurred. To relieve Clarendon's extreme poverty, his daughter Anne was invited into the service of the princess royal. Hyde asserts that he opposed this appointment and yielded reluctantly to the advice of his friends. Through this connection with the princesses' court, Anne was thrown into the society of the Duke of York, to whom she was privately married.

Years of exile, poverty and despair were now to be atoned for by a sudden change of fortune. It was the Restoration. Cromwell had died, and no man in England could fill the place of the Puritan despot. In their anxiety and alarm the people could see no other mode of preserving the quiet of their country than to summon back their dissolute king and his train of wild cavaliers. They came back to their native land reeking with foreign vices and estranged from the habits of Englishmen. In England an austerity of morals prevailed such as had no parallel in history. The play-houses were shut, the haunts of dissipation had been purged by the zealous scrutiny of the Puritans, and in all, save politics, the

decalogue was the law of the land. Suddenly, the boisterous cavaliers and their dissolute king broke in upon this grave and austere nation, preparing in the midst of the joyous welcome they received from their countrymen, the destruction of the national religion and the ruin of the national faith.

Hyde, the purest of the new king's advisers, obtained at first the consideration which his faithful services had deserved. He was made lord chancellor and the head of the ministry, and for some time possessed the entire confidence of his master. He was, however, never eager for titles or wealth, and while Monk was made Duke of Albemarle, and Montague an earl, he persisted in refusing promotion. But an event soon occurred which forced him to distinguish himself by titles suitable to his high position, since he was now become father-in-law to the Duke of York.

Anne Hyde, unattractive in person and gifted only with plain common sense, had fixed the affections of the duke; in the ardor of his passion he had either entered into a contract of marriage or was even married to her in private. When their secret could no longer be concealed, Anne claimed with violence the performance of his promise. The duke yielded to her entreaties, and went to the king to ask his consent to their marriage. Charles, at first willing to consent, partly, it is to be hoped, from consideration for his father's friend, sent the Duke of Ormond and the Earl of Southampton to break the matter to the chancellor. The astonished

father listened with shame and indignation to their relation; he broke into violent reproaches against his daughter, he cried out that she must be sent a prisoner to the Tower, and declared that he would be the first to counsel her execution for the offence. His friends hinted that she might already be married to the duke, but the chancellor replied that then her guilt was greater than before. At this moment Charles himself came into the room and found his old servant and guardian weeping. The king with his facile good nature endeavored to console him by promising that the duke should make her his wife.

This event necessarily drew the attention of the court and the whole royal family. The queen-mother, always a bitter enemy to the chancellor, no sooner heard of the intended marriage than she hastened into England to interfere. She pressed the duke not to dishonor his royal blood by an ignoble connection. She even won the fickle Charles to forget his promise to his ancient friend; and when, at her instigation, some of the chancellor's enemies devised a false tale, which they swore to be true, that his daughter's honor had been tainted before she had met the duke, even James himself began to waver. But afflictions now fell upon the royal family—the Duke of Gloucester and the princess royal, the next heirs to the crown, died of small pox, and James, obstinate in love as in faith and politics, grew melancholy and gave up his usual amusements. The contrivers of the plot against Anne's fair fame now confessed their

perjury ; even the queen-mother herself finally yielded, and the chancellor's daughter was at length made Dutchess of York.

He was immediately made a baron, and in 1661, at the coronation, became Earl of Clarendon. The king presented him with £20,000, to enable him to support his honors decently ; and offered him a grant of ten thousand acres of land, which he refused.

It is remarkable, that Clarendon, the wisest and purest of the returned cavaliers, should so speedily have become the most unpopular of them all. He offended at once three great parties. The royalists he displeased by his bill of Indemnity, which, while it recalled all gifts or sales of property by the rebel government, made no provision for the cases of those royalists who had sold their estates for a small sum, in order to send the money to the king ; and provided no compensation for those who had been ruined by their steady loyalty. By the enraged cavaliers it was called "an act of indemnity for the king's enemies and of oblivion to his friends." Clarendon, too, awakened a bitter hostility among low churchmen and dissenters by his "act of Uniformity," which compelled every clergyman to subscribe to the forms of the Church of England, or be expelled from his living. Two thousand clergymen were by this sudden and illiberal measure driven from their homes, and deprived of all support. Another act passed by his influence imposed a fine upon every conventicle or private assembly for religious worship, where more

than five besides the family should be present; and he completed his unpopularity by a cruel law, which forbade the expelled clergy from coming within five miles of their former parish: he would not only take away their bread, but must sever for ever their connection with their former homes. The only consolation the dissenters could have in their affliction was, that the laws against the Romanists were enforced as strictly as those against themselves.

Other circumstances served to render Clarendon unpopular among his countrymen. No sooner had the first joy of the Restoration subsided, than the nation began to perceive that all those promises of religious and political liberality which had been so readily given by the king and the court, were little to be relied upon. They found the king scarcely less inclined to arbitrary measures than had been his tyrannical father: they believed that he was secretly a Romanist, resolved to restore the old religion by slow and gradual measures; they were shocked at his licentious manners; the dissolute character of his courtiers; the little regard that was paid in all the measures of the court to the interest and glory of England; and in the violence of the reaction they visited the chief part of their displeasure and indignation upon the king's adviser and chief minister, the chancellor. Clarendon's manners too had never been conciliatory. Even in youth he never so far overcame his stately reserve, as to mingle familiarly with the members of his own profession; and as he

grew older this indifference to popular favor increased. He made no attempt to win the regard of those young men of talent who were rising at the bar or in Parliament; and when his old friends one by one had died, he was left almost alone in friendless grandeur.

Even his fine taste in architecture and painting contributed to his ruin. He laid, in 1664, the foundations of a palace in Piccadilly, London, which was to surpass the splendors of Whitehall. This unfortunate undertaking, which he prosecuted with great ardor, finally exhausted his fortune and covered him with popular odium. In the midst of national disgrace and national misfortunes the vast pile slowly ascended. Before it was completed its master was an exile.

The ornament and the shame of the new palace was its gallery of paintings. It was designed to contain portraits of all Englishmen, who had become renowned either for genius or station. There were seen the old nobility of the Tudor times and the new aristocracy of his own—there were famous poets, eminent lawyers, and worthy divines: and there were arrayed the various costumes of Englishmen since the middle ages, their armor, decorations, and robes of state. The design was certainly an excellent one, and has found many imitators; it preceded and perhaps suggested the gallery of Versailles, of Windsor, of Florence, and of the Walhalla.

But it was whispered by the enemies of the chancellor in the court and the city, that his fine gallery was made up from the spoils of ruined royalists; that many of the

pictures had been purchased at low rates from rebels who had ravished them from their loyal owners; and that others were presents from needy suitors for court favor. Clarendon's passion for art was no sooner known than many distressed royalists hastened to offer him the wreck of their galleries, and it is not denied that in many instances he accepted these melancholy gifts.

This palace, once so magnificent, has left behind it no vestige but the name. On its owner's death it was sold to the Duke of Albemarle, who again conveyed it to Sir Thomas Bond. A hotel, the Clarendon, famous for its excellent cookery, now occupies its site, and is said to contain a few fragments of the old walls. The gallery was equally unfortunate. When the palace was sold, the pictures were removed to Cornbury in Oxfordshire. Here a portion of them, comprising many full-length portraits, was sold by the second earl for twelve hundred pounds. The third earl, a spendthrift, who lay for some time in New York jail for debt, after he had ceased to be governor of the province, aided in diminishing it. Next it fell into chancery, and the Duchess of Queensberry claimed and obtained a moiety of the pictures which were removed to Bothwell Castle on the Clyde. The remainder of this famous collection were preserved at the Grove, Hertfordshire, by the family of the chancellor, and have lately been brought to the notice of the public by a gifted descendant of the earls of Clarendon and Essex.*

* Lady Theresa Lewis.

In the sale of his house the chancellor's papers also suffered greatly. More than a thousand letters were parted with by the second earl in discharge of his debts. A portion of them were purchased for Oxford, and finally, Lord Hyde bequeathed the remainder to that university, directing that they should be published and the profits be applied to found a riding-school.

Clarendon, meanwhile, apparently unconscious of the dislike of his countrymen, amused his leisure by urging on the completion of his palace and his gallery. He was also engaged in improving his house at Cornbury. Evelyn, who had made his acquaintance abroad, while both were exiles, visited him frequently, and aided, by his taste and learning, in the arrangement of his pictures and the decoration of the palace. The amiable temper of Evelyn, his unaffected piety, and active inquiring mind, had strong attractions for Clarendon. He reminded him perhaps of that pleasant circle in which he had mingled before the rebellion, and called up anew the loved Falkland, the austere Jonson, the learned Chillingworth and Hales. He bought no pictures without consulting Evelyn: Evelyn went down to Cornbury to suggest improvements in the country mansion, and Evelyn was almost the last person with whom he conversed in England.

Clarendon was now at the height of his power. Austere and dignified, the representative of an elder and purer age, to the dissolute court around him he became an object of envy and fear. He never con-

descended to join in their revels or to conform his character to the modern vices, and he never hesitated to show the contempt and disgust with which he regarded that general licentiousness which had infected the higher ranks. In return for this open contempt the courtiers plotted against him in secret, and mimicked his stately manner and long moral lessons for the entertainment of the king. A favorite amusement of Charles was to see Buckingham represent the chancellor. But as yet Clarendon's power was unshaken. In council, among the greatest lords of England, he spoke with a freedom and decision that marked his superiority, a trait which Mr. Samuel Pepys, who was at one of the sittings, pronounced to be "mighty pretty." It was evident to all that he was much elated by his prosperity. Naturally fond of magnificence and worldly show, he had been permitted to gratify his highest ambition, and for a moment he yielded to the intoxication of success.

His fall, however, was now drawing near. Had he sought to preserve the affection of Charles he might have remained for life the greatest subject of England, and it would have been easy by a ready compliance in policy and religion for Clarendon to have maintained his influence over the king. But, almost alone amid his youthful peers, the chancellor possessed a good heart and fixed principles, and these soon drew him into opposition to the favorite measures of the king. His first fault was the share which he took in the royal marriage, and the generosity with which he defended

the unfortunate queen from the persecution of her estranged husband, and the insults of his favorite Lady Castlemaine.

Still, however, this fault was pardonable ; for Charles liked a bold spirit and was already tired of Lady Castlemaine. Two motives of a far stronger character led him to desire the fall of the chancellor. He was fallen in love with Miss Stuart, one of the maids of honor, and as he could not win her in any other manner, was desirous of making her his queen. This project Clarendon steadily opposed, and when Miss Stuart was soon after privately married to the Duke of Richmond, Charles, disappointed and enraged, believed that the chancellor had hastened the marriage in order to prevent the fulfillment of his own desires. Clarendon, too, betrayed another fatal defect to the eyes of the king. He was a firm and decided Protestant. Charles already a papist, who was concerting a plan for restoring the ancient faith, perceived that the most dangerous opponent of the scheme would be his own chancellor. Disappointed love and religious zeal thus conspired to steel the heart of the king against the friend and guardian of his youth, and he was already planning his ruin, when a sudden outbreak of the popular dislike for the unfortunate minister made it more than ever desirable to sacrifice him.

A series of events occurred the most lamentable that have ever in the course of a single year fallen upon England. The Plague destroyed more than a hundred

thousand inhabitants in London alone. A fire, the most destructive the world had known since the reign of Nero, laid three-fourths of the metropolis in ashes, and deprived two hundred thousand citizens of a home; and, in the moment of these domestic griefs, a hostile fleet, for the first time since the invasion of the Danes, sailed up the Thames, destroyed the English ships at Chatham, and so alarmed the feeble advisers of Charles that for a time they had resolved to abandon the Tower and give up the capital of England to the foe.

The alarm of the Dutch invasion having soon passed away, the court might have overlooked and forgotten it entirely had not the insult to the national honor sunk deep in the minds of the people. The citizens of London assembled in crowds and clamored for vengeance upon those advisers of the crown who had so nearly delivered up the capital into the hands of a foreign invader. As the king passed through the streets they called out "a Parliament, a Parliament." And it was plain that nothing could appease the popular discontent but the sacrifice of the unfortunate ministers.

The chief object of public hatred was the chancellor. Though he had long ceased to possess any influence in the council, and had ever opposed, to his own detriment, the extravagance and carelessness of the king, Clarendon was the victim for whose destruction the people clamored incessantly. They affronted him in Westminster Hall itself, when he sat at the trial of causes, by shouting "Dunkirk House!"—they had seen with extreme disgust

his stately palace arising in splendor amid all the devastations of the fire and the national losses upon the sea, and it was a common rumor through the streets of London, that the chancellor's house had been paid for by the sale of Dunkirk. It was said, too, that his daughter, "Nan Hyde," had grown insolently proud since her late rise in station; that she was extravagant, vain and selfish, and had already, by her wastefulness, involved the duke deeply in debt. The people, to mark their hatred for Clarendon, assembled in crowds before the new palace, cut down the trees in front, broke his windows with stones, and painted a gibbet upon his gate. They cried out that he had undone the kingdom, that being raised by his daughter's marriage above all fear of punishment, he had plunged the nation in ruin and disgrace. In the midst of this popular odium another misfortune befell him—the two sons of the Dutchess of York were seized with the small pox. "It was pretty," writes Pepys, "to observe how, when my lord sent down to St. James to see why the Duke of York came not, and Mr. Poy who went returned, my lord did ask not how the princes or the dukes do, as other people do, but 'How do the children?' which methought was mighty great and like a good man and a grandfather." The two young dukes soon after died, to the sorrow of the whole nation, which had already begun to look upon them as its future rulers; while Clarendon was thus deprived of the influence he could naturally possess as grandfather to the male heirs of the crown.

Almost friendless in the midst of his grandeur, Clarendon soon sunk before the blows of his enemies. His misfortunes fell thickly upon him. His excellent wife, the companion of thirty-five years of uncommon vicissitudes, died in the commencement of his fall, and hardly was he recovered from the first shock of his loss when the king sent the Duke of York, on the 30th August, 1667, to demand the great seal. Not satisfied with depriving him of his office and of exposing him unguarded to his enemies, Charles, with his usual ingratitude, took occasion to reflect upon the conduct of his faithful servant in his speech to the new Parliament; and he thus lent his countenance to the impeachment which the chancellor's enemies were preparing against him. This impeachment was founded upon the most frivolous and improbable charges. He was accused of having advised the king to dissolve the Parliament and to rely for support solely upon a standing army; of having said that the king was a papist; of betraying the king's counsels to the enemy; of selling offices, and of having introduced arbitrary government into the American plantations. It was charged that he had advised the sale of Dunkirk, and the Dutch war; and, in fine, that he had been the author of all those fatal measures which had dishonored the reign of Charles II.

To all these accusations Clarendon simply replied by the mouth of his son, Lord Cornbury, that if any one of them was proved to be true, he would confess all the rest. Conscious of perfect innocence, he felt that not

a charge of all that were urged against him could be sustained. His firmness alarmed the king and his advisers. They felt that should he await his trial, the real authors of the national calamities must be exposed. They resolved, therefore, to drive him to a voluntary exile. His friends, rendered anxious for his safety by the arts and the threats of the court, advised him to fly for a time abroad; and when he resisted these well-meant, but imprudent counsels, declaring that he would not yield except to the express wishes of the king, Charles sent him his commands to go. His confiding loyalty, which would not suffer him to disobey the call of his master, completed his ruin. Had he remained, he must have triumphed over his enemies; but this flight, contrived by his faithless king, served to spread a general conviction of his guilt.

Evelyn, who visited him during his misfortunes, when many who had been in the habit of courting his attention had deserted him, was with him the evening before he fled. "I found him," he writes, "in the garden of his new palace, sitting in his great wheel-chair, seeing the gates setting up towards the north, and the fields; next morning I heard that he was gone, though I am persuaded that had he gone sooner, though but to Cornbury, and there lain quiet, it would have satisfied Parliament. That which exasperated them was his presuming to stay and contest the accusation as long as 'twas possible, and they were on the point of sending him to the Tower."

The chancellor's ruin, it is related, was planned and carried out in the Lady Castlemaine's chamber. He had deeply offended her by refusing to set the great seal to a grant of land which the king would have made her. When she heard that the seal had been taken from him, and that he was about to leave Whitehall degraded, she started out of bed, and rushed to the window to witness his melancholy aspect. The king had long been alienated from the chancellor, and used to call him "that insolent man." Bab May, one of the courtiers, when the great seal was brought to the king, went down upon his knees to Charles, and congratulated him that he could now be called king of England. But Charles, naturally penetrating, was not blind to the real worth of the chancellor, and consented to sacrifice him only because it was necessary to his personal ease. Sir J. Gerard one day, to widen the breach between them, told the king that the chancellor had said he was "lazy, and not fit to govern." "Why," said the king, "that is no news, for he has told me so twenty times to my face."

On Saturday night, November 29th, 1667, Clarendon set out from the new palace, now so nearly completed, to his self-chosen exile. He was accompanied by his two sons, some friends, and two servants. As he passed for the last time through the stately halls, and threw a parting glance upon his books and pictures, he little thought that the most tranquil moments of his life were yet to come. A boat was in waiting for him at the

pier; and, after a weary passage of three days, he finally landed in France.

He left behind him an address to Parliament, defending his conduct, which was read in the House of Peers by the Earl of Denbigh. He asserted in this paper that he had never received a gratuity from any man, and that he owed all his fortune to the bounty of the king; that he was in debt £20,000; that his income was less than two thousand pounds a year; that he had never possessed that influence over the king which the country had attributed to him; and he denied strenuously the various charges which were alleged against him in the articles of impeachment. This apology the Parliament ordered to be burnt, and a sentence of banishment was immediately passed against the author.

In the meantime Clarendon, having landed in France, found himself exposed to mortifications and sufferings, such as must have possessed peculiar bitterness to his haughty spirit. The French government, at first disposed to receive the distinguished exile with compassionate attention, having formed a design of entering into an alliance with England, resolved to propitiate the people of that country by their harshness towards the unpopular chancellor. Sick, poor and desponding, Clarendon hoped to find a resting-place at Rouen, to linger out the term of his exile, and perhaps of his life; but he suddenly received orders from the court of Paris to leave France immediately. He went to Calais, hoping there to find a ship to carry him to Flanders or Spain;

here, as he lay on a sick-bed, messengers arrived from the French court directing him to leave the realm without delay. His physician in vain urged that death must be the result of obedience to this command: the officers of the government told him that if he did not go willingly, he must be carried by force. Fortunately, however, a change took place in the designs of the court,—the alliance with England was abandoned; and Clarendon was finally permitted to go undisturbed wherever he chose.

Hardly had this anxiety passed over before his life was endangered by the violent hatred of his own countrymen. A party of English seamen, drunken and riotous, being at Evreux when the chancellor arrived there, resolved to see him and demand of him their back-pay, which they alleged was withheld from them at his instigation. They flocked around the inn where he lodged, burst open the gates, and rushing to the chancellor's room, which had been barricaded against them, broke open the door, and wounded a French gentleman who was guarding the entrance. Clarendon was in his gown, unable to stand, and sitting upon the edge of the bed. One of the rioters aimed a blow at him with a sword which fortunately struck him with the flat part; he was stunned, and fell fainting upon the bed. They called him a traitor, and they threatened that if he did not pay them their arrears, they would carry him back to England. Some searched and rifled his pockets, others pillaged his trunk and clothes.

When he awoke from his swoon, they dragged him from the room into the open court and were about to put him to death when the magistrates of the town arrived in time to rescue him. The rioters were afterward seized, tried, and three of the most guilty were broken on the wheel.

The remainder of Clarendon's exile was marked by a pleasing tranquillity, in which he gradually forgot the injustice of his countrymen and the neglect of his king. He went first to Avignon, where he was received with civility by all the chief personages of the place. From thence he came to Montpellier, where in the close of life he found happiness in composing his history. He did not, however withdraw from society, and received constant attention from the governor and the nobility of the place, while all the English who passed through Montpellier, came to visit the fallen chancellor, and to bring him tidings from England. He made several applications both to Charles and James II. to be permitted once more to see his native land before he died, but all his solicitations were refused. Here at Montpellier he wrote his "Reflections on the Psalms," his answer to Hobbes's *Leviathan*, his vindication of his own conduct, and here he completed his "History of the Rebellion."

He died at Rouen, December, 1774, leaving four sons and two daughters. His eldest daughter, the Duchess of York, left two children, Mary, wife of William of Orange, who ascended the throne of her

exiled father, and Anne, the successor of Mary. His second daughter married Sir Thomas Keightly, a knight of the Bath. Of his sons, one was drowned at sea; Edward died a student at law in the Temple. His eldest son, Henry, the inheritor of his titles, held several high offices; but the direct line of his descendants in the third generation sank low in reputation and were deeply involved in debt. The most talented of his children, Laurence Hyde, Earl of Rochester, was conspicuous during the reign of James II., William and Mary, and Anne. He was impetuous, hasty, inclining to arbitrary principles, and clung to the party of his connection, James II., until he was dismissed from office because he could not abandon his Protestant faith. The family of the chancellor, so elevated by his good fortune and worth, have taken their place among the historical aristocracy of England, and an Earl of Clarendon is still conspicuous among the leading politicians of the conservative party.

Clarendon's literary position is not high. He had not much learning and his style has few attractions. He wrote with a full flow of language and a stately dignity that pleased his contemporaries, but has long lost all interest for the general reader. Rather a writer of memoirs than an historian, his work wants method, arrangement and taste. Some of his characters are boldly drawn, and his evident fondness for literary men renders him often exceedingly graceful and happy in his delineation of their merits. But his attention to

public and professional affairs withdrew him too much from those solitary labors necessary to the perfection of the writer, and while aspiring to be an author, a lawyer and a statesman, he failed to reach real eminence in either profession.

In character he was pure, honorable and just. His decisions as lord chancellor were always honestly given, and were never tainted, like those of Bacon, by a suspicion of corruption. He was a tender son and a kind husband and parent. His love of ostentation led him into debt, but no one ever questioned his integrity. He was a rigid churchman, loyal almost to passive obedience, strict and stately in manners and conduct; but he wanted chiefly more elevation of feeling and more liberality of principle in politics and religion, to place him among those who are of service to their generation and to posterity.

GILBERT BURNET, BISHOP OF SALISBURY.

POSTERITY has been no friend to Burnet, Bishop of Salisbury. He has encountered the bitter hatred of Swift, the calm contempt of Hume, and the more discriminating severity of Mr. Macaulay. Swift hated Burnet as a low-church bishop and a whig. He speaks of his character and writings as equally contemptible. "He is the worst qualified for an historian that I have ever known," writes the angry dean. His history of his own times to Swift was only a mass of fables. Its secret narratives were only coffee-house scandals, its observations were always mean and often false; the style was so full of vulgarisms that the author must have kept low company in order to have learned them. His language was certainly not English; possibly it might be Scotch; the book was full of malice, misrepresentation and vanity; it was indecent, it was full of bulls, of silliness, and of foppishness, and words seem to fail in expressing the contempt which Swift would lavish on the unlucky history. In his opinion of Burnet's personal character, Swift was no less severe. He represents

Burnet as being at nineteen a little Scotch parson, affecting to be of importance; as having drawn in the maiden daughter of a Scotch earl to marry him for his youth and vigor, and as having risen through all the stages of his successful life by means unworthy of an honest and right-minded man. Swift was never mild when he spoke of a whig and a low-churchman, and he does not hesitate to call Burnet on several occasions "a dog" and "a villain."

This unfavorable estimate of his character and writings is countenanced by the criticisms of Hume. He ever calls Burnet poor authority, he speaks of him with calm contempt, and sees in the ardent and honest prelate only a time-serving courtier and an intriguing dissembler.

To Mr. Macaulay, Burnet is a purer but not a more perfect conception. He paints him vain, meddling, egotistical, and weak. He is despised by William and only endured by his friends. He does not doubt his sincerity, yet he will not elevate him in our esteem; and he passes over with slight notice these nobler qualities, which have made Burnet worthy of the highest respect and of lasting admiration.

But notwithstanding these unfavorable criticisms, Burnet was the most famous and the most influential prelate of his time. He was looked up to by the Protestant interest of England as its champion and chief support, against the secret plottings and open violence of a proselyting court. His History of the Reformation in

England, received an honor that was never paid to any other book. Its author was thanked by Parliament for his able defence of Protestantism, and requested to continue it in another volume. The history became a joy to English Protestants, an object of loathing to the papist court. It spread all over Europe. It became everywhere a great support to the reformers, and a terror to its opponents. Burnet was admired at Rome and at Paris as an honorable foe: at Geneva and Amsterdam as a defender of the faith. His other writings were equally well received. His "Tour," his "Translation of Lactantius," and his political pamphlets were the delight of his party and admired by all. The history of his own times so decried by Swift and Hume has yet been the chief authority for later authors. Hume has made far greater use of it than he has cared to allow, and the deeper researches of Mr. Macaulay have not shaken its authority. It must still remain the best narrative of those striking events that produced and accompanied the second English revolution.

Far from being an insignificant actor in these scenes, Burnet was one of the most important men of his time. His literary success and his active talents made him conspicuous even in early youth. At twenty-three he became the defender of the persecuted Presbyterians against the tyrannical Scotch bishops. His conduct was approved even by King Charles. Ten years after he was driven out of Scotland as the head of a large and dangerous party. Lauderdale accused him of being the

cause of all the opposition. He fled to London. Here he became the leader of the English Protestants. He was forced again to fly from the frowns of the court. But he did not remain in exile long. Soon he returned, one of the leaders of that expedition which was to free England for ever from the dread of Romanism.

From his youth, Burnet was the friend of the greatest and best men of his time. The amiable Leighton was his early adviser in his studies and his constant correspondent until death. Archbishop Tillotson, the learned and polished preacher, Bishop Lloyd, the careful orator, Bishops Tenison and Patrick were his constant friends. He retained the esteem through life of the purest men in the church.

With kings and courts he was singularly familiar. The dissolute Charles and the papist James both found pleasure in his society, and respected his frank sincerity. When he came to Paris, while he was yet only a parish Priest, Louis XIV. placed a carriage and servants at his disposal, and directed his courtiers to pay him particular attention. On entering Rome, the pope sent him a message desiring to see him, and offering to avoid in his case the ceremonial usual on such occasions. When Burnet fled from England to avoid the hostility of James, he was received with unusual favor by the reserved William and his more attractive queen. The States of Holland, when James demanded the fugitive, defended him with energy. And when that monarch offered a great reward for his seizure, Burnet walked

boldly through the streets of Hague and no man offered to harm him.

His friends were among the highest nobility. In youth he had the patronage of the Duke and Duchess of Hamilton and even that of Lauderdale, afterwards his bitterest foe. Halifax, the tasteful patron of all literary men, made Burnet frequent offers of friendly assistance. The excellent Russell and the patriotic Essex were his constant companions. In later life, he was one of the principal men at court, liked by almost every one for his good nature and his obliging disposition. Even the bitter Swift is forced to confess that "after all he was a man of good nature and generosity."

Burnet lived through one of the most stirring periods of English history. He was born in the reign of Charles I., before the scaffold had closed that eventful life; he died when under George I. the English constitution had settled into almost its present form. He saw in youth the protectorship of Cromwell. He listened to some of those long sermons which were preached to Charles II., and relates how, on one fast day, there were six delivered before the youthful king. He heard the shouts of joy that swelled over England at the Restoration. He witnessed the popularity of the restored king decline. He shared that dread of Popery which filled every Protestant heart in England, when it was found that their king was a secret papist and his successor an avowed one. He witnessed calmly the fierce excitement of Popish plot and the execution of the beloved Russell. He saw

the narrow-minded James endeavor to rebuild in England the power of the pope, by bribes to the unyielding dissenters and threats to the undaunted church. He fled from James' tyranny to return with William and Mary. He saw Protestantism once more relieved from its terrors and a free government established in England, which has been its best assurance of religious and civil liberty. He lived through the reign of Anne to write a sincere and faithful narrative of the whole of this busy period.

Gilbert Burnet, Bishop of Sarum, was born at Edinburgh, on the 18th September, 1643. He was descended from the younger branch of a respectable family of Aberdeenshire. His father was generally respected and beloved. His character was singularly pure. He practised the civil law until Cromwell's time, when he retired from his profession, because he could not take the necessary oaths under the protector. He was a churchman with liberal sentiments and a devoted royalist through all political changes. He possessed excellent judgment and much learning and talent, but an unusual diffidence is said to have prevented his rise in his profession. He was so humane that he would never receive a fee from clergymen or the poor. A great part of his earnings were bestowed in charity. His wife was the sister of Johnstown, Lord Warristown, the head at the time of the Presbyterian interest. But Warristown showed little favor to his royalist brother-in-law, and Burnet was forced on three occasions to fly for his life

from Scotland. During Cromwell's reign he retired to his estate, refusing all offers of preferment under the new government, and here he remained until the Restoration. His wife, the mother of the future bishop, was a Presbyterian of great zeal in her religion and propriety in her conduct.

The father devoted his leisure to the education of his sons. He seems to have been a successful instructor. At ten the younger Burnet could read Latin readily, and entered the college of Aberdeen to acquire Greek. Here he distinguished himself by his success in the languages and in the Scholastic Philosophy. At fourteen he was made master of arts. This early proficiency speaks either the unusual talent of Burnet or the low state of Scotch education. It arose, probably, from both causes. The Scottish colleges of that period were not strict in their requirements, and the young student was at all seasons of his life active and industrious. Upon leaving college Burnet commenced the study of his father's profession, the civil law.

But he did not pursue it long. It was a time of unusual religious excitement. Violent wars had but lately been waged between the rival sects. In Scotland the tendency to theological discussion was peculiarly strong. As yet its active intellect had found no allurements in philosophy or pure literature, and had fixed with ardor upon doctrinal debate. Its eminent preachers had gained a power over their congregations such as the prophets of Israel might have exercised. They had

taught them the nicest subtleties of the Calvinistic faith, and made every dogma dearer to them than life itself. The meanest Scotch peasant could discourse of the doctrines of Election and Free-will in a manner that proved how well he had studied and understood them. His religion was the chief object of his life, the theme of his daily conversation. His conduct was usually austere, but he was even more severe in his condemnation of doctrinal than of moral failings.

The nobility were often as devout as the peasantry. And religion formed the leading interest of the nation, the subject of its literature and the source of its policy.

Among such influences the young mind of Burnet could not fail to be turned towards the church. His parents were both likely to favor this choice. He began to study theology. He read all the noted polemics and studied both sides of the Protestant and Catholic question. He was familiar with Bellarmine as well as with Chamier. Fourteen hours a day he devoted to study. At eighteen he became a probationer, a term used in Scotland for one who was licensed to preach but had no settled parish. He was offered a living by his friends, but declined it because he thought himself too young to perform its duties well. His time was now passed in the society of eminent divines. Of these, Bishop Leighton seems to have been the most useful. The bishop directed him in his course of reading and enforced, by his example, those liberal principles which Burnet had already imbibed from his parents.

When, in 1661, his father and his brother, a member of the bar, died, his mother's relations endeavored to prevail upon Burnet to give up the church and assume his father's profession. They saw, no doubt, that his talents were well suited to the law and that he must attain high eminence in civil life. But Burnet clung to his profession. He had adopted it upon principle and no allurements of worldly advantage could draw him from it.

He resolved to travel before taking a parish. In 1663 he went to England. His family influence enabled him, though only twenty, to become known to the eminent men of the time. He became acquainted with Cudworth, Pearson, Patrick, and Tillotson, men looked upon as pillars of Episcopacy, and with whom he afterwards lived in intimate friendship in more dangerous times. He conversed with the free-thinking Henry More, and knew Burnet his namesake, the author of the once famous Theory of the Earth. For a young man of twenty these were useful acquaintances. He spent six months very profitably in England, and then returned to Edinburgh, where a living was pressed upon him by Sir Robert Fletcher of Saltown. He determined, however, upon a journey to the continent. He had seen the great lights of the church in England, he was now anxious to visit the seats of Protestantism abroad.

He first went to Holland, at that time the most remarkable country in Europe. Holland had but lately been rescued from the waves and from the mur-

derous tyranny of Spain. Yet it had started into a sudden prosperity that excited the envy of the surrounding monarchs. Its narrow territory was cultivated like a garden, and its busy people planted and sowed beneath the roar of the North Sea billows. Its harbors sent forth great fleets such as no other nation could equal. Its cities were marked by security and neatness at a time when Paris and London were beset by robbers and covered with filth. Its government was a republic in the midst of the darkest of despotisms. Its religion was Protestant when Popery was rising from its discomfitures with a power more menacing than ever.

Burnet paused at Amsterdam to study Hebrew under a learned Rabbi, but he learned something more than Hebrew. He conversed with the leaders of the various sects who, under the free government of the States, gathered around them their adherents and assailed each other with unsparing violence. Here he saw the Armenian, and the Calvinist, the Lutherans, the Unitarians, the Anabaptists, and the Papists, all enjoying a common toleration, and engaged in incessant theological discussions. At first view the scene was not encouraging to the young Protestant. He could hardly look with pleasure upon this disunion among those who should have united against a common foe. But upon conversing with the leaders of these sects he formed a more favorable opinion of them. He found them pious, sincere, and devoted men. He discovered that

their warmth in debate proceeded from their very sincerity. And he learned from this view of opposing sects not to scoff at all religion but to believe that good existed in all. He was the more confirmed in his zeal for toleration, a principle that he never ceased to advocate until his death.

From Holland he went to Paris. Here he became acquainted with many learned men, and listened attentively to the famous preachers of the time. He thought them too declamatory, but gave them credit for remarkable talent. In the reign of Louis XIV. the pulpit of Paris flourished equally with its literature.

From France Burnet returned to his native land. His foreign tour had added much to his knowledge without destroying his early piety. He came back from the brilliant society of the continent to settle as the pastor of an obscure country parish at Saltown. Here he stayed nearly five years, and so diligently performed the duties of his station as to win the general esteem of his parishioners. He preached twice every Sunday, and at least once during the week. He catechised thrice a week, administered the sacrament regularly, and visited the sick and poor with great assiduity. His benevolence and charity were conspicuous. He was fond of extemporary preaching, for which he prepared himself by careful meditation upon his subject. Burnet was still a young man, but his many virtues had already made him an example and a

reproach to many of his less scrupulous brethren of the church.

Episcopacy had but lately been forced upon the unwilling Scotch. The majority of the people were Presbyterians. Under the Parliament and Cromwell they had enjoyed a perfect supremacy of the Calvinistic form. During all that period no prelate had been seen in Scotland. When, therefore, Charles II. forced upon the nation a new system of worship, and built up by law the church of England in its midst; when the Scotch saw their favorite pastors driven from their churches, and their places filled by an unknown crowd of prelatical divines; when they felt that in future they must give up all their old dogmas and worship according to the will of a tyrannical king, they were filled with indignation. Episcopacy grew more unpopular than ever. The great body of the nation indeed submitted, but it was only because they saw no hope of successful resistance. In some parts of the country the more violent of the covenanters still continued to hold their meetings in defiance of the English tyranny. These unhappy men soon felt the penalties they had incurred. Even in the desolate moors and heaths of the western Lowlands where they had stolen away hoping to enjoy the prized liberty of conscience, they were hunted out by the emissaries of government, their meetings broken up by armed force, and those who were taken prisoners exposed to such tortures and pains as only Popery in the times of bitterest persecution had

been known to inflict. They were cast into prison, beaten, tortured, and hanged. Whole districts were exposed to the cruel ravages of dissolute troopers who hunted from house to house for the concealed covenanters. To chase a covenanter was to these wretches as good sport as to hunt a stag. They burst into the assemblies of faithful worshippers with loud oaths and ribaldry, such as would have become a legion of devils. They shot down pastor and people while bent in prayer or united in praise. They assumed the name as well as the conduct of demons, and their captains were known as Beelzebub, or Belial, or by some equally appropriate title even among their own people.

By such means did King Charles attempt to convert his subjects in Scotland to Episcopacy. It would have required uncommon excellence on the part of the ministers of that church to remove the hostile impression which had thus been produced. Had they come in meekness, compassion, and a self-sacrificing spirit, as if resolved to heal the wounds occasioned by an injudicious government, they might have awakened in the minds of the depressed Scots some feeling of favor towards those who could thus sympathize with their misfortunes.

Very different was the conduct of the new bishops, who were sent from England, to restore Episcopacy. Even Burnet had been disgusted by the idle pomp with which they made their triumphal entry into Edinburgh. They seemed to come like conquerors triumphing over

a fallen people, rather than as ministers of a faith that professes a perfect humility: their very air savored of spiritual pride, and their priestly robes, long unusual in Scotland, recalled vividly the memory of papal practices and persecutions. Their coming seemed a fitting prelude to that season of affection under which the Scotch Church was to bow in sorrow all through the rule of the last Stuarts, and which was to be ended only when the great grandson of Mary should be driven forth into exile, the last of her fated line.

The lives of the new bishops became a scandal even to the Episcopalians in Scotland. They were violent bigots in doctrine; they neglected their most necessary duties. Some never entered their diocese: others passed their time in the society of men of loose character and open impiety. They were vain, worldly and irreligious: they took no pains to hide even their vices, and seemed to rely wholly upon force for the establishment of the Church and the conversion of the Scotch. Persecution was their favorite argument. They encouraged the violent policy of Charles, and the cruel extremities to which it was carried by his ministers.

To the mild and good-natured Burnet such conduct on the part of the heads of his church was singularly displeasing. His good feeling was shocked by the harsh measures which they advocated, his piety revolted at their worldliness. He saw the impolicy as well as the impropriety of their conduct: himself a zealous defender of the Episcopacy, he could not but feel that the

bishops were destroying the hopes of his church: he knew that the majority of the Scotch were people of unusual austerity of life, and not apt to overlook the failings of those of an opposite faith: he felt that the keen glance of a thousand enemies was fixed with bitter exultation on those scandals, which had destroyed the good name of their oppressors: he resolved, notwithstanding his youth, and the danger of the attempt, to protest against their policy and practice.

At twenty-three he drew up a memorial, recounting their misconduct, and having signed it distributed several copies among his friends. It created much interest. The bishops read it, and were enraged: they summoned the young parish priest before them: they rebuked him for having dared to advise his superiors: they charged him with reflecting on the king, for having called them to his councils; at least they demanded that he should ask their pardon for what he had done.

Burnet was not dismayed. He avowed his paper; and, to prove that it was no anonymous libel, pointed to his name at the close. He steadily refused to make any apology. Sharpe, Archbishop of St. Andrews, a convert from Presbyterianism, and the source of the most violent counsels, lead the prosecution against Burnet. But even Sharpe was alarmed by the boldness of the young priest. He began to suspect that Lauderdale was his instigator. The bishops did not succeed in making Burnet ask pardon, and his fame was widely spread by

his bold conduct. Lauderdale was greatly pleased with it, and mentioned it to the king. Charles, who was fond of declaiming against the bishops, was delighted with the whole occurrence. It was, perhaps, one cause of Burnet's favorable reception at his court.

In 1668, when moderate counsels prevailed in Scotland, Burnet was much consulted by the government. In 1669, his reputation for learning and piety led to his appointment as professor of divinity at Glasgow. Here, it is said, his moderation made him unpopular both with Episcopalians and Presbyterians.

He had now made the acquaintance of the Duchess of Hamilton, and often visited her at her house. She seems to have entertained an unusual friendship for Burnet. His good qualities were such, that no one who knew him well could avoid liking him. His generosity, candor, good-nature and moderation were rare qualities in those days of violent factions in church and state.

At the Duchess of Hamilton's house he met Lady Margaret Kennedy, the daughter of the Earl of Cassillis. She was a person of great piety, and inclining towards Presbyterianism, was probably pleased with Burnet's moderation. The duchess encouraged the young clergyman to offer himself to this lady. She possessed some fortune, and was an advantageous match for him. In those times, says the biographer, it was no unusual thing for the daughters of the nobility to marry clergymen. It is to be hoped that the good custom is not

changed. They are married, and Burnet, to avoid suspicion of mercenary motives, settled the lady's fortune upon herself. She was many years older than himself, a circumstance that gave Swift a pleasant topic for ridicule.

But the duchess was not satisfied with giving Burnet a wife. She entrusted him with the papers of the late Duke of Hamilton, and engaged him to write his Memoirs. In connection with this charge, Burnet went twice to London. In his first visit he became instrumental in reconciling Lauderdale with the Duke of Hamilton. In 1672 he published his vindication of the Church of Scotland, when he was yet under thirty. In 1673 he repaired to London with his Memoirs, to obtain a license for their publication.

Here he met with much attention. He was immediately named one of the king's chaplains in ordinary. The Duke of Lauderdale introduced him to Charles, and mentioned to the king the subject of his Memoirs. Charles read part of them, expressed his approval, and directed that they should be licensed.

Burnet had a long private audience with the king. They talked much of church matters. Charles's mind was evidently won over to Popery. Religious controversy seems to have been the only subject that he ever studied, and that he had examined in a superficial manner. He had been converted by the weakest arguments Romanism. His delight was to jeer at the failings of churchmen. He disliked Episcopacy even more than

Presbyterianism. Charles told Burnet that the Episcopalians when they argued against dissenters, laid great stress, upon the authority of the Church, but when they wrote against Catholics, they neglected it entirely. Burnet replied by explaining to him the difference between authority and infallibility. The king complained of the bishops for neglecting their churches, following the court, and entering into violent political factions. Burnet, with his usual boldness, now turned the argument upon the king, the head of the church. He reproved his immorality. He spoke of its dangers, and its consequences. Charles was living in open licentiousness. His court emulated their monarch, and he was accustomed to hear nothing but the language of gaiety and license. It was a bold act therefore for the young Scotch priest so openly to assail the favorite vices of his king. Yet Charles was not offended. He liked boldness. His sensual philosophy was not easily disturbed. He only replied, "that he did not believe God would damn a man for a little pleasure."

The Earl of Ancram, next introduced Burnet to the Duke of York. The duke asked him for an account of affairs in Scotland, but Burnet avoided the subject. They then talked of religion. James spoke of the necessity of an infallible church, of the swarms of sectaries, of the rebellions, and massacres which had sprung from Protestantism, of the death of his father and his ancestress, Mary, Queen of Scots. Burnet was as candid with James as he had been with the king. He pointed

out to him how ignorance and credulity had spread over the church of the middle ages ; how the papal pretension to infallibility had been the true source of all religious wars, how it must ever continue to occasion bloodshed and disturbance. James professed to be pleased with Burnet, and Burnet made no other use of his friendship than an attempt to convert him. He begged the duke to be present at a conference in which Chillingworth, the great controversialist, and himself would discuss the question with the chief leaders of the Romish persuasion. The proposal was declined.

When Burnet returned to Scotland, he found party spirit more violent than ever. Hamilton and Lauderdale had quarrelled. The latter became Burnet's open enemy. The court measures had failed in Parliament ; Lauderdale threw the blame of the failure upon Burnet. He accused him of being the leader of the opposition. To clear himself of this charge, Burnet went again to London. Charles had been so incensed against him that he had ordered his name to be stricken off the roll of chaplains. The duke, however, remained his friend, and brought him to the king. Charles became convinced of his innocence and directed him to return to Glasgow. But the violent and tyrannical Lauderdale was now his bitter enemy. He could not return to Scotland without danger of imprisonment. The time for moderation was over in that unhappy country. Even the duke cautioned Burnet against venturing in the power of his foes.

Burnet must, therefore, seek a new establishment. He proposed to settle in London. Here a large party existed, who sympathized with his own moderation. Among the citizens of the metropolis he was certain to find audiences who would delight in his ready extemporary eloquence. The court alone opposed his project. However much they might respect his sincerity, it could not but be unfavorable to the designs of James and Charles, to have so keen and popular a divine watching their movements, and perhaps preparing an early opposition. When Burnet decided to settle in London, he felt that he must do so under the forms of the court. He was first offered the parish of St. Giles, Cripplegate, which he declined. He was then appointed preacher of the Rolls Chapel, by Sir Harbottle Grimstone, master of the rolls.

Burnet entered London when the great metropolis was just beginning to be agitated by the violence of religious excitement. London was thoroughly Protestant. Its wealthy merchants and hardy apprentices still cherished a jealousy of Popery. Among its vast population were many who regretted the austere days of Cromwell, and who looked upon the gay and glittering court as an abomination and a curse. London contained the seeds of many plots. The concealment which its narrow streets and hidden corners offered to political offenders, at a time when a police hardly existed, had made it the refuge of all who desired the overthrow of government. They were safer there than they would

have been in the heaths of Yorkshire. All who sought political notoriety hastened up to the capital: all who wished for eminence of any kind must seek it there. The huge city was full of restless spirits, for the most part dissatisfied with the government, who were ready to join in every movement that promised to be popular and to swell the general discontent. When, therefore, the agitation against Romanism commenced, there were thousands, indifferent to all religion, who aided by their unscrupulous artifices to swell the public alarm.

London had long suspected and disliked the court. The contempt which the courtiers entertained for the unpolished citizens, had been returned by the latter with a thorough hatred. The morals of the French regime were looked upon with proper loathing by the Puritanical citizens. But when it was rumored that, with foreign manners, Charles had also brought over a foreign religion, the dislike of the city increased into a suspicious dread. The open apostasy of the Duke of York confirmed this feeling. The city now watched the court with all the keenness of religious zeal, convinced that, amid its trifles and its pleasures, it entertained the design of destroying the Protestant faith. The suspicion was well founded. Charles had already sold the consciences of his countrymen to Louis. He had pledged himself to profess the Romish faith, and he only delayed the avowal of his determination until the moment when he should be able to restrain the violence of his Protestant subjects by a standing army.

The House of Commons shared the feeling of the city. They looked with suspicious dread upon the court: they, too, believed that a design had been formed by the king to deprive them of their civil and religious liberties. They had lately turned their attention to Scotland, and had beheld there a scene of persecution and oppression, such as might well forewarn them of what might possibly be the doom of their own country. Charles, so mild and tolerant in his professions to his English subjects, had shown no mercy to the Scotch. His minister Lauderdale had been left to gratify his utmost cruelty among the feeble and unprotected covenanters. In vain had the Duke of Hamilton and the liberal party in Scotland remonstrated against those enormities. Charles sustained his minister and neglected his accusers. Lauderdale heard of their failure, and redoubled his oppressions: he sold favors, offices and even justice. The whole government of Scotland fell into his hands; and he reigned over that kingdom more like a Roman proconsul than the minister of a constitutional king.

His violent conduct awakened the indignation of the House of Commons. They commenced an inquiry into his measures, and among other witnesses summoned Burnet. They demanded that he should give an account of Lauderdale's conduct. Burnet hesitated. Much as he hated the minister's tyranny, he would not repeat what he had heard only in private conversation. Four times he was summoned to the bar of the House, and urged to answer. At length he yielded when he had

been threatened with the effects of their high displeasure. He confessed that he had heard Lauderdale say that he wished the Presbyterians of Scotland would revolt, that he might bring over the Irish papists to cut their throats. Notwithstanding, however, the efforts of the Commons, Charles still sustained Lauderdale.

As a preacher, Burnet was highly esteemed in the capital. His church was always crowded with hearers: his zealous extemporaneous preaching, and his moderate principles recommended him to dissenters as well as to churchmen. In the common dread of Popery the lines of sectarian difference seemed to grow faint and indistinct. He now won the support of all Protestants by his controversial writings. In 1776 he published an account of the discussions between himself, Stillingfleet and the Jesuit Coleman.

The origin of this discussion was curious: Sir Philip Tyrwhit, a papist, had fallen in love with a Protestant lady, and, to gain her affections, professed himself of the same faith with herself. The lady suspected his sincerity; but, to quiet her scruples, he took the sacrament with her in the Protestant form. They were married. After marriage the fatal secret was revealed. The lady found that she had linked herself for life with one who believed her to be a heretic, and for ever lost. They lived together for some time unhappily. At last the wife determined to attempt the conversion of her husband. She came to Burnet to request his aid. It was arranged that he and Stillingfleet should discuss

the points of faith with any Romish divines that might be willing to meet them in the presence of herself and her husband. A day was appointed: the two Protestants appeared. They found the Jesuit Coleman waiting to oppose them. The argument took place, and Burnet recorded and published it. Coleman was secretary to the Duke of York, and active in making proselytes. The public sided with Burnet; but unfortunately the lady with Coleman. Some time after she yielded her religion to the arguments of the Jesuit, or the solicitations of her husband.

The publication of this argument gave Burnet great weight with the Protestant party. He wrote in a manner plain and popular. He knew, too, how to suit his subject to the public taste. His History of the Reformation, which appeared soon after, possessed an interest that appealed to every Englishman.

The dread of Popery had now assumed a definite form. It was believed firmly by three-fourths of the Protestants that a great plot for the destruction of their faith had just been discovered. It was a scheme of the Jesuits by which the Romanists were to massacre their Protestant neighbors and assassinate the king. They were to set fire to London and call in a French army. This story was sustained by the discovery of some papers belonging to Coleman, the Jesuit, and by the murder of Godfrey, the justice, before whom the deposition of the informer, Oates, had been taken. The House of Commons, the city of London, and the greater part of

the nation, were seized with an alarm approaching madness. Protestants in their terror adopted something of the persecuting spirit of their opponents. The prisons were crowded with papists. In the courts of justice the lives of innocent men were sacrificed upon the oaths of the vilest of mankind. The terror was increased by new informers who every day added something to the horrors of the plot, until even in the midst of London no citizen could feel safe unless he was armed and saw the guard patrolling from street to street.

The plot was a fiction, yet there was good ground for Protestants at that moment to tremble. They felt that their king was a papist and in close alliance with Louis. Romanism in many years had not presented so imposing an aspect. France, the ruling power in Europe, overawed the Protestant states and seemed about to overwhelm them. Its ambitious king was a bigot in matters of religion. He stood ready at a moment to interfere in the affairs of England, and to aid her traitorous monarch to destroy the liberty of his subjects.

In this moment of alarm Burnet's History appeared. It recounted the story of the English Reformation. It set in a fair light the arguments upon which the church of England rested. It renewed the memory of Pópish persecution and intolerance.

No book was ever better received. It was greeted with loud applause from all Protestants. Parliament thanked the author for his first volume and begged him to continue it—an honor which it has never paid

to any author before or since. It was translated into French, Latin and German, and wherever it went became the text-book of the Protestant, an object of loathing and alarm to his opponents.

During the Popish plot Burnet acted with his usual moderation. He endeavored to save the lives of several of the accused. And he was frequently consulted by the king. Charles offered to make him Bishop of Chichester if he would come into his measures. Burnet declined.

About this time he made a singular convert. He had been called to attend the sick-bed of one of the victims of Wilmot, Earl of Rochester. The writings and the life of that nobleman were equally profligate. He is remembered for having written the most licentious volume of poetry in the language, and for having lived a most dissolute life. Yet at this time he had grown weary of his vices, and learning how assiduously Burnet had visited the lady, sought his acquaintance. The acquaintance grew into intimacy. Once a week the earl and Burnet met to go over the leading objections against Christianity, and to converse upon religious topics. Burnet believed that he had made a sincere convert of Wilmot. He published in 1680 an account of their conferences.

The effect which he had had upon the courtier led him to attempt the conversion of the king. The incident bears a close resemblance to that of his interview with Wilmot. He was summoned to the dying bed of Mrs. Roberts, once the mistress of Charles. He visited her

often and believed her to be penitent. As some atonement for her past faults he urged her to write a letter to the king, warning him, as with her dying voice, of the dangers of a life of immorality. At her request Burnet drew up the letter, but the sick woman had never sufficient strength to write it. He then resolved to write himself, as he says, a very plain letter to the king. He set before Charles his whole past life, the effect of his own example upon his people, the judgments which had already befallen him and those to which he might justly look forward. He alluded to the ill-success of the king in all his plans, both foreign and domestic, as a proof that he had forfeited the favor of heaven. It was the anniversary of the beheading of Charles I. Burnet, indelicately yet with the purest motive, ventured to tell Charles that what had befallen his father on the 30th January should move him to regard this appeal. He carried the letter himself to the palace and gave it to Chiffinch, the confidential servant of the king. Chiffinch, who had often borne missives of a very different import, never carried one so startling. Lord Arran told Burnet afterwards that he had held the candle while Charles read it. He read it attentively twice over and then threw it in the fire. When Arran mentioned Burnet's name some time after, the king spoke of him with great sharpness.

This rather indelicate proceeding was in keeping with Burnet's whole character. His disposition was warm and hasty. He never saw a wrong that he did not

hasten to redress it. Where others would have been restrained by modesty or good taste, Burnet broke through the usages of society in pursuit of a good object. Thus, when he had just succeeded in reforming Wilmot, his warmth of feeling urged him to attempt the conversion of Charles. His good heart was touched by the spectacle of that thoughtless monarch destroying himself and corrupting his people. He wrote, therefore, in a strain so bold and urgent as none but himself would have ventured to employ. He wrote at the hazard of giving deadly offence. It was no light matter to rebuke the vices of a tyrannical king, to recall to his memory the disgraceful termination of his wars, and to warn him to avoid the fate of his unhappy father. Yet Burnet ventured all for the sake of doing Charles a service. Perhaps he never once thought of the consequences.

The excitement of the Popish plot passed away. Its violence, which had for a time intimidated the court, was succeeded by a reaction in its favor. Charles, towards the close of his reign, abandoned all pretence of moderation. He became almost as tyrannical as his father.

Burnet was never idle. His church was thronged. He preached with untiring fervor. He wrote incessantly. In 1682 he published three works, his life of Sir Matthew Hale, a second volume of the History, and a reply to an attack upon that book. He was offered preferment if he would come over to the court measures, but he steadily declined it. His friends were numerous and powerful. Lord Russell, the Earl of

Essex, Halifax, Tillotson, Chillingworth, and many others delighted in his society. So incessant were the calls at his house that he found himself obliged to avoid society by a singular expedient. He built a laboratory and for a year gave himself up to experiments in chemistry. His versatile mind had been charmed by the novelty of a science that was just becoming popular in England. Here, immersed in a new study, he kept aloof from politics, and avoided those rash counsels which towards the close of the reign of Charles engaged the attention of the leaders of his party.

When the Ryehouse plot was discovered, it was generally believed that he would be found implicated in it, since two of his most intimate friends, Essex and Russell, were of the number of those arrested. But Burnet had acted on this occasion with more than his usual caution. He had candidly told those noblemen that he was resolved to reveal any treasonable designs he might chance to hear, and they had been careful not to commit themselves in his presence.

Yet when the earl and Lord Russell were committed to the Tower, Burnet manfully stood by them to the last. He was strongly attached to Lord Russell. He was with him constantly in his imprisonment. Burnet was not a writer of great sensibility, but even the history of his own times grows touching when he relates the last scenes of Russell's life. He paints the patience, firmness, and piety of his friend with a simplicity that is almost artistic.

The night before his execution, Russell conversed

calmly with Burnet and Tillotson upon religious topics. He said he thought a sudden death desirable. His own calm courage sustained the spirits of his friends. His children, some of whom were quite young, were brought in, and he took leave of them with composure. His lady next came. She endeavored to command her feelings and parted from her husband without disturbing his calmness. Russell then retired to his chamber. It was now midnight. Burnet waited all night in an outer room. At two Russell laid down, and was fast asleep at four, when he was called. He rose and dressed quickly. He was told that the plot had proved to be unfounded, and said he rejoiced at it for the sake of his party. He asked Burnet what he should give the executioner, and was told ten guineas. Even at that moment a ludicrous idea arose in his mind. "It is a pretty thing," said he, "that one should pay for having his head cut off."

At ten o'clock the sheriff's officers came to carry him to the place of execution. He accompanied them without reluctance. Burnet and Tillotson went with him. A crowd surrounded them as they passed, some of whom insulted the prisoner, and others wept at the spectacle. Russell was touched by the affection of the one, but showed no anger at the others. As he beheld the crowd gathered around the scaffold, he said he hoped soon to be in a much better assembly. Having alighted, he walked four or five times around the scaffold. He delivered his last speech to the sheriff.

He prayed; then bared his neck, and laid his head upon the block. It was cut off in two blows.

So beloved was Russell, that the night before his execution Lord Cavendish came to beg him to exchange clothes with him and make his escape, while he remained in his stead. But Russell would not expose his friend to danger. They embraced tenderly, but when Cavendish was turning away Russell turned to him again and besought him to apply himself to religion, expressing to him how great a support and comfort he now found in it in his extremity. The Duke of Monmouth also sent him word that he would surrender himself if it would produce his release. Russell replied that "it would be no advantage to him to have his friends die with him."

The speech which he had delivered to the sheriffs was supposed to be the production of Burnet. It professed his zeal for the church of England; his desire that churchmen would be less severe, dissenters less scrupulous. He avowed his firm belief in the Popish plot. He proclaimed his innocence, and asserted that he was killed by law, the worst kind of murder. He hoped, he said, that it might end with him.

This speech gave great offence to the court. Burnet and Tillotson were summoned before a cabinet council and charged with being its authors. Tillotson easily proved his innocence; he had only heard the speech read. But Burnet was more strongly suspected. Its sentiments and its composition sounded like his own. He

was known to be daring and hostile to the court, and it was only by unusual caution that he had escaped the fate of his friends. Had a shadow of proof existed against him, he would have been one of the earliest victims of the cruel policy of Charles. Burnet, however, defended himself boldly. He addressed himself to the king. He told him that at the request of his lady he had written down a minute account of every event during his attendance upon the prisoner. Charles desired him to read it. He did so. The king listened attentively, and seemed astonished at many particulars. The lord keeper asked Burnet if he intended to print it. Burnet replied that it was written only for his lady's use. He retired from the council unharmed, but convinced that he could no longer be safe in England.

He went over to Paris. It was the reign of Louis XIV., and the French metropolis reflected the gaiety and magnificence of its king. In the splendor of that opening reign, no one could foresee how dark would be its close. No one could dream that the gay and stately monarch, who now gave law to Europe, and held England as his tributary, would behold, before he died, his finest armies defeated, his flourishing kingdom impoverished, and his cherished glory tarnished by the successors of the feeble Stuarts. In France, all was magnificence and exultation. Everything conspired to gratify the vanity of its king. He chose to encourage letters, and a crowd of gifted men sprang up to celebrate his victories and adorn his reign. The drama and

the arts flourished in France, as they had never done before. The pulpit resounded with the unrivalled eloquence of Massillon and Bourdaloue. Great generals appeared at the head of the French armies, more renowned than all their predecessors, and skillful statesmen arose who could carry out the magnificent plans of Louis. To visit Paris in those days, was to go to the source of luxury, elegance, and good taste. From thence English writers borrowed their rules of composition, as English milliners did the style of bonnets. The literature of France, the taste of Paris, were the standard of Europe.

Burnet's reputation had gone before him. His writings were well known to all Roman Catholics. The active, bustling, Scotch clergyman was received in Paris with unusual honors. Rovigny, the uncle of his friend, Lady Russell, took great pains to make him known to every person of eminence. Here he first made the acquaintance of Marshal Schomberg, who was afterwards to share with him the dangers and the triumphs of the expedition of William against England. While Burnet was at court, one of the king's coaches was sent to wait upon him, and the courtiers were directed to pay him marked attention. He was even told that a pension would be offered him.

The Marshal Bellefont had been introduced to Burnet. The marshal was a Roman Catholic of unusual piety, spending much time in reading the scriptures, and practicing the virtues of a hermit in the midst of a dissolute

court. He was very weak but sincerely pious. This good man formed the design of converting Burnet. Not confident, however, of his own powers of persuasion, he determined to make the beautiful Duchess de la Valière, who had retired in penitence to a convent, the instrument of the conversion. The duchess desired Burnet to come to the grated window of her convent, and converse with her upon the topic of religion. There she recounted to him the steps of her conversion. How she, who had shone in the brightest of earthly courts, had come with weeping and lamentation over her past errors, to submit to the strict discipline of the Carmelites. Although the duchess did not succeed in her object, yet Burnet was convinced of her piety and contrition. His intercourse with these and other Roman Catholics, gave him a better opinion of their religion than was common among Protestants. He found them of great austerity of life, and shocked at the immorality and impiety which prevailed among the higher orders of their clergy. They were anxious for a reformation in their church. He was introduced to the famous Bourdaloue, and was charmed with his mildness of manner and excellent heart. He met also many Protestants who had hastened to visit him as the great defender of their faith. They yet lived on peacefully among their Romanist brethren, unconscious of the dark days that were approaching. The Edict of Nantes was not yet revoked.

Burnet prepared to return home. His friends advised

him not to venture into England, but he replied that he was conscious of no crime. Soon after his return to London, the dislike of the court showed itself openly, and he was forbidden to lecture and preach at the Rolls chapel.

Charles died. A Roman Catholic, the first since the reign of Philip and Mary, sat on the throne of England. Burnet felt that he was not safe. He availed himself of the lenity which marked the opening of the rule of James to obtain permission to travel. Halifax interceded for him, and he was suffered to depart. James no doubt often regretted that he had allowed the active and popular Scotchman to escape unharmed.

Burnet fled to the continent. He determined to spend some time in travelling. But the continent presented a mournful, disheartening spectacle to the Protestant divine. Everywhere he beheld the persecution and decline of his own faith, the triumph of his opponents.

The year 1685 was a fatal one for Protestantism. In February a papist ascended the English throne. In June, the elector of the Palatinate became a Catholic. In October, the King of France revoked the Edict of Nantes, and startled all Protestant Europe by the spectacle of a general persecution of his dissenting subjects.

Continental Protestants bowed their heads in shame and horror. The strongholds of their faith were broken up. England, which had so long awed their enemies, seemed ensnared into their hands. The states of Hol-

land were intimidated. Calvinistic Geneva trembled for its own independence. While every Protestant city was crowded with troops of naked and starving fugitives, who had fled from France to bear witness to the bitterness of spirit with which the mildest papist viewed their heretical faith.

At the moment when the persecution of the Protestants was at its height, Burnet made a tour through the southern provinces of France. With his usual daring he flung himself in the midst of danger, to observe and to record the sufferings of the church. His mild and tolerant nature glowed with indignation at the horrors which he beheld. Men and women of all ages were stripped of all their property, driven from place to place and hunted like wild beasts. Females were carried into the nunneries to be whipped, starved and barbarously treated. A general rage for persecution seemed to seize upon the Roman Catholics. Persons, who had been long esteemed for their mildness and moderation, now grew furious persecutors. Neighbors, friends, and even relatives, rivalled the barbarities of the Inquisition. Many of the Protestants had been driven to renounce their faith, but they were known by their mournful looks and conscience-smitten countenances; they walked with downcast glance and hesitating step. They were watched by the persecutors with unceasing vigilance. If they attempted to escape they were stopped by the guards that lined the frontiers. And the men were sent to the galleys, the women to the nunneries. If the

new converts did not receive the sacrament at death, they were refused the rite of burial. Their bodies were flung out to be devoured by the dogs.

The persecution of Protestantism in France was the source of the downfall of Louis XIV. It showed Protestants of every land what they might expect from the mildest Catholic rule. It warned them of the bitter hatred which lurked beneath the fairest professions of their opponents. If the enlightened, generous and polished Louis was forced by his religious principles to become a persecutor worse than Diocletian, the papist kings of other countries were still more to be distrusted. The news of the dreadful events in France passed over into England. Burnet published an account of his tour and pictured to his countrymen the effects of that vast Inquisition which had been employed to extirpate the Huguenots. He wrote only what he had beheld. But the simple narrative was sufficient. It was what the Englishmen wanted to steel their hearts against the liberal professions of James. When James demanded toleration as the only mode of opening the way for Popery, his people smiled at his insincerity. When he courted the favor of the dissenters in his designs against the church, they could point to the doom of their Calvinistic brethren in France as the test of true papal toleration. The barbarities of Louis roused that feeling of hatred against Romanism in England which opened the way for the success of William.

Protestants had never been persecutors. No rude

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scene of oppression had ever followed the establishment of the liberal faith. Wherever they ruled over Roman Catholics they, at least, allowed them their liberty and their lives. They treated them, it is true, in that age as a dangerous class, but they did not drive them from their homes, send them to the galleys, or force them by severe penalties to deny their cherished religion. The papist in all Protestant countries found a home and a shelter. Englishmen, therefore, looked upon the conduct of Louis as the more inexcusable. Had he been provoked by the oppressive policy of Protestant kings to retaliate upon his own subjects, they might have seen some excuse for his violence. Or had the French Calvinists plotted against his authority, he would have been yet more pardonable. But there was no excuse. His act was the mere whim of an absolute king, governed by a blind and cruel superstition. It was disapproved of by many liberal Roman Catholics.

When Monmouth was preparing his unfortunate expedition against James, Burnet was in Paris. His friends warned him that he was watched by the court. He carefully avoided all connection with the invaders. In company with Brigadier Stoupe, a Protestant officer in the French service, he made a tour through Italy.

In those days of intolerance it was a bold thing for the most conspicuous Protestant writer to venture into the heart of the Romish power. Some of his acquaintances cautioned him against the danger of the attempt.

Burnet, however, was never timid. His bold and sanguine temperament made him overlook danger, and he entered Italy, where a Protestant was usually sent to the Inquisition, as calmly as he would have walked the streets of Amsterdam.

His boldness was admired. The famous Protestant writer was received with unusual distinction. When he visited Rome, the pope, Innocent XI., no sooner heard of his arrival than he sent the captain of the Swiss guards to acquaint him that he would give him an audience in bed in order to avoid the ceremony of kissing his toe. Burnet excused himself from an interview. The Cardinals Howard and D'Estres paid him many civilities. Howard showed him the letters which he had received from England, announcing the approaching triumph of his faith. The Catholics were convinced that that seat of their foes was soon about to fall under the power of the church. Yet at Rome the policy of James was condemned. The pope was an enemy of the ambitious Louis, and regretted to see England, the only power that could check his progress, fall so completely into his designs.

Burnet soon grew intimate with the cardinals. One evening he was present when Cardinal Howard was distributing relics to two French gentlemen. With his customary heedlessness he whispered to the cardinal in English, "that it was surprising that a Protestant of the church of England should be at Rome helping them off with the wares of Babylon." The cardinal smiled and

repeated the remark in French to the two gentlemen, adding that they should tell their countrymen "how bold were Protestants and how mild Catholics at Rome." Burnet's indiscretion in conversation soon made him looked upon with suspicion. He did not, indeed, commence religious discussions, but he was never willing to allow his own side to go undefended. In fact he was a thorough polemic. He loved a religious dispute. It was his favorite mode of attempting conversion. He had proposed it to both James and Charles. He had tried it, though with no flattering result, upon Lady Tyrwhit. It was hardly to be hoped that he could keep silent even at Rome. His indiscreet speeches were reported to the government. And Prince Borghese sent him an intimation to withdraw.

During this tour he visited the Lutherans at Strasburg, the Calvinists at Heidelberg, and staid some time at Geneva. Here he found the city crowded with French Huguenots, who had come naked and penniless to crave the aid of their Protestant brethren. The city was alarmed at their numbers and importunity. It feared, too, lest its reception of these unhappy fugitives should bring danger upon itself, and it doubted the support of the Catholic cantons should any difficulty arise. The power of Louis overshadowed the little republic and threatened it with destruction.

The conduct of the afflicted Protestants was not such as could reassure their friends. Their sectarian differences raged as violently as ever. They were exceed-

ingly strict in all doctrinal matters and loose in conduct. Even the refugees, who had just sacrificed so much for religion, to Burnet did not seem more charitable or more correct. The clergy of Geneva repeated their prayers with indifference, and delighted in long dry sermons that wearied out their hearers. They were very jealous of the smallest difference in doctrine, and were plunged in endless controversies. Such was the discouraging state of Protestantism in all Europe.

From his tour through Southern Europe Burnet came back, intending to settle in some part of the Netherlands. But he received an invitation from the Prince of Orange to come to the Hague. William was well acquainted with his character and influence, and was glad of his support.

William's was a strange nature. He hated society and conversation: he disliked all kinds of amusement except hunting: he seemed altogether cold and passionless. His education had been neglected: he never could submit to restraint. From his instructors he seemed to have learned only the extreme fatalism of Calvin. He fled from business, and was no student. One great passion alone animated his dull existence,—the desire to humble Louis XIV.

With the cold and reserved prince, Burnet seems to have grown into habits of intimacy. To judge from his own history, he must have succeeded in making William talk. His first act was to inform him of a plot which had been laid for seizing him, and carrying him into

France. A Savoyard had noticed that William was in the habit of riding on the sands of Scheveling, near the sea, with but few attendants. He proposed to land from a small vessel that could lie near the shore; seize the prince, and carry him on board of the vessel. William heard the story with his usual coldness and unconcern. But when it was mentioned to his princess, she became alarmed. She directed Fagel and other leading men to be informed of it. The states desired that William in future would use a guard.

William opened to Burnet his political principles. He said that he disapproved of James's conduct in England. He spoke favorably of the Church of England, but condemned its severity towards other sects. According to Burnet the silent William held a long conversation with him in the presence of Mary upon the subject of the Church, its ceremonies, history and doctrines. No doubt the burden of the conversation fell to the loquacious Scotchman.

The queen was more likely to be influenced by Burnet than her husband. Lady Russell had already recommended him to her favor. Mary was religious, charitable and sensible. Her father gave her no allowance for the support of her dignity; nor ever sent her presents and jewels. Yet, she was always liberal to the poor, and maintained her own dignity. She had read much in history and divinity. But with English affairs she was little acquainted. She employed Burnet

to give her a full account of the politics of her native island.

With his old thoughtless ardor, Burnet was no sooner established at the Hague, that he commenced giving advice. He pressed William to increase the fleet of Holland, so as to be ready for any emergency. He prevailed upon him to write a letter to James in favor of the Bishop of London; and he even ventured to ask the queen what share in the government she wished to assign to William, in case they should obtain the crown of England.

The favorable reception of Burnet at the Hague aroused against him the hostility of James, while the effect of his later writings increased the anger of the king. Burnet had translated "Lactantius on the death of Persecutors," a theme which could not be very pleasing to the Catholic powers. And he had, besides, given in his "Tour" a striking evidence of the persecuting spirit of the Roman Catholics. The force of his indignant pictures had been felt by every Protestant in England. He had aroused a feeling there such as James could never allay. A new circumstance increased the king's displeasure—Burnet was about to marry a lady of large fortune and great influence in Holland.

The Lady Margaret had died; and Burnet was now engaged to Mrs. Mary Scott, a descendant, on her father's side, of the Scotts of Buccleugh, and on her mother's, a De Ruyter, connected with many of the

noblest families of Gueldres. He seems to have been unusually happy in the choice of his wives; for the lady was of a pleasing appearance; painted, drew, and was a perfect musician. She spoke English, French and Dutch. Her understanding was fine, and her temper sweet: her knowledge in religious matters would have become a student of divinity; and her fortune was unusually large. In order to marry, Burnet must be naturalized: he made application therefore to the states to become a naturalized citizen of Holland.

But James resolved to destroy the fair prospects of his adversary: he ordered him to be prosecuted for treason. There was no ground for this violent proceeding, except a passage in a letter to the Earl of Middleton, in which he had threatened James with the disclosure of certain passages in his past conduct, and the application which he had made to become a citizen of Holland. Yet, on these grounds a sentence of outlawry was passed against him. A demand was then made to the states that he should be given up to the English government. But the states refused, urging that, according to the law of nations, he was now one of their own citizens, and that they were bound to protect him. Burnet triumphed in the defeat of the king. But Abbeville, the English envoy, boasted that he would carry him away by force; and James promised a large reward for his apprehension. Burnet received information that £5,000 had been offered to any person that would murder him; and that a warrant lay ready drawn, but not yet signed,

in the secretary's office in London, for the payment of £3,000 to a person not mentioned, who had agreed to seize and destroy him. Yet, the undaunted priest showed no signs of fear: he was as careless among the plots of his enemies as he had been among his congregation at St. Clement's. It was one source of Burnet's safety in those dangerous times, that all men allowed him to be fearless. His audacity startled even his enemies.

About this time Penn, the famous Quaker, came over to Holland. "He was," says Burnet, "a vain talking man: he had such an opinion of his own power of persuasion, that he thought no one could resist it." His discourse was tiresome, Burnet thought, rather than persuasive;—one great talker seldom admires the conversation of another. He came over with the hope of persuading William and Mary to approve of the king's measures, and had several long audiences. Burnet was sometimes present. William was favorable to toleration; but did not think the test could be given up without injury to the Church of England.

"Many," said Burnet, "thought that Penn was a concealed papist." His intimacy with Petre and Sunderland gave rise to this report. Burnet and Penn were often together. They both agreed upon the principle of toleration, and Penn pressed Burnet to come over to England,—accept a pardon from James, and assured him of high-preferment in the Church. He told Burnet a remarkable prophecy which had been

made by a man who professed to hold converse with an angel, that in 1688 a change should take place that would astonish the world. The prophecy was fulfilled, but in a manner that Penn little anticipated. And when Burnet, after the revolution, met the Quaker courtier in London, he asked him if that was the event predicted. Penn remembered the prophecy; was confused, and made no reply.

In 1688 the reign of the direct line of descendants from the unhappy Mary, Queen of Scots, was to end in England. Their careers had been marked only by their faults and their misfortunes. James I. had been despised, and Charles I. beheaded by his subjects. The restored Charles had deluged the nation with immorality, and sought to betray the religion of his people. James II. had carried the family vices to their highest pitch, and by tyranny at home, and misconduct abroad had destroyed the glory and happiness of his kingdom. It seemed as if a curse rested upon the descendants of Mary, and made them a blight and a disgrace to the land which was stained with her blood.

A great expedition was prepared in Holland, for the invasion of England, and Burnet has the credit of being one of its earliest instigators. One of his first counsels to William had been to prepare for a sudden emergency. His busy, active, intriguing temper made him of great use to the prince. His thorough knowledge of English affairs; his popularity as a Protestant controversialist; his wide acquaintance among eminent churchmen and noblemen, made him early one of

William's chosen advisers. He was employed to draw Dykvelt's instructions when that minister was sent over to test the temper of Englishmen, and from the success of Dykvelt they were probably drawn well.

In England, James entertained a strange delusion. He believed himself despotic, when all his authority was gone. He continued to violate the laws of England, when its army, its people, and its nobility were united in a conspiracy against their popish king. The birth of a son to James, an event which was wont to fill all the realm with joy, hastened the movements of the discontented. So long as Mary had been sole heir apparent to the crown, the Protestants felt that some distant hope of relief from their present dangerous circumstances remained, but when it was announced that a male heir was born, who would doubtless be educated in the principles of his father, there seemed no refuge but in revolution. In their disappointment and despair, Protestants attempted to throw discredit upon the birth. They asserted that James was endeavoring, for the sake of his religion, to palm off upon the nation a supposititious child as his own. This scandal was generally believed. Burnet has devoted some pages to its proof and considered the fact of the imposture indisputable. William even laid considerable stress upon it in his address to the people of England. At all events it proves how low had sunk the reputation of the unfortunate Stuart, when so many eminent men believed him capable of a gross and intentional imposture.

England looked to William for relief. Affairs at the

Hague had been managed with unusual prudence. A large fleet and army lay awaiting the summons of the prince. In October the troops went aboard in the Zuyder-Zee. The prince and his court prepared to embark. Burnet saw the princess just before their departure: she seemed depressed. The expedition sailed on the 19th October, and was driven back by a storm. But one ship, however, was lost. Mary ordered prayers to be said four times a day for its success.

On November 1st it sailed again. A fair wind bore the vast fleet down the British Channel, while the shores on either side were lined with crowds of spectators. Just an hundred years had passed since the Armada had sailed over those waters to carry Popery and the Inquisition into England. And now a second armament approached its shores, under more fortunate auspices, to drive out the last Catholic king. Burnet, one of the chief promoters of the expedition, has described its majestic progress, bearing new principles of government, a liberal monarch, and an assurance of religious freedom, to the British isles. On the 5th the fleet was sheltered in Torbay. Burnet was in the van. On landing he hastened to the prince, who took him heartily by the hand. "Doctor," said he, "what do you now think of predestination?" Burnet replied that "he could never forget the providence of God, which had appeared so signally on this occasion." The prince, usually so cold and reserved, seemed at this moment even cheerful. But he soon relapsed into his usual gravity.

William might well show a momentary excitement. The great object of his life was accomplished. He stood on British ground, invited by the wisest and greatest Englishmen to become the defender of their liberties and their faith. He stood there the champion of Protestantism and of liberal government, as Louis XIV. was of despotism and superstition. He felt that he now drew near to the hour when Louis should be humbled. He saw himself already master of England, and about to form that great European league which should reduce the power of France. This had ever been William's ambition. To fight at the head of the allied powers against that monarch who had ravaged his favorite Orange, and pillaged and desolated the fertile fields of Holland, was what William believed to be his destiny, and this destiny was now nearly accomplished.

James fled. England was without a king. The great question was everywhere agitated how should the succession be arranged. Halifax proposed that the crown should be given to William, and that after his death it should pass to Mary and Anne. At this proposition Burnet was indignant. His warm zeal for the absent princess, who was detained in Holland by the severity of the season, would not permit him to keep silent. He said the proposition was an ill return for the patriotic conduct of Mary, that it was unjust and ungrateful, and would meet with wide opposition. He avowed his own resolution to oppose it. And when he believed that it was the secret design of William he

hastened to him and offered to retire from his court rather than be obliged to oppose his wishes.

But the succession was arranged in a manner that ensured to England liberty and good government. The Revolution of 1688 was accomplished almost without bloodshed and with little popular commotion, yet its influence for the benefit of man has been unbounded. It checked the onward march of Popery, and ensured to the feeble Protestant states of Europe a protector in William. It formed a barrier against the ambitious designs of Louis, and led to those signal triumphs of British arms in the reign of Anne, which prostrated the overgrown power of France. It established in England a political and religious liberty under which the strong intellect of its people has grown up and become fully developed. It reached even America. The tyranny of James had been felt and hated in Massachusetts Bay almost as much as in London. When William brought back liberty to England the principles of freedom flourished anew in America.

In this great revolution Burnet had a leading part. It is impossible to estimate how much influence his earnest advocacy of moderation and liberality had upon the conduct of William, but it must have been great. His impulsive, generous, and heedless nature seems to have won the confidence of the prince. With Mary he was even more a favorite than with her husband. He instructed her in the politics of England, and often guided her in her religious difficulties. Evidently he

gained a large influence over the minds of both William and Mary, and imbued them with many of his own opinions in religious and civil affairs.

In March, 1689, Burnet was made Bishop of Salisbury. He had so little expectation of this preferment that he had asked the king to give it to his old friend, Dr. Lloyd. The king said it was intended for another person, and soon after nominated Burnet to the see with many obliging expressions. The queen added that she hoped he would now put in practice those notions with which he had taken the liberty to entertain her. Archbishop Sancroft refused for some time to consecrate him, but was at last forced by a threat of *præmunire* to issue a commission for that purpose. No sooner had Burnet entered the House of Lords than he declared his resolution to support only moderate measures. Burnet had now an opportunity of recommending himself to the favor of the house of Hannover. When the succession was under discussion William desired him to propose the limitation of the crown to that family. This was not done until some time afterwards, but Burnet's exertions in favor of her cause were acknowledged with gratitude by the electress Sophia. She wrote to him several letters expressing her esteem and her hope of one day being able to prove her regard for him.

Through the reign of William and Mary he continued a favorite. One strange idea, however, possessed his mind, that William reigned by right of conquest.

This idea he enforced upon his diocese in a pastoral letter. The letter was burned two years afterwards by order of Parliament, by the common hangman. A doctrine so offensive to the pride of Englishmen was confined, with the single exception of Charles Blount, a free-thinker, to Burnet. Yet it was a strange reverse that one of the last publications of that author, whose history had been honored with the expressed approbation of the Parliament under Charles, should be burnt ignominiously by the Parliament of William.

Burnet entered upon the duties of the diocese of Salisbury with the same zeal that had characterized him in his little parish at Saltoun. The bishop was no less devoted than the country clergymen. Since he had fled from Scotland he had mingled in the highest of earthly scenes. He had lived in luxurious courts, surrounded by tempters who would gladly have led him to sacrifice his principles at the price of worldly advancement. He had resisted the temptation and the flattery of kings. He had passed through the scenes of worldly grandeur without a stain upon his piety. He had mingled in fierce political strife, and had joined in planning and carrying out a revolution without ever losing the purity of a priest in the ardor of a political exile. And now that he came back to resume his professional duties his conduct was marked by the same earnestness and ardor as ever. He had not, like many of his contemporaries, assumed the Episcopal robes only to gratify his idle vanity, and to pass the close of his

life in indolent dignity ; to appropriate the revenues of his diocese in amassing a great fortune for his children ; or to gain power and influence by exalting the church. But he entered upon a high charge with the simple desire to do good.

In his diocese he was humane, charitable, moderate and laborious. One of his first acts was to write a work upon Confirmation, a copy of which he sent to every person who desired to receive that rite. He preached constantly. He obliged his clergy to reside in their parishes and discountenanced pluralities. Every summer he made a tour through his diocese confirming and preaching. His conduct towards dissenters was so moderate that it gained him many enemies. He permitted a meeting-house to be retained at Salisbury at a time when dissenters were not allowed to worship openly. His moderation is said to have won over many to the church. When Dr. Reach, a dissenting minister, had incurred prosecution by a sermon which contained treasonable matter, Burnet interceded for him, and obtained his pardon.

Such was Burnet's consistency. The humane and philosophical principles which he advocated in early life, he continued always to profess in the face of every danger to himself and of the opposition of bitter enemies. So high was the opinion of his generosity and mildness, that even those who had been most hostile to him, often came to seek his assistance.

The Earl of Rochester, in the reign of James, had

been one of those who had driven Burnet from England. In the reign of William he made use of the bishop's influence to save his family estate. "My Lord," wrote the earl to the man he had persecuted, "the good offices your Lordship told me you had endeavoured to do me with the Queen, of your own accord and generosity, incline me to desire to be obliged to your Lordship for presenting the following petition to her Majesty. I should say a great deal to your Lordship for my own confidence in addressing all this to your Lordship, some passages of my life having been such as may very properly give it this name." Again Rochester writes, "Among all her favors (Lady Ranelagh), one that I shall never forget, was her desire and endeavour not only to renew for me the acquaintance I formerly had with your Lordship, but to knit it closer into a friend." This was humble language for the proud earl to use, who not many years before had ruled in the councils of James and Charles. But it is a happy proof of the generosity and good nature of Burnet. He was also of assistance to the Earl of Clarendon and several others of the fallen party.

Burnet now returned to literature. He wrote with all the ardor of youth. In 1694 died his old friend Archbishop Tillotson, whose funeral sermon he preached. The next year Queen Mary died, and Burnet wrote her "character." In 1698 he lost his second wife by small pox. Finding himself engaged with a family of children, he soon after married again on their account. His third

wife was Mrs. Berkley, a daughter of Sir Richard Blake. At seventeen she had married Robert Berkley, of Worcester. In James' reign they fled from England, to travel through the United Provinces. The husband died in 1693. During her widowhood, Mrs. Berkley commenced writing a "Method of Devotion," which was afterwards published and passed through three editions. And she also employed herself in watching the completion of Worcester Hospital, for which her husband had left a sufficient bequest. She died in 1707, before Burnet. Her life was afterwards written in an account of "British ladies celebrated for their attainments in literature, the arts and sciences." In her will she directed her body to be laid by the side of her first husband, the beloved of seventeen. "Not, she adds," out of any want of respect or kindness to my present husband, who has by his great kindness deserved from me all the gratitude and acknowledgments of love and respect I can testify." But her heart evidently in the close of life went back and rested with him whom she had loved as a girl. By this lady Burnet had two children, who died in their infancy.

His appointment as tutor to the Duke of Gloucester marked the year 1698. The young duke was the heir apparent to the throne. He was the last of seventeen children whom the Princess Anne had lost in their infancy. Gloucester alone remained, and his education was a matter of deep interest to the nation. Should he be imbued with those principles which had so fatally marked

his Stuart ancestors, England would have cause to mourn. Should he inherit the moderation of William, his country would rejoice. Among all the eminent prelates of that time, the king selected Burnet as the person best fitted to form the mind and character of his successor. He knew his sincerity, learning and liberality of opinion, and he felt that should he undertake the office he would perform it with his usual zeal.

But Burnet, at first, was unwilling to accept it. The duties of the new appointment would interfere with those of his diocese. He declined to take new labors upon himself. He wrote to the Earl of Sunderland to use his influence with William that he might be excused, and to Archbishop Tenison to aid the request. His friends, however, told him that he owed it to the nation, not to decline an office that might hereafter ensure the permanence of his own principles in the state. Burnet at length consented. But he desired leave from William to resign his bishopric, which he thought must be neglected should he continue to hold it. William was surprised. He was not accustomed to such disinterestedness. He refused to accept Burnet's resignation, and agreed that the duke should reside all summer at Windsor, in the diocese of Salisbury, and that the bishop should be allowed ten weeks every year to visit among his churches.

The young duke was a diligent scholar. The excellence of his disposition was known, and had endeared him to the nation. Burnet's appointment was popular.

An attempt to remove him indeed was made in the House by his ancient enemies the tories, on the pretence that he was a Scotchman, and the author of the unfortunate pastoral letter that had been burned by act of Parliament. But the motion was rejected by a great majority. The country rejoiced to see their young prince under the care of that prelate who had hastened the downfall of Popery in England, and had sailed in the van of that expedition which had driven out its popish king.

Burnet was a good instructor. He taught the duke history, geography, politics and religion. Three hours every day he spent on these subjects, besides overlooking his other instructors. He explained to his pupil the forms of government of different countries, the occupations of the people, their trade and manufactures, their advantages and disadvantages. He recounted the histories of Greece and Rome and related to him Plutarch's Lives. He conversed with him upon the feudal laws and the Gothic constitutions. These studies seem extensive for a boy of nine or ten. Gloucester died in 1700, amid the general regret of the nation.

Queen Mary, pleased with Burnet's "Pastoral Care," had urged him to write an "exposition of the thirty-nine articles." This work, which was now published, was denounced by the lower house of the convocation of clergy but was defended by the upper. Tenison, Sharp, Stillingfleet and Lloyd united in applauding it. In 1704 Burnet proposed a plan for the augmentation of small livings, which was afterwards passed by Parliament.

The year 1706 was marked by the rapid publication of sermons, pamphlets, an exposition of the church catechism and other writings. His mind still retained its amazing fertility.

About five or six years before his death he grew weary of the busy world and withdrew to a residence in St. John's Court, Clerkenwell. Here he would see only his particular friends; but these were the most eminent men of the time. Here came the dukes of Marlborough and Newcastle, the earls of Godolphin and Halifax, and many others of rank or eminence, to converse with the great revolution bishop. The conversation of such a man must have been remarkable. He had seen and been familiar with more men of real greatness than almost any other man of his time. He had shared in all those scenes of danger and of triumph which now formed the boast of Englishmen. His memory was strong and ready. He talked fluently, though with the broad Scotch accent. He had a sharp eye for the defects of others, although none for his own. His learning was of a wide yet popular character that could never seem pedantic. And his hasty and earnest speech must have carried along his listeners as his bold extemporary eloquence had charmed the crowded congregations of the city.

He had good health to the end of life. "His large, bold-looking" frame endured labors and studies without failing. His habits were unusually regular. He rose at five in summer and six in winter. The first two

hours of each day and the last half-hour were invariably spent in religious meditation. He always read morning and evening prayers to his family. Six or eight hours of each day were passed in his study. His table was plain, plentiful and cheerful, his equipage simple, and all his expenses moderate. In his family he was kind to his servants and perhaps too indulgent to his children.

His charities were secret and extensive. He set apart £500 yearly for this purpose, but often exceeded that amount. He delighted to aid distressed clergymen, their widows and children. Besides maintaining a charity school for fifty children, at Salisbury, he aided many others. His benevolence extended to all parties. When Martin, of his own diocese, resigned his prebend after the revolution, because he could not conscientiously take the necessary oaths, the bishop allowed him half its yearly value until his death.

Burnet remained ever an unfailing whig, and he was one of the most active of his party. He seemed to think that religion was not inconsistent with party bitterness. His political writings are a better proof of his sincerity than of his impartiality. However generous he might be in act towards his political opponents he never spares them in word. He can see the slightest defects of a tory. He paints their characters not, indeed, with the coarseness or bitterness of Swift, but with a general disapproval in which his strokes of praise are almost lost. He never forgot to associate them with the days of the popish plot and the tyranny of James. To be one

of that party was to long for the return of the pretender and arbitrary rule. They were, necessarily, cruel, bigoted and tyrannical. Nor was this impression strange. He who had seen the persecution of the Covenanters in the lowlands, the violent policy of Charles and James, the support which the Tories had given to those monarchs in their harshest measures, could not fail to dread their return to power.

But in the Whig party Burnet had cause for sympathy and triumph. It represented his own moderate principles. It spoke of toleration to the dissenter and charity to the churchman, of liberty to the king and self-respect to the people. It had attained wonderful success, and in all its triumph Burnet had shared. It had brought over liberal sentiments of government with William and had ensured their continuance by a proper limitation of the crown. It had decided that no papist should ever after sit on the throne of England. It had restored the ancient glory of the nation. Britain, from a dependency of Louis XIV., had risen up to strike down that mighty champion of despotism in humiliation and dismay. The Whig commander, Marlborough, had inflicted such fatal blows upon France as she had not felt since the days of Agincourt and Cressy. France lay prostrate at the feet of the Whig party of England, suing for a disgraceful peace. But this was not the highest merit of the Whigs in the eyes of Burnet. They had saved Protestantism. Once more, as in the reign of the bold Elizabeth, Protestants everywhere looked for support to

England. Once more his native country formed the centre of a grand league for freedom of thought. So long as England was ruled by whigs, the sectaries of Geneva and Amsterdam might pursue their endless quarrels without a fear of being abandoned to the mercy of their Catholic neighbors.

But in 1710 the whig party was about to fall. Its leaders had been so long used to power that they believed themselves its necessary possessors. Marlborough and Godolphin, Sunderland and Somers were names almost as weighty in England as that of the queen. Anne grew jealous of her great subjects. She entertained something of the old spirit of the Stuarts, and could hardly feel herself a queen while she was governed by a faction. She resolved to dismiss the haughty whigs and bring into power their more subservient opponents.

Burnet heard of her intention and trembled for his country. His honest zeal against toryism blazed forth again with his ancient ardor. He believed the nation was about once more to be delivered into the hands of Popery and the Stuarts, and he hastened to remonstrate against the purpose of the queen.

Anne saw him and heard his remonstrance. He spoke to her with the same bold plainness with which he had spoken to Charles and James and William. He told her there was a report that she was about to favor the Jacobites; that if she were indeed about to make such a bargain for delivering up her people she would

darken the close of a glorious reign; that she would open the way for a popish successor. He urged that the present ministry had served her with fidelity and with such success that their removal would astonish the world. He suggested that should she name a papist as her successor the Jacobites would take means to destroy her life in order to hasten the triumph of her cause. Anne heard him patiently. She said little. She even seemed to assent. But her measures soon after proved how little effect he had produced. His party was turned contemptuously out of office, as if Anne delighted to humble those proud spirits who had so long governed their queen.

Literature reigned with Anne. No sooner had the party of Addison and Steele gone out of power than the scholar-like Harley and the gifted Bolingbroke united in gathering round them a circle equally brilliant. Swift and Pope, Prior, Parnell and Gay, were the advisers and confidants of the new ministry. Friendship grew up between the great lords and the greater poets, which lasted with their lives. Offices, pensions and gifts of considerable sums were showered upon the literary men of the day. "Little Harrison," an inferior poet, received "the prettiest place in Europe," and Swift never found his ministerial friends weary of listening to his solicitations for the rising author, or in giving aid to starving poets. Even party yielded to the claims of letters; and Congreve and Steele, both whigs, were kept in office by their generous opponents.

Swift was the chief source of this literary enthusiasm. He became the untiring friend of every man of genius. He made the fame and fortune of Pope, Parnell, and Gay, and aided all who seemed deserving. He impressed upon the ministry the dignity of literature, and upon the author eminence of those intellectual traits by which he was raised above mankind. And he has such claims to the regard of men of letters of every age, that they have united in veiling the harsher traits of his character under a halo of generous respect.

Swift revelled in sarcasm. He delighted to pierce his foe by the strokes of most delicate irony, or the coarse blow of bitter satire. He was the wittiest writer of an age of wits. In the reign of Anne every one wrote satires. They were the favorite weapons of the time. Addison, humorous and mild, could grow sarcastic in the "Freeholder." The melancholy Parnell could assail a whig with a gay bitterness that almost shocks the ear in which yet rings the pathetic melody of the "Hermit." Pope amused his leisure with contriving tortures for Curl or John Dennis, and embodied the spirit of his age in his memorable "Dunciad." Montague and Prior had grown famous by a satirical song. Bolingbroke and Harley amused themselves at the cost of the Whigs. Pasquinades, burlesques, parodies, and every species of satire, flew from hand to hand, and governed popular opinion.

It was unfortunate for Burnet that he lived in such an age. His weakness of character laid him open to a

thousand attacks. The whole circle of tory wits fastened upon him as their lawful prey. The good bishop fell into the hands of a thousand tormentors who showed him no pity. His indiscretions in conversation were told with pleasant exaggeration from courtier to courtier, until the whole drawing-room was convulsed with laughter. His apparent vanity, his bustling self-importance were sure marks for satire. His three rich wives, his dissipated son, his blind hatred for toryism, his partiality for dissenters, even his visits to Wilmot's victim and Charles's dying mistress were not spared by the untiring wits.

His indiscretions in conversation were exceedingly ludicrous. When he was in Paris the Countess of Soissons, the mother of the Prince Eugene, and several other ladies, had been imprisoned on charge of poisoning. The prince afterwards came over to visit England. Burnet asked Marlborough to give him an opportunity of meeting the prince. At the dinner, to which he was in consequence invited, he resolved to sit silent and unknown. Eugene, seeing a dignified clergyman among the guests, asked who he was; and, learning that it was Burnet, of whom he had heard so much, addressed him, asking him when he was last in Paris. Burnet had forgotten the year. He hesitated; and then replied with more than his usual mal-adroitness, "that he believed it was the year when the Countess de Soissons had been imprisoned." His eyes suddenly met those of the Duke of Marlborough: he felt his mistake; was confused, and then redoubled his fault by asking pardon of the prince.

The whole company was embarrassed, and the unlucky prelate, covered with confusion, fled from the room in dismay. Once, when Lady Stair had introduced Mr. James Lindsay, the last earl of Balcarras, to him, he asked her in the midst of a large company "What had become of that wicked wretch, Lady Wigton?" She was the sister of Balcarras.

Such were the stories told of his habitual blunders. It is easy to imagine how the tories enjoyed these petty discomfitures of their great foe. How Arbuthnot and Pope, and Swift, all alive to the ludicrous, and overflowing with party zeal, would rejoice to make the famous whig a laughing-stock to his contemporaries.

Burnet was indeed fallen. Under the rule of the triumphant tories he lived in constant humiliation and distrust. He feared that the great work which had been accomplished at the revolution, was to be undone by the reigning faction. On all sides he heard avowed doctrines of passive obedience, and of hatred to the moderates, almost as violent as those which had marked the reign of James. He believed that within the heart of the ruling party a project was forming almost as terrible to Englishmen as that which Oates and Dangerfield had professed to reveal. He was certain that many powerful statesmen were engaged to bring back the popish pretender. He feared that the design was neither unknown nor disapproved of by the queen. These opinions were shared by all the whigs, although in Burnet they were probably more violent than in any other man. Popery was to him a constant terror. He

could not think of it without horror. And when he believed that the fatal thing was about to be brought back to that country from which he had thought it expelled for ever, his sermons and his pen grew as sharp against the tories as when he had exhorted at the Rolls chapel against the secret wiles of Charles.

The tories turned aside his blows with ridicule. Even the gentle Parnell grew angry to hear his friends called Jacobites and papists. Those who remember his fine lines to his patron Bolingbroke, will be pleased to learn how he could treat his foes. He tells in verse the following story of Burnet :

“ From that dread hour, bane of Sarum’s pride,
Which broke his schemes, and laid his friends aside,
He talks, he writes that Popery will return,
And we and he and all his writings burn.
What touched himself was almost faithful proved,
(Oh, far from Britain be the rest removed);
For as of late he meant to bless the age
With flagrant prefaces of party rage.
O’erweighed with passion and the subject’s weight,
Lolling, he nodded o’er his elbow seat,
Down fell the candle; grease and zeal conspire;
Heat meets with heat, and pamphlets burn their fire.
Here crawls a preface on its half-burnt maggots,
And then an introduction brings its faggots;
Here roars the prophet of the northern nation
Close by a flaming speech on moderation.
Unwarned by these, go on the realm to fright
Thou Briton, boasting of thy second-sight.
In such a crisis may you safely tell
How much you’d suffer if religion fell.

The author of the *Hermit* was evidently no satirist. His feeble ridicule leaves no wound. It wants the poison with which Swift and Pope touched their shafts. But Burnet was now busy with his *History of his Own Times*. The nature of this work had gone abroad, although it had not been published. Its violent whig doctrines, its unfavorable mention of his leading opponents, the artless vanity of the author, his personal details of his wives, his acquaintances, his relatives, and the share he had taken in the events of several reigns, were well known to his friends and foes. He seems to have been singularly indiscreet in showing the memoirs. His design was that they should not be published until six years after his death. And yet Pope was enabled to write while Burnet was yet living a parody so amusingly accurate, that he seems to have been acquainted with their most insignificant characteristics.

The "Memoirs of P. P., Clerk of this Parish," did not appear until 1727, although written long before. They were printed in that laughable, indecent and inhuman volume of *Miscellanies* of which Pope and Swift were not ashamed to confess publicly the authorship. P. P., like Burnet, writes the history of his times. The satire upon Burnet's political narrative is exact. "After this the book (the Parish Clerk's Memoirs) is turned on a sudden from his own life to a history of all the public transactions of Europe, compiled from the newspapers of those times. I could not comprehend the meaning

of this, till I perceived at last, to my no small astonishment, that all the measures of the four last years of the Queen, together with the peace of Utrecht, which have usually been attributed to the Earl of Oxford, Duke of Ormond, Lords Harcourt and Bolingbroke, and other great men, do here most plainly appear to have been wholly owing to Robert Jenkin, Amos Turner, George Pilcocks, Thomas White, but above all P. P.”

A gleam of triumph cheered the closing years of the great whig prelate. The rule of the tories ended with the life of Anne. Her sudden death brought ruin upon that party. If Burnet had been revengeful, his utmost malice might have been satisfied with the doom of his opponents. But those eminent men whom he had so feared as concealed Jacobites and papists, now only merited his compassion. The amiable, accomplished, and indolent Oxford was a prisoner in the Tower, trembling for his head. Bolingbroke, more guilty, had fled attainted and impoverished to France. Prior was a prisoner with Oxford. And Swift, so lately the pride of letters, the ruling mind of his time, had now shrunk back moody and misanthropic to his deanery in Dublin, hoping to escape in insignificance the fury of his foes.

The Hanoverian family were warm friends to Burnet. He had long corresponded with the electress Sophia. George I. was a revolution king, whose title and whose principles had been determined by that act of settlement in which Burnet had had so large a share. Among the great whig lords who now hastened to greet the royal

head of that party, none was more welcome than he. Burnet now published a third volume of his History of the Reformation, a kind of appendix to that work. Perhaps in this hour of triumph he delighted to recur to these labors of earlier days which he believed to have greatly aided the success of Protestantism in England.

At all events he could now die in peace. No trace of a coming storm could even his vigilant eye discover upon the fair horizon of England. The last popish plot had been defeated. The Jacobites were in prison or exile. A whig king sat upon the throne. The dread of Popery which had pursued him all his life through must have faded at last for ever. His vocation was over. He had no plots to unravel, no Jesuits to encounter, no dismal pictures to draw of the triumph of Popery in Britain. He was seized with a cold and fever. His relative, the eminent Cheyne, with Sir Hans Sloane, attended him, but could not save him. He died March 27, 1714-15, in the seventy-second year of his age, calm, peaceful, and happy, engaged to the last in religious exercises, and taking an affectionate leave of his family. He was buried at St. James, Clerkenwell, London. In his will he directed that the "History of his Own Times" should not be published until six years after his death, and should then be given to the world entire. He would have none of it suppressed.

The Earl of Halifax, a wit, a nobleman, a statesman, and a fine writer, has recorded in few lines the character of his friend. "Dr. Burnet," says Halifax, "is, like all

men who are above the ordinary level, seldom spoken of in a mean; he must either be hated or admired. He has a swiftness of imagination that no other comes up to. His friends love him too well to see his small faults, or if they do, think that his greater talents give him a privilege of straying from the strict rules of censure. He produces so fast that what is well said in his writings calls for admiration; and what is incorrect deserves an excuse. He is not quicker in discerning other men's faults than he is in forgiving them. All the repeated provocations of his adversaries have had no other effect than the setting his good nature in so much better light, since his anger never yet went further than to pity them. His quickness makes writing so easy a thing for him that his spirits are neither wasted nor soured by it. The soil is not forced, everything grows and brings forth without pain. He makes many enemies by setting an ill-natured example of living which they are not willing to follow. His indifference to preferment; his contempt not only of splendor but of all unnecessary plenty; his degrading himself to the lowest and most painful duties of his calling, are such unpretentious qualities that, let him be never so orthodox in other things, in these he must be a dissenter. Virtues of such a stamp are so many heresies in the opinion of those divines who have so softened the primitive injunctions so as to make them suit better with the present frailties of mankind. No wonder, then, if they are angry, since it is in their own defence, or that from a principle of self-preservation

they should endeavor to suppress a man whose party is a shame, and whose life is a scandal to them.”

By his second wife Burnet left three sons and two daughters. The fate of the latter is unknown, but the former inherited something of their father's abilities. William, the eldest, was so dull in youth that it was believed he would never rise to any eminence. But when he was about nineteen his mind began to unfold itself. Burnet was unusually careful of his children's education. He provided them with private tutors at a considerable expense, sent them as gentlemen commoners to the universities, then allowed them to finish their studies at Leyden, and afterwards permitted them to travel for two or three years abroad. William became a lawyer. He held a place under the whigs of £1,200 a year, but suffered severely by the South Sea scheme. He was then appointed governor of New York and New Jersey. From thence he was removed to the government of Massachusetts. He entered Boston in great pomp, but soon fell into disputes with the people by adhering rigidly to his instructions. These difficulties seemed to wear upon his health. He soon after died of a fever, amid the regret of the people, who respected while they opposed him. His descendants are still found in America, and several have become eminent. Gilbert, the second son, inherited his father's virtues as well as name. He died early, before he had an opportunity of distinguishing himself.

The third, Thomas, was one of the gay rakes of the

time. He studied law at the Temple; his associates, it was rumored, were the wild debauchees who, under the name of Mohocks and Scourers, infested the streets of London at night, attacking the watchmen and insulting passengers; who amused themselves by rolling old women in empty hogsheads and running their swords through passing chairs. But his talents were far above those of his brothers. In the midst of his dissolute career he wrote several pieces in defence of the whigs. One day his father, seeing him grave and silent, asked him what he was meditating. "A greater work," replied the graceless son, "than your lordship's History of the Reformation—my own reformation." "I shall be heartily glad of it," said the bishop, "but almost despair to see it." After his father's death Thomas became an eminent lawyer and writer. In 1734 he published an edition of Burnet's History of his Own Times, with an excellent life of his father at the close. He was knighted, and died a justice of the common pleas.

Burnet's whole life was singularly prosperous. Amid the troubled scenes through which he passed, he escaped safe from every danger and rose over every difficulty. His course was ever upward, and it was unusually rapid. In youth he gained a reputation that spread over Scotland, and recommended him to the English court. His manhood gave him a weighty influence such as few others beside him possessed. The parish priest of Saltoun had become one of the great

lights of his time. He was tempted to desert his principles, by the offer of a bishopric, before he was thirty-five, and was sustained in his resistance to the temptation by the applause of the great body of his countrymen. In age Burnet was the adviser and companion of kings. One of the famous names of Europe. The source of this advancement was labor. His life was one of endless toil. He never was satisfied in repose. His remarkable mental activity found relief in unceasing study, in a great profusion of writing, in devotion to the duties of his party and his religion.

In his activity, his versatility, his love of literature, of scientific experiments, of politics, and of his profession, he must remind the reader of Lord Brougham. In character they are remarkably alike. Both are known as impetuous, restless, good-natured men, learned, inquisitive, and eccentric. In his political tendencies and his zeal for education, his ardor for religious and civil liberty, Burnet was not surpassed by the gifted modern. A history of his own times from the pen of Brougham would reflect, though in a polished way, the leading features of that of his countryman.

Burnet's writings are still popular. His *History of the Reformation* is in the hands of every student of religious progress. The lives of Hale and Wilmot are widely read. The *History of his Own Times* is a work of unusual interest. Even its great faults lend it a

peculiar charm. The innocent vanity, the earnest sincerity, his fear and hatred of tory principles, his blind approval of those of the whigs, lend to Burnet's narrative a vigor and an artlessness that win the attention of the reader. His learning, upon any single topic, was not great, but his knowledge extended over a wide circle of subjects peculiarly well suited to the designs upon which he entered. His chief works had a political and controversial bearing. They were intended to serve the purposes of his party in the government or the church. They were written hastily, and seem rather to satisfy the understanding than the taste. It is a sufficient test, therefore, of his real ability, that notwithstanding many faults, they have attained a reputation with posterity that has not yet died out.

His style was at times so coarse as to merit all the severity of Swift's remarks. It was disfigured by Scotticisms of the broadest character and of vulgarisms that might well countenance the suspicion of the critic that he must have learned them in low company. Some of Swift's remarks upon his unfortunate phrases may amuse the reader. Says *Burnet*: "When the peace of Breda was concluded, the king writ to the Scottish council, and communicated *that* to them and with *that* signified *that* it was his pleasure *that* the army should be disbanded."—*Swift*: "Here are four *thats* in one line."

Burnet: "Home was convicted on the credit of one

evidence. Applications, 'tis true, were made to the duke of York for saving his life; but he was not born under *a pardoning planet*." *Swift*: "Silly fop!"

Burnet: "Thus Cromwell had all the king's party in a net; he let them dance in at pleasure, and upon occasions, *clapt* them up for a short time!"

Burnet: "Their discourses were long and heavy; all was *pyebald*, full of many sayings of different languages." *Swift*: "A noble epithet! How came Burnet not to learn this style? He surely neglected his own talents." The phrases for a court; a pardoning planet; clapt up; left in the lurch; the mob; outed; a great beauty; went roundly to work; Swift collects as a few of the beauties of Burnet's style. But Burnet looked upon mere style as of little importance so long as his arguments fell clear and weighty upon his opponents and his facts sustained his arguments. He despised that laborious nicety with which the fine writers of his time selected their language and softened their periods. In his hurried and earnest writing he had no time for the exercise of taste, even had he possessed it. But he had none. He was not conscious of his own faults. It is doubtful whether he could feel the beauty of Addison's writings or appreciate the simplicity of Swift. It was no wonder, therefore, that the literary men of the time were unwilling to admit Burnet among their number; that they looked upon his coarse and careless writing as the vain attempt of a tasteless pedant to join the ranks of the immortals;

that they pursued him with shouts of ridicule and contempt which have come down even to posterity and have deprived him of much of that real esteem which would otherwise have been his reward.

Yet there are times when Burnet writes in a manner not unworthy of his severe critic, Swift. There is, in fact, a strong similarity between the better parts of Burnet's writing and that of the eminent dean. He often attains a simple strength almost tasteful. I add a few examples of his purer style. He thus notices the effect of a depraved theatrical taste.

“The stage is the great corruptor of the town and the bad people of the town had been the chief corruptors of the stage, who run most after those plays that defile the stage and the audience. Poets will seek to please, as actors will look for such pieces as draw most spectators. They pretend their design is to discourage vice, but they really do recommend it in the most effectual manner. It is a shame to our nation and religion to see the stage so reformed in France and so polluted still in England. Moliere for comedy, and Racine for tragedy, are great patterns; few can, as few will care to, copy after them. But till another such appears, certainly our plays are the greatest debauchers of the nation.”

He relates his impressions of the kings and queens he had known. “I have had the honor to be admitted to much free conversation with five of our sovereigns, King Charles the Second, King James, King William

III., Queen Mary and Queen Anne. King Charles' behavior was a thing never enough to be commended; he was a perfectly well-bred man, easy of access, free in his discourse, and sweet in his whole deportment; this was managed with great art and it concealed bad designs: it was of such use to him that it may teach succeeding princes of what advantage an easiness of access and an obliging behavior may be; and it often dissipated those resentments which his ill conduct in acting, both public and private, possessed all thinking people with very early and all sorts of people at last. And yet none could go to him but they were in a great measure softened before they left him. It looked like a charm that could hardly be resisted, yet there was no good nature under that nor was there any truth in him. King James had great application to business, but without a right understanding: that application gave him a reputation till he came to office. If he had not come after Charles he would have passed for a prince of sweet temper and easy of access. King William was the reverse of all these; he was scarcely accessible and was always cold and silent; he minded affairs abroad so much and was so set on the war that he scarce thought of the government at home. This raised a general disgust, which was improved by men of ill designs until it perplexed all his affairs and he could scarcely restrain the torrent at home while he was the adviser of all abroad. Queen Mary was affable, cheerful and lively, spoke much and yet was under great reserve, minded

business and came to understand it well; she kept close to rules, chiefly to those set her by the king; and she charmed all that came near her. Queen Anne is easy of access and hears every thing very gently; but opens herself to so few, and is so cold and general in her answers, that people soon find that the chief application is to be made to her ministers and favorites, who in their turns have entire credit and full power with her. She has laid down the splendor of a courtier too much, and eats privately, so that, except on Sundays and a few hours twice or thrice a week at night, in her drawing-room, she appears so little, that her court is, as it were, abandoned."

The chief defect of Burnet's writings is their want of sensibility. He never touches the feelings. Even the most affecting details come from his pen with a coldness that robs them of half their effect. It was impossible for him to write the history of the sufferings of England and Scotland under the Stuarts, without relating many circumstances in themselves singularly pathetic, but he never aims nor had he the power to weave these details into a moving and graceful picture. He could not narrate the miserable doom of the Protestants under Louis XIV., nor recount the last moments of Russell or of Stafford, without some show of emotion; but the sympathy of the writer is surpassed by that of his reader. With this want of sensibility was joined an absence of the imaginative power and a thorough dislike to poetry. In Dryden he could only see "a

monster of immorality and impiety of all sorts." He calls the author of *Alma* "one Prior" and relates with something of exultation that he had been "taken from a tavern." Of Virgil his opinion would coincide with that of many moderns. He thinks him rather an eloquent versifier than a poet.

Yet, though without imagination, or taste, or poetical power, Burnet became a great orator, the most famous in England. His sermons attracted vast audiences, who signified their satisfaction, as was the custom then, by subdued applause. Often when he seemed about to close, they would encourage him to continue by a louder demonstration. They were never tired listening to one who could so fix their attention. Burnet's power lay in the unusual strength of his convictions. He spoke with the ardor of one who believed every word that he uttered. His hatred to Popery, to arbitrary principles, and to oppression of every kind, in those dangerous times, animated his unpolished extemporaneous eloquence with a warmth almost superhuman. With none of the arts of a polished orator and with a maladroitness that was often ludicrous and embarrassing, he still retained much of his influence as a speaker when in the house of peers. His commanding figure and voice, his reputation for learning, his sincerity and moderation united with his energetic warmth in atoning for his other deficiencies. And friends and foes agreed in pronouncing him one of the greatest orators of the age of Massillon and Bourdaloue.

As a man of letters, the character in which he must be content to live among posterity, stripped of his high offices and his royal and noble associations, Burnet can neither take a very high nor a very low position. He wants many of the first requisites of the great writer, a pleasing style, a refined taste, a delicate sensibility. His histories are arranged without art, and with none of those philosophic views which indicate a reflective power. He thought justly but not deeply; he wrote clearly but too hastily; and the only trait that will give vitality to his writings is the constancy with which they defend freedom of thought in politics and religion.

THOMAS FULLER.

THOMAS FULLER, the author of an Ecclesiastical History, was born in Northamptonshire. His father, a respectable clergyman, sent him to Cambridge, where he studied under the care of a maternal uncle, Dr. Davenant, afterwards Bishop of Salisbury. Destined for the Church, Fuller's religious feelings early displayed themselves in a poem upon the sin and repentance of King David. This poem became widely known among his contemporaries, and was liberally praised. It was printed at London 1651, in 8vo. Fuller was also a popular preacher, and no doubt kept his audience awake by the same play of conceits and affected brilliancy that mark his historical writings. In 1631 he was named prebendary of the Cathedral of Salisbury, and soon after became rector of Broad Winsor in Dorsetshire. His first historical work, the History of the Holy War, embracing an account of the Crusades from the first of those wild adventures in 1096, to the final one in 1290, appeared in 1640 at Cambridge, and was well received. It passed through many editions. Not long after, Fuller

was called to London, and named preacher at the Savoy. His literary fame and his popular oratory drew crowds wherever he appeared; he became one of the most distinguished divines of the time, and everything seemed to promise for him the highest preferment in the church.

At this moment broke out that fearful civil war which disappointed the hopes of Englishmen for so long a time. Fuller was a royalist, warmly linked to the party in the king; and when Charles had fled from London, he became exposed to the distrust and ill offices of the Puritans. He was, however, so moderate in his views that to the royalists he seemed lukewarm, and was even suspected at Oxford of treachery to the king. In this strait Fuller resolved to fly from London and unite his fate with that of his master. Charles received the famous preacher with favor. Fuller was soon named chaplain to Sir Ralph Hopton, and was enabled to regain the complete confidence of his party by an exploit of singular daring. In the absence of Sir Ralph Hopton, Fuller was left in charge of Basing House, with only a few attendants. The house was suddenly attacked by Sir William Waller, with a considerable force. But such was the warm defence of the little garrison, that the parliamentary party was obliged to retreat before its clerical antagonist.

Some months after, Fuller was named chaplain to the Princess Henrietta Marie, with whom he remained until the royal family fled to France. He then boldly went back to London, where the Puritans allowed him

to resume his clerical duties, deprived, however, of his salary, and dependent upon his small patrimony for a support. His own poverty did not prevent him from aiding many of the distressed clergy who were often in want of food and a proper protection for themselves and their families. The generosity of Fuller was constantly apparent; he drew from his own small resources, as well as from subscriptions which he assiduously gathered, considerable sums for his suffering brethren. About 1648 he was chaplain to the Countess of Carlisle, who gave him the living of Waltham in Essex.

During all his trials and the troubled scenes through which he had passed, Fuller had never ceased to write and to publish. In 1656 appeared his Ecclesiastical History of Great Britain from the birth of Christ to 1648. To this was added a history of the University of Cambridge after the Conquest, and the annals of the Abbey of Waltham. He wrote upon all these topics in the same affected, novel, and amusing style, never sparing a joke or missing a conceit, yet with the learning of an antiquarian and the research of a diligent student. His church history, his chief production, is still admired and generally read, and no one can be insensible to its peculiar merits, its accuracy, moderation, its novel style and brilliant play of language.

At the Restoration he was restored to his benefice, and named chaplain to the king. He would no doubt have obtained a bishopric, but death came on the 13th August, 1661, in his fifty-third year, to close his varied

career. His remaining works are the History of the Worthies of England, which appeared after his death in folio, with a portrait, his sermons, and various devotional writings. Fuller was possessed of a peculiar genius, eccentric and novel, but of that class that seldom elevates its possessor to the highest fame. In society, as in his writings, he was gay, jovial, fond of epigram, and abounding in humorous conceits; his character was benevolent and pure; and although he has not ascended high in the scale of historical reputation, yet he deserves, both on account of his character and writings, a respectable place among the minor historians.

LAURENCE ECHARD.

ANOTHER popular historian, whose fame, however, has long since declined, was Laurence Echard. He was born at Cassam, in Suffolk, in 1671, the son of a clergyman in good circumstances, who sent him to Cambridge, where he took his degree of master of arts, 1695. He entered holy orders, and was presented to the living of Wotton and Elkinton, in Lincolnshire, where he passed above twenty years of his life. During all this period Echard was diligently employed in writing history. The subjects upon which he fixed his attention were chiefly classical; and connected with the history of Rome. One of his earliest works, "The Roman History," from the building of the city to Augustus, was highly popular; and by 1699, had gone through four editions. He continued this work to the age of Constantine, and dedicated his new volumes to the Duke of Gloucester, for whom it had been chiefly written. In 1702, he published a general ecclesiastical history, extending from the birth of the Saviour to the death of Constantine, which soon ran through six editions, and

was considered by his contemporaries the best work of its kind in the language. It was dedicated to Queen Anne, and Echard was now surrounded by all the evidences of assured fame. He was familiar with the powerful, was renowned as the chief historian of the time, and might well believe himself destined for immortality.

While prebend of Lincoln and chaplain to the bishop of the diocese, he printed, in 1707, in one volume folio, "The History of England," from the first entering of Julius Cæsar and the Romans to the end of the reign of James I. This work was written at the suggestion of the Duke of Ormond, to whom it was dedicated. Echard wrote with clearness, and was possessed of some learning. His histories had all remarkable success. In 1713 he was installed archdeacon of Stowe, and in 1718 published two more volumes, which brought the narrative down to the revolution. Although these volumes were dedicated to King George I., Echard was a tory, and while pretending to approve of the revolution, condemned the principles upon which it had been conducted. He palliates the faults of the Stuarts, and excuses the harsh treatment of the nonconformists. This work was sharply assailed by Calamy, who shows it to be imperfect and superficial. Oldmixon, also, in his history of the Stuarts, attacks it with equal bitterness.

The fame of Echard, so imposing to his contemporaries, has long since passed away. He now neither

awakens envy nor merits attention. He was, however, successful in carrying off the emoluments of literature. George I. rewarded his labors by several rich benefices; and he died, 16th August, 1730, full of honors and of fame, to be soon forgotten. He married twice, but left no children. He wrote besides a "History of the Revolution in 1688," one volume, octavo; the "Gazetteer, or Newsman's Interpreter," a sort of geographical index to the courts and cities of Europe, and a translation of the comedies of Plautus. But no one of Echard's works rises above the level of a third-rate writer, or have found admirers among posterity.

ROBERT BRADY.

ROBERT BRADY, historian and physician, was born in the county of Norfolk, entered Caius College, Cambridge, in 1643, took his degree of bachelor of physic, 1653, and was afterwards created doctor of that faculty, by the king's mandatory letter, in 1660. The same year he was appointed master of his college, and became, in 1670, keeper of the records of the Tower of London. Soon after, he was made regius professor of physic in the University of Cambridge, and wrote, in 1679, a letter to Dr. Sydenham upon several medical topics which then possessed the interest of novelty—on the effect of air upon the body, of Peruvian bark, and upon the possibility of finding a substitute for bleeding. These various appointments, to which he so easily attained, show that Brady possessed not only unusual abilities, but had made himself acceptable to the party in power. He was a zealous royalist and in all his writings inclined to the extreme views of the most rigid of that party. The chief aim of his political writings is to prove the

crown of England to be hereditary rather than elective, as was urged by the liberals of the time.

As keeper of the records of the Tower, Brady had been led to examine the earlier history of his country. He first wrote an introduction to ancient British history, and afterwards "a complete history of England" to the reign of Richard II. These works show considerable research, and much of the spirit of the antiquarian: they want, however, every charm of style and all the higher elements of literary excellence. In politics Brady anticipated some of the speculations of Hume, and Gilbert Stuart, the Thersites of Edinburgh, in the time of its greatest fame, used to accuse Hume of having borrowed largely from Brady. There was, no doubt, some foundation for this charge; Hume was accustomed to borrow liberally, and probably consulted Brady and Carte more frequently than the more recondite authorities to whom he so often refers.

Brady was in all respects a prosperous author, if not a man of genius. He was in Parliament from Cambridge, was physician in ordinary to James II., and was one of the witnesses to the birth of the pretender, James' son. He died 19th August, 1700, in easy circumstances, and chiefly known as a vigorous opponent of the liberal and popular party.

JOHN OLDMIXON.

JOHN OLDMIXON is better known as the object of the unsparing ridicule of Pope than for any of his own productions. Yet he was an author of some talent and industry, and made himself sufficiently conspicuous to obtain a prominent place in the *Dunciad*. He was born in the county of Somerset, but the exact year of his birth is unknown. His character was never pure, and his reputation never rose to any height. His political intolerance led him to abuse the Tories with all the coarseness of a hireling writer; his literary jealousy impelled him to a violent attack upon Pope. This boldness was rewarded by immortality. He is represented in the *Dunciad* as mounting the sides of a lighter to plunge deeper in the slime of the Thames. Bishop Kennet having employed him to publish his collection of historians, Oldmixon did not scruple to alter several facts in the chronicles of Daniel, and, afterwards, supposing others to be capable of equal bad faith, accused Atterbury of having altered Clarendon's history. The

whig party gave him a place in the customs at Bridgewater, where he died July, 1742, at an advanced age.

His chief work was a history of the reign of the Stuarts in folio, a production which no doubt suggested to Hume the plan and title of his first two volumes. This work, although highly popular in its own time, has had little success with posterity. It wants fidelity, accuracy of research, a pleasing style and a philosophic tone; and it was no doubt a great encouragement to Hume that he had no more formidable rival than the imperfect volumes of Oldmixon. He wrote also an account of the British Empire in America, a description of the colonies belonging to the crown, which appeared in two volumes in 1708. It had considerable success, and was even translated into French and German. His attack on Swift's project of an Academy of Language; his Life of Arthur Mainwaring; his Essays; the Life of Queen Anne; a critical History of England, and various contributions to the newspapers, show the fertility and labor, if not the power of his intellect. But a few lines of bitter satire in the Dunciad have done more to preserve the name of John Oldmixon to posterity than all his own labored productions.

THOMAS CARTE.

THE name of Thomas Carte is little better known in our day than that of Brady or Echard. In his own age he was the favorite writer of the Jacobite party. His history of England was believed to be authentic, wise, and eloquent; and was viewed by a large party as the finest work of the age. Carte was born at Clifton in Warwickshire, at which place his father was vicar about the year 1686. He was baptized, it is related, by immersion. He entered Oxford before he was twelve years of age, and took degree of A. B. in 1702. He could not have been more than twenty when he received his master's degree. Having entered the church, he made himself conspicuous by a sermon which he preached Jan. 30th, 1713, in which he vindicated King Charles I. from the charge of having instigated the Irish massacre, just before the civil wars. This sermon was attacked by a dissenting minister of Bath, Mr. Chandler, and Carte replied by publishing his first work, "The Irish Massacre set in a clear light."

On the accession of George I., his Jacobite principles

forbidding him to take the oath of allegiance, he assumed a lay habit and abandoned his clerical duties. It was believed that he had taken part in the rebellion of 1715, and a party of troops were sent to arrest him; but he fled to the house of a clergyman of Colehill, where he found refuge until the danger passed away. Here he became curate, and was afterward chaplain to the famous Bishop Atterbury. From this connection he was involved in new difficulties, for Atterbury was soon after convicted of having conspired to bring over the pretender, and Carte was implicated in the treason. A thousand pounds were offered for his arrest; he fled to France, where he lived under the name of Phillips, well known to many men of learning and eminence. Here he commenced an edition of De Thou's history, which was afterwards published in seven volumes, folio.

Queen Caroline, having heard of Carte's literary merit, obtained permission for him to return to England. He next published his *Life of the Duke of Ormond* in 1735, containing many new letters and facts. This life pleased the tories. Lord Orrery wrote to Carte that Dean Swift honored him with his approbation; and his party concurred in his decision.

Carte now entertained the idea of writing a *History of England* upon principles less whiggish than those of Rapin. In April, 1738, he published a prospectus, explaining his plan, and soliciting subscribers. By October he had £600 engaged and was encouraged to

go on with his collections with great spirit. When the pretender renewed his attempt upon England in 1745, Carte was arrested, suspected of allowing his old inclinations to have implicated him in the rebellion. But nothing could be proved against him and he was suffered to go free. This imprisonment added to his popularity. The city of London subscribed £50 to his history, and the company of goldsmiths voted £25 to aid him in collecting materials for the work. Proposals for printing were issued in 1746, and the first volume, coming down to the death of King John, was published in 1747. Great expectations had been formed of his work, and it seemed as if they were now to be realized. But a single incident checked this growing prosperity. In a note to the history the zealous Jacobite had introduced the story of one Lovel who had been touched for the king's evil and healed by the pretender at Avignon in 1716. This story, which was intended to point out Charles James as the true and rightful inheritor of the throne, was met by general ridicule at London, and was afterwards proved to be false. Lovel, it seems, died of the complaint, as even Carte, at length, reluctantly allowed.

The unlucky Jacobite found, too, that his history, of which so great anticipations were lately entertained, was now sinking into neglect. The corporation of London, alarmed at the incident of Lovel, withdrew its subscription. And timid citizens, on all sides, shrank from the dangerous publication. But notwithstanding

this change in his prospects, Carte continued to prosecute his labors unmoved. A second volume appeared in 1750; a third in 1753: the fourth, which was to close with the Restoration, he did not live to complete.

His work, labored and conscientious, shows, however, the prejudices and the credulity of the Jacobite. His style is tedious, the method confused, and it has little claim to the attention on any score except fidelity of research and untiring labor. His collection of papers upon subjects relating to English history was so vast and so unequalled in their time that large sums were paid to his heirs by students of history for the privilege of examining them. The Earl of Hardwick gave £200, Mr. Macpherson, £300, for this examination.

Carte possessed a strong constitution, capable of incessant labor. He often wrote from early morning until night, taking only a cup of tea in the interval. Then he would eat heartily and enjoy his late dinner. He was gay and jovial, careful in his dress and appearance. In his writings there is little to be praised except their laborious accuracy, and the chief value of his collections and history consists in their having prepared the way for the more gifted Hume.

WILLIAM ROBERTSON.

ALTHOUGH Robertson was one of the most conspicuous men of his time, and lived through the greater part of the last century, in constant intercourse with men of letters, yet not many particulars remain of his life, conduct, and peculiarities of disposition. And even Lord Brougham, who has lately written an account of him, with all the interest of a near relative and an ardent admirer, can find little new to tell of the habits of the historian. He can add but few particulars to the meagre and verbose account written by Dugald Stewart. Lord Brougham gives a few personal reminiscences, which are less interesting in themselves than for the fact that they seem to link us with the past and bring before us, by the testimony of an eye-witness, some of the peculiarities of a great author, contemporary with Hume, Johnson and Gibbon. He remembers having heard Robertson preach on the anniversary of the Revolution, in 1788, a sermon which, even to his young faculties, seems to have been unusually effective, and he adds that the manuscript of this sermon, after having been

lost for nearly half a century, has lately been discovered among some old papers and has fallen into his hands. Robertson, like most men of moderate opinions, had been led away by the first dawn of the French Revolution, so peaceful and apparently full of hope, to receive it as the birth of a happier era and the signal of the liberation of oppressed millions. In this address, celebrating with great ardor and eloquence a similar event in English history, he could not fail to direct the attention of his hearers to the movement that was just commencing in France; and as the historian was always fond of looking on the best side of things, his mind expanded with hope, and all his feelings and his eloquence warmed at the prospect of dawning freedom, and hailed it as the opening of a long scene of happiness to Europe. This sermon Lord Brougham when a child heard, and he relates that even then the effect of the principal's eloquence was perceptible on his audience. One of Robertson's sons, who was not a regular attendant at his father's ministrations, happened on that occasion to be present. "If you would always preach such sermons," said he to his father on his return, "I should be a much more frequent listener." A reply which seems to show that the historian was sometimes, with all his graceful power and mellow voice, a little dull.

Of Robertson's personal appearance, Lord Brougham remembers little except that he was above the middle size, of marked features, with a soft expression about

his mouth of continual good humor. He wore, as was usual, a cocked hat and walked with a stately gait. In the autumn he was fond of going down to the southern border to pass a few weeks with his son-in-law, Mr. Brydone, the traveller, at his seat at Lenners. There he was totally unconstrained, and there seems to have been an agreement between himself and his host that both should do as they pleased without regarding the other. In the morning Robertson liked to be left entirely to himself; he then either studied, walked out, or drove about the country. His chief amusement was reading, and he seems never to have given up study wholly, even in moments of recreation. It was his chief pleasure to acquire knowledge.

Such is all the information Lord Brougham is able to give us of his relative. Robertson's letters add little; and, unhappily, there was no Edinburgh Boswell who took down each sentence as it fell from the lips of its learned men, and produced as clear a picture of Robertson, Hume and Blair, as we have of Johnson and his literary circle. It is a thing greatly to be regretted, since they would all, no doubt, have improved upon a closer acquaintance. Good humor, liberality, a mutual toleration, and a common affection and friendship seems to have characterized all these gifted men; and while the rough although benevolent Johnson taught to his disciples a rigid bigotry, a violence in argument and a rude and insolent expression, the followers of Hume were marked by the reverse of all those qualities. In

the Poker Club and, in their general meetings, men of the most diverse feelings and principles met cordially and united in the closest friendship; and it was a common sight, in the streets of Edinburgh, to see the pure Blair and Robertson, the leader of the Scottish church, joking amicably with the notorious free-thinker, David Hume, and the suspected Adam Smith. Gentleness of disposition, united with a philosophic turn of mind, taught them that they could best improve and benefit each other by avoiding violence in debate and all unkind allusions in conversation.

To the received account therefore of Principal Robertson, in this deficiency of material, I can hope to add little; but the life of a scholar, although usually unvaried by any remarkable events, is seldom uninteresting. The author is the personal friend of his readers, and we follow his career with all the attention that we pay to one whom we have loved and honored. If there be nothing more than the history of his writings—and little more is left of our author, we still watch with interest the first conception of his grand designs; the labor through which he passes, in order to perfect them; the anxiety with which he awaits the decision of the public in regard to his future fate; and the various history of each individual work; its opponents and its admirers; its faults and its beauties; the degree of attention which it received from the public, and the final destiny which is awaiting it in the future.

Robertson's father was a respectable clergyman in

the Scottish kirk, who was for several years minister of the Scotch church, in London Wall. Removing from hence to the parish of Borthwick, in the county of Edinburgh, he married a Miss Pitcairn; and, on September 19th, 1721, our author was born. The father afterwards removed to Grey Friars' church, Edinburgh, where he remained until he died. He is said to have been a man of considerable talent, eloquent, of pure taste in literature, and of a calm and easy temper, in all these respects greatly resembling his son. He had besides a taste for drawing, and several of his productions, said to be of some merit, are preserved by the historian's family. Besides this taste, he was also fond of poetry, and wrote verses with considerable purity and melody—probably after the manner of Pope. Upon many points of conduct his views were unusually rigid; and he exacted from his son a promise that he should never enter a play-house; the abhorrence for those scenes of dissipation being peculiarly strong among the old covenanters. Robertson, having given this pledge, never in the slightest degree violated it, although he had none of that abhorrence for plays and acting which marked the more rigid members of the kirk. Even when his friend Hume's tragedy of Douglas was acted, and when many of his clerical friends ventured within the walls of the theatre, Robertson was never tempted to forget his promise. And afterwards, in London, although allured by the fame of his friend Garrick, and countenanced by the example of the highest dignitaries of the

church, he still continued resolute. Garrick, respecting his decision, in order to give him some idea of the effect of spoken tragedy and comedy, read for him some of his best parts in private,—his nearest acquaintance with the theatre.

Yet was his father by no means severe, sour, or exacting. He was on the contrary of a mild temper, fond of cheerful amusement, and of a composed and hopeful turn of mind. His wife was a woman of much ability and energy, but more severe and less amiable. It is said, that the historian inherited something of the disposition of each parent; that he possessed his mother's energy and strength of will, softened by his father's mildness and cheerfulness of temper.

He was the eldest of eight children—six daughters and two sons; and, having been early sent to school, entered the University of Edinburgh at twelve years of age. From his childhood he was always fond of study; he had laid down regular rules for the employment of his time, and was calm, methodical and industrious. At fourteen he even began to fill his common-place book with whatever he read; his motto always having been—*“vita sine litteris mors.”* This was written upon his first common-place book, and seems to have been the ruling principle of his life. He was fond of the classics, and thought there was no better way of improving the style than by frequently translating from those authors. When about twenty, he had gone so far as to plan, and partly to execute, a translation of Marcus Antoninus, his

favorite author; but the appearance of a rival translation prevented him from completing it. The portions which have been preserved show no marks of unusual merit, either in style or matter, and it is no source of regret that he was unable, at so immature an age, to pursue his intended work.

Robertson's character seems early to have been formed, and to have partaken of the method and regularity of his studies. He was a stoic by nature, not less than by a careful study of Marcus Antoninus. He never allowed himself to be transported by passion, and probably had none of those violent impulses that embarrass the lives of most men. His temper was mild, his disposition not excitable; he was firm in his opinions, and was marked by uncommon prudence in his treatment of the opinions of others. He was learned, wise, well read, and capable on all occasions, from his perfect composure and firmness, to make his superiority felt among his companions. His youth had been disturbed by none of those vices or follies which others around him had fallen into: he had never, like Goldsmith or Johnson, fallen into debt; mingled with depraved associates, or discovered by experience the follies of mankind; and he had little to regret in the past, and every thing to hope in the future.

Such a nature, combined with remarkable intellectual gifts, could not fail to have led Robertson to distinction in whatever path he had chosen to have pursued it. As a lawyer he must have risen to the bench or become as renowned as Wedderburn or Erskine. But he chose

the church, as the profession which his father had followed and which was best suited to his own taste and the character of his pursuits. Even at this early age Robertson had already begun to cherish literary hopes, and was looking about for some subject suited to his peculiar abilities. He was already purifying his style by a diligent study of Swift, and regulating his course of study by following the rules of Marcus Antoninus. And he no doubt felt that the quiet of a country parish would best enable him to pursue his favorite scheme.

In 1741 he was licensed to preach, and two years afterwards, at the age of twenty-two, became minister of Gladsmuir, a country parish in East Lothian. Not long after his settlement his parents both died suddenly within a short time of each other, leaving their large family of seven children, all younger than Robertson, with little or no support, except the aid of the eldest son. With generous decision, Robertson, in this emergency, resolved to give up all his own plans in order to provide a home for his brother and his sisters; he resolved to abandon all prospect of marriage until they should be provided for, and to devote all his income to their support. For eight years he remained single, his house being presided over by his eldest sister, a person said to have been beautiful, amiable and self-sacrificing. In 1750, however, she married, leaving Robertson to follow her example, which he did the next year by marrying his cousin, Miss Nesbit, a connection from which he derived lasting happiness.

During the fifteen years he continued to live at Glad-

muir his life was marked by the same regularity and purity which had been apparent in his youth; he was in the habit of rising very early, in order to give the whole morning to his books; while later in the day he visited the poor and sick, always a welcome visitor, because he always carried with him cheerfulness and hope. But although devoted to study, he was also fond of more active exercise, riding, walking, and physical labor. His constitution seems always to have been strong; and, as he was free from all excesses and imprudence, his frame was capable of enduring exertion, and was not easily wearied. When the rebellion of 1745 broke out, and the safety of the country and the government called for the aid of all its supporters, Robertson, although a non-combatant, immediately left his study and his manse to join the volunteers who were collected in defence of the capital. He did not think that either his profession or his literary taste forbade him to take arms in defence of his country, and his strong and active frame seemed well fitted for the discharge of the duties of a volunteer. There was probably no more able-bodied or willing trooper in the ranks than was the sturdy parson from Gladsmuir. On the surrender of the capital, Robertson, not satisfied with his experience of military life, once more offered his services to the royal army at the camp of Haddington.

Another field of activity, however, more suited to his peculiar taste and powers, and which seems to have called forth all his zeal, was the General Assembly of the

Scottish Church. Here he entered as a delegate, probably one of the least distinguished of that body, yet soon by his eloquence and industry he rose to be its leader.

He had always practised speaking, from a very early age, being probably encouraged in this taste by the example of his father, who is said to have been an excellent speaker. In his youth he joined a debating society, which met weekly for the purpose of discussion on all topics; and which afterwards grew into a more extended society, of which most of the eminent men of Edinburgh were members. Hume and Smith belonged to this club; but from distrust of their own powers, never joined in the debates. They were careful of their fame, and probably unwilling to incur the chance of a failure even upon so narrow a field. Wedderburn, afterwards Chancellor of England, Ferguson, the professor, Hume, Lord Kames, together with Robertson, were the leading and active members of the society, which did much to keep alive their mental activity, as well as to perfect them in the art of speaking. Robertson gave much time to these meetings, was always present, and led in debate and criticism.

When, therefore, he entered the assembly, although little more than a young and obscure parish minister, he was at once enabled to make his way to influence by his talents as a writer and a speaker. His prospects, however, on account of his peculiar opinions, seemed at first very unpromising. Although the great majority

of the assembly held strictly the rules of the ancient covenant, and were marked by a rigid illiberality, Robertson at once placed himself among the small minority who were called the moderate party. The opposite faction held all the extreme dogmas of their sect; all who differed from them in opinion, even to the slightest degree, they looked upon with abhorrence as departing from the old standard of the kirk. They held that the only safety of the nation lay in persecuting Catholics and excommunicating infidels; that plays were the work of the devil, and theatres the surest road to perdition. All improvement in art, science, or literature, they looked upon with distrust; and theological or metaphysical speculations, which seemed in any degree to depart from the principles of Calvin, they condemned as heretical, and denounced the unlucky authors as infidels. In fine, they embodied the old persecuting spirit which has its seat in almost every religious sect, but which was only logically defended by the followers of Calvin.

To all these illiberal views Robertson was opposed, both by nature and reason; his mild disposition shrank from the use of violent measures in enforcing religious truth, while his active mind sympathized with every effort by new inquiry to penetrate to the grounds of human knowledge. He was himself a writer, and his mind was already filled with the love of all that was beautiful in art and literature; nor could he see as much danger to religion in mental inquiry as in a state

of dull and sluggish repose. Robertson was also a defender of lay patronage, or the system which prevailed in the Scottish church, by which the pastor of each parish was selected by the owner of the living rather than by the people.

In these opinions he found himself, at first, sustained by few, but gradually the force of his eloquence, his amiable manners, and his clear and ready argument began to win him influence among his brother clergymen such as no other man possessed. The majority came finally over to his side, leaving the rigid and fanatic portions of the kirk to maintain themselves in contempt and ridicule. One of the most remarkable occasions in which Robertson showed the liberality of his opinions, as well as the force of his eloquence, was in the case of his friend, Henry Home.

Home, a parish minister of the Scottish kirk, inclined from early youth to poetry, and anxious, perhaps, to escape from obscurity, had employed himself in writing tragedies, after the manner of Shakspeare. Had he concealed this taste, or only published his plays, he might, probably, have escaped the extreme censure of his brethren of the kirk; but, in an excess of imprudence, Home not only wrote plays and admired Shakspeare, but even prepared one for the stage. This was "the Douglas" a production which gained great reputation in its own day and at once elevated the author to a height of fame which he never could have deserved. It has since chiefly been known as affording

a favorite piece for school-boy declamation. Home's play was acted at Edinburgh to crowded houses, with a great increase of fame to the author; and, to add to the horror of the stricter brethren, many of the younger clergy were tempted by friendship or curiosity to attend its exhibitions, a crime such as had never before been known in that city since the days of John Knox.

Such an offence, aided by so many exciting circumstances, could not fail to arouse all the zeal and vigor of the extremists. They summoned Home before the Assembly to answer for his offence, and at the same time resolved to punish all those of the clergy who had ventured within the theatre. In these proceedings they, no doubt, had the general support of their laity. In our own day, a clergyman who should write a tragedy, should attend rehearsals, and finally produce it on the stage, would be thought to have lost in a great measure his clerical character; and should several of our leading divines be seen in the boxes of a theatre, the popular sympathy would not be in their favor, should they be called to account for their imprudence. But in Edinburgh, a century ago, such offences seemed almost inexpiable. The old strictness of the Puritan sect still flourished in all its rigor; and not many years ago the theatre and the actor had been forbidden by law as things to be shunned and abhorred. In this state of feeling, it was an act of unusual rashness in Home and his friends thus to outrage public sentiment; and they might well look forward to dismissal and

disgrace when their trial came on in the General Assembly.

Their only friend, of any influence, and upon whom they could build their hope, was Robertson, now a leading member, and capable of controlling many votes. It does not appear that Robertson approved of the conduct of the accused, although he willingly took up their defence. He acted, however, the part of a friend rather than that of a judge; and, by his voice, his pen, and his personal exertions, endeavored to save them from punishment. His exertions were, to a certain extent, successful. Home at length resigned his office rather than continue the struggle; allured too, perhaps, by brighter prospects in England. But Robertson succeeded in saving the other accused from any other punishment than a censure and a temporary suspension.

From 1742 to 1758, a period of sixteen years, Robertson had been engaged upon his "History of Scotland." It appeared in 1759. His peculiar course of study, as well as the nature of his mind, fitted him admirably for the composition of this work. From an early period of life he had been diligently refining his style, taking for his models the plain and simple diction of Swift and De Foe. He had carefully freed himself from all Scot-ticisms by a familiarity with the best English writers, and had acquired an easy and harmonious flow of language, fitted at once to engage the attention and gratify the taste. His learning was sufficient at least for the theme he had chosen; he had read many books with

profit; and he was capable of regular labor and untiring industry.

His subject, too, was one of remarkable interest. The history of Scotland had not yet been written; and it came therefore upon his readers with all the charm of novelty, besides appealing to the warmest feelings of their nature. The Scots have ever been famous for their love of country; and the historian, in his clear periods, and graceful narrative, led back the minds of his countrymen to the interesting and troubled annals of their native land. At home his work could not fail to be successful; while, in England, he carefully took measures to make himself friends among the critics, before he ventured to publish.

In 1759, he went up to London, to settle with some publisher, as well as to endeavor to prepare the public for a kind reception of his book. He was provided with letters to various persons of eminence, and besides his friend Home was now tutor to the son of the Earl of Bute; Scott, another friend, was in the same office with the Prince of Wales; and Wedderburn was already, though so young, a prominent speaker in the House.

He was some time in the capital, before he came to any agreement with the bookseller, and the interval he employed in endeavoring to excite attention to the subject of his work. He writes back to his friends in Edinburgh that part of his manuscript was in the hands of Horace Walpole, the prime minister's son; another portion he had given to the Duke of Argyle; Lord

Royston had a third; and Mr. Scott, the tutor to the Prince of Wales, was supplied with the remainder, to be read no doubt to his royal pupil. Horace Walpole, he relates, was already interested in Queen Mary, and was delighted with his subject.

As a conspicuous minister of the Scottish church, Robertson had facilities for gaining fame, which had been denied to the less fortunate Hume; even before his publication he was received with politeness by many men eminent in letters and politics; and was personally highly popular. Poor Hume, on the contrary, on the eve of publishing his first volume, had been an object of dislike, and even contempt, to the London critics. When he visited the capital, to get out his work, he knew but one Mr. Bourke or Burke, of all its distinguished coteries; and even Mallet looked with contempt upon the poor Scotch author, who was endeavoring to force himself on the attention of the English public. But far different was it with Robertson, who now found the road to fame easy, and who was encouraged on all sides by approving advice from the highest sources. He dined out; saw all the eminent men of the time, was flattered by their attentions; and, but for his composure and prudence, might have suffered more from his prosperity than Hume had done from adversity.

His friends advised him to add to his work a large body of notes, containing original documents, letters, journals, and various new matter; a feature which, he

was told, would please the taste of the town although it doubled the price and size of his work. In fact the whole history was very brief, comprising not more than eight or nine hundred pages octavo, and treating of all its subjects, except the life of Queen Mary, in the most concise manner.

The book-sellers, led away by the general enthusiasm in his favor, made him offers for the copyright which, in that day, were thought unusually large. There seems even to have been a competition among them to secure a work which was evidently destined to become highly popular, and of which, even in advance of its publication, the best critics spoke in the highest praise. Robertson met with none of those difficulties which usually embarrass the historical writer, who, unknown to fame, prepares to publish his first work. And while but small expectations were formed of the *Decline and Fall*, and the *History of the Stuarts*, had been almost neglected in London, on its first appearance, the *History of Scotland* was winning fame for its author some months before it appeared in print.

Robertson writes to Jardine, just before that event, that he was writing from the British Coffee House in the midst of a company who were playing at cards and drinking claret; and he seems to have enjoyed the spectacle of the gaiety of the metropolis although he still preserved his own moderation and abstinence. He tells Jardine that he had just agreed with his bookseller, Andrew Miller, for £600, the sum he had

originally fixed upon for the copyright; but that all the book-sellers were astonished at the greatness of the sum. With something of the vanity of an author, he adds that he has all the best puffers in England on his side, Doddington, Walpole, Lady Hervey, and the speaker, and that Mary had become a subject of conversation in all the best circles of the town. He had dined, too, with Garrick, and had visited Admiral Hawke on the Royal George.

When, therefore, the history finally came out, attended by all those favorable omens, and so free from every trait that could possibly offend the prejudices of any class of readers, it rose at once to a height of renown, such as no book of the time had attained. The critics were astonished at the purity of its language, so free from Scotticisms, that they asserted that the author must have studied at Oxford. Hume, who was in London at the time, wrote with real pleasure to Robertson, that his work was everywhere praised. Lord Lyttleton was delighted that so fine a production should come from a Christian, and spoke of it with such enthusiastic pleasure that Hume said he considered Dr. Robertson the best writer that had arisen since St. Paul. Chesterfield, Grenville, and Garrick, clergy and laity, and all the members of the royal family, to the king himself, united in the general laudation. And even Horace Walpole, who secretly never enjoyed any writings but his own, lavished his praises on the History of Scotland. By one happy

effort Robertson had at once arisen to the head of the historians of his time, and all those who disliked the opinions and character of Hume, now availed themselves of this opportunity of depreciating the dangerous skeptic by praising his orthodox rival:

Notwithstanding this apparent opposition, however, the two historical writers remained fast friends, Hume doing all in his power to spread the fame of the history. He not only recommended it in London to all his acquaintances, but wrote over to Paris to those that he knew there, extolling it with great ardor, and urging that a translation be at once made in order to show the Parisian critics of what his Edinburgh literati were capable. His generous approval was of signal use to Robertson, and no man did more in giving popularity to the book. Nor was Robertson, in the moment of his fame, forgetful of his less popular rival, and he continued ever after, through all his exaltation, to shield Hume from the mortifications to which his unpopular principles exposed him, and to cultivate his society as one of his chief pleasures. "I regard the friendship of Mr. Hume," he wrote, in his old age, to Gibbon, "as one of the happiest circumstances of my life."

A short time before the publication of the history, Robertson had been presented to his father's charge, the Old Grey Friars, at Edinburgh. When his wide literary fame was added to his other recommendations, he rose rapidly in the church and received various high appointments. In 1759, he was made chaplain royal, a station

which, since the formation of the Scottish kirk, had become a sinecure. A few years after, in 1762, as soon as the vacancy occurred, he was made principal of the University of Edinburgh, the most dignified literary position which his country had to bestow. And as he was also moderator of the general assembly, he held a governing influence in the church and the educational system of Scotland. His moderate views being adopted by the ruling party in the church gave considerable impulse to the Scottish intellect, now set free from the fear of encountering the violence of the fanatical leaders, and his liberal opinions in politics softened the harshness of Jacobitism, and tended to allay those bitter feelings against England, which had long prevailed among a large party in Scotland.

It was, no doubt, a sense of the good effect of Robertson's political moderation, not less than his literary fame, that made him so marked a favorite with the king and the whole royal family. The king, it seems, was desirous that Robertson should undertake the history of England and should compose a narrative more favorable to the rights of the House of Hannover than that of Hume was supposed to be. It would also be free from the irreligious tone of the latter, and more fit on that account for the use of the royal family. Lord Bute, who was at that time the ruling favorite, united with the king in urging Robertson to write this work; he renewed for him the post of royal historiographer of Scotland, with a salary of £300, and offered the historian

every advantage which his powerful aid could afford, in collecting materials and securing the success of the work.

This was, no doubt, a tempting offer to Robertson, and one that must for the moment have aroused his ambition and interest. His only rival in the field of English history would be his friend, Hume, whose unpopular principles had already exposed him to the most unfavorable criticism. Few in that period seemed to perceive the unusual excellence of Hume's production, and it was common to speak of it as partial, false, full of Scotticisms, and unfit to be put in the hands of the young. It was plain, therefore, that Robertson had every advantage over his only rival, and that his work, sustained by royal and court influence, by the whole circle of critics, and by the charms of his style and method, would rise at once to be considered the only faithful and valuable history of England. He seems, in fact, for a time to have inclined to follow the royal suggestion and to devote the remainder of his life to a work of that nature.

But upon reflecting upon the subject, various objections rose in his mind. He felt that Hume must necessarily consider such a work an intrusion on his peculiar field, and that friendship demanded that some regard should be paid to his feelings. This objection, however, he seems to have met by urging that Hume's work had long been before the public, and had gained a position which could not be shaken by any effort of his own.

And he thought, too, that from their different mode of viewing the subject, the two works would rather throw light upon each other than come into open competition. While he was reflecting upon the project, however, Lord Bute resigned, and he thus lost one of his most zealous friends in office. He heard, too, that Hume felt displeased at his design, thinking that it was no friendly act to attempt to wrest from him the place of historian of England, and Robertson kindly dropped all thoughts of the matter.

It is probable, also, that he was conscious that he wanted many of the qualities necessary for the performance of such a labor, and that as he examined the subject more closely, he found that he could hardly hope to give interest to so long a work, supported only by his pure but artificial style, and his happy skill in painting an interesting character. There is little doubt that had he attempted to write the history he would have failed wholly in giving it a lasting value. Temporary applause he must have gained, because that was prepared for him beforehand. He would have shocked no prejudices, he would have wounded no cherished convictions, nor would he have ventured upon any dangerous speculations in religion or politics. He would have pleased dissenter and churchman, liberal and tory, prelate and Puritan. But he would have wanted all those excellences which have given a perpetual interest to Hume's unequalled work. Philosophy, depth of insight into peculiar characters, and the power

of fixing the attention to a long train of reasoning, hidden beneath an engaging narrative, were qualities that Robertson never possessed; nor could he have rivalled that pure and artless style, that melodious flow of language, and those sweet and gracious pictures with which Hume has at intervals interspersed his history. Happily for his fame he selected a subject more suited to his taste and powers.

This was the history of Charles V. After looking round for an interesting subject in modern history, and having consulted Hume as to what he would advise him to choose, he finally, notwithstanding the advice of his friend, who recommended him to compose a series of biographies, had fixed upon that era, as one likely to be of interest. For nearly ten years after the publication of his first work, Robertson was closely engaged upon the history of Charles, and as it was a work requiring a wide range of reading and a general knowledge of the affairs both of Europe and America at that period, the time does not seem long.

The subject was one that seemed suited to his peculiar powers; the life of Charles embraced within its limits vicissitudes such as might well employ all the skill of the historical painter, and call forth all that power of touching the feelings, and the fancy which Robertson certainly possessed; and he could hardly fail to make an instructive as well as entertaining work out of the various materials which his subject presented: the rise of the Reformation; the wars with France and the

German league ; and the final abdication of the famous monarch amid all his power and magnificence, dissatisfied with the world and hopeless of present enjoyment. Robertson was always skillful in the choice of his subjects, and they were always not only interesting but new.

This history appeared in 1769, with a dedication to the king, who had probably been educated into an admiration of the historian, and had learned to prefer his rounded period and clear style to that of any other author. The work was received with general admiration ; the fame of the author could not indeed have been much raised above the early laudations of his critics ; but he now seemed to have proved that they had not been mistaken in their opinion of his powers. The history of Charles V. was believed to be the finest work of the age ; its learning seemed vast, its style perfect, its subject the most interesting and instructive that could be imagined ; nor was it necessary for the historian to write anything more in order to insure the perpetuity of his fame.

It is not to be supposed, however, that Robertson escaped the usual fate of eminent authors, or that his work aroused no unfavorable criticism. A portion of the Jacobite party, offended by the manner in which he had treated their idol queen, Mary, attacked his history of Scotland with vigor and considerable learning. Whitaker and Tytler, the two most learned of his opponents, labored to show that he was inaccurate and

partial. Even with Mr. Hume he had some differences on this subject; Hume inclining to a still less favorable construction of Mary's actions than his friend, but fortunately their controversies never went beyond a playful badinage and a few pleasant rejoinders. The most bitter and violent of Robertson's critics, however, was Gilbert Stuart, a man of remarkable and active intellect, who, at the early age of twenty-one, had written a valuable work on the constitutional history of Scotland. The style of this writer was clear, his reasoning strong, and his learning often deep and laborious. Unfortunately, however, he had early yielded to excesses and dissipation, and all his promising genius was thus lost to himself and his country.

Stuart, notwithstanding his constant intemperance, had offered himself as a candidate for a professorship in the University, and when he failed attributed his ill-success to the unfriendly interference of the principal. He at once resolved to revenge himself by attacking the works of his supposed enemy; and in various reviews and other publications he never ceased to disparage the good faith and accuracy of Robertson. So learned and acute a critic, he did not fail often to fix upon points in which the historian had, in fact, laid himself open to attack, and many of his strictures are both just and unanswerable. This constant hostility and abuse led, finally, to a duel between himself and Robertson's eldest son, in which neither were injured, and not long after, in 1786, Stuart died, at the early age of forty.

One of the leading traits of Robertson's character was the firmness and unchanging nature of his opinions. In fact, he seems never to have departed from those principles which he laid down for himself in early youth, maintaining the same doctrines at the close of his life which he had adopted at its beginning. Towards all other sects beside his own he had ever displayed an unusual liberality and tenderness of feeling. Charity seemed a part of his nature and he always severely condemned any departure from its teachings. When, in 1778, an attempt was made to remove some of the disabilities of the Roman Catholics in England and Scotland, and to place them on an equality with their fellow subjects, Robertson was one of the first to sustain the liberal measure. He urged it by his voice and his pen, and was everywhere known as the friend of the Catholics. This measure, however, awoke the most violent opposition among the common people; in London a Protestant mob for some time held possession of the city, burnt the chapels and dwellings of the Catholics, and forced Parliament to abandon the proposed measure. At Edinburgh, a similar outrage took place. The mob gained complete control of the town, and hastened in their rage to attack the house of the principal, as the prominent leader of the liberal party. Robertson, however, had left, with his family, before their arrival, and a body of soldiers, stationed within it, kept the mob from plundering. Yet, unmoved by this violent opposition, Robertson never yielded his opinions

for a moment, or ceased to advocate them openly as well as in private. And, in 1780, he delivered a speech in the general assembly advocating the same measures and principles which had drawn upon him the rage of his fellow citizens.

The writer, who has once learned the charms and the satisfaction of composition, can seldom lay down his pen until the close of life. Robertson, although he had already gained sufficient fame and influence, seems now to have written for the sake of employment. His next subject was one resembling in interest and novelty his two former themes, and like them was easily made to assume the form of a biography. Allured by the fascinating adventures of Columbus, of Cortes and of Pizarro, he now resolved to write the history of America. His first design was to include in this work all the known portions of that country; to describe the discovery and settlement of Virginia and New England, and to paint the manners and occupations of those singular people who had occupied the country on the first appearance of the whites.

He was only able, however, to complete the narrative of the Spanish settlements in America, having left some fragments of his labors upon the history of the more northern portion of the country. This work appeared in 1777, in two volumes quarto. In its composition he passed many years of labor, and had evidently collected a vast amount of materials suitable for the work; his list of the various authorities which he con-

sulted, printed together with the history, shows with what diligence and expense he was in the habit of prosecuting his researches. He also retains the same clear and musical style, and paints the march of Cortes to Mexico, and the voyage of Columbus over the unknown ocean, with the same skill with which he had depicted the life and sufferings of Mary, or the abdication of Charles V.

As if, however, the public had grown a little weary of his flowing sentences and his graceful manner, the history of America met with a cold reception compared to that enthusiasm with which his earlier works had been hailed. Even his style was thought to have declined in correctness, and to have become less harmonious and easy than in his former writings.

Whether led by this cold reception to believe that he had chosen an unpopular theme, or, wearying of his task, Robertson never completed his design of writing the History of America; although in his preface he promises to perform that labor. It is likely that, as he began to examine the materials for the history of the northern parts of that continent, he found them less interesting, and the labor more difficult than he had imagined. He could hardly have felt much interest in the character of the Puritans, then so little understood, or in the various colonists who had landed upon North America, and he finally resigned the subject, after having written some fragments of the narratives of Virginia and New England.

But, in 1778 or 79, he was already thinking of a new subject for historical study, and consulted his friends as to his choice. Mr. Gibbon recommended to him the history of the Protestants in France; a narrative adorned by many remarkable scenes and exploits, and by the genius of Coligny and Henry IV. Robertson, however, seems to have preferred a subject suggested by several other friends—the History of England from the Revolution to the Accession of the House of Hannover. But his friend Mr. Macpherson, having already published an account of that period, together with a large and valuable collection of documents, Robertson, partly out of regard to his friend's feelings, and no less from a sense of weariness and indolence, gave up the project for ever. He was never to write any portion of the history of England, or to come into open comparison with Hume.

His fame meanwhile having spread abroad, in 1781 he was elected member of the Academy of Sciences at Padua; and in 1783 one of the foreign members of that of St. Petersburg. The Empress Catherine, too, pleased with his writings, sent him a gold snuff-box set with diamonds.

Robertson was also the founder of the Royal Society of Edinburgh, having always entertained his leisure with scientific pursuits. His active mind pursued all kinds of knowledge, and he was skillful in mathematics and geography, as well as in mere general learning.

His last work, undertaken as an amusement, in the decline of his life, was an essay on the knowledge the

ancients had of India before the discoveries of Gama, and also an inquiry into the nature and amount of commerce then carried on between Europe and the East. This treatise was suggested by reading Major Rennell's "Memoir of a Map of Hindostan:" it shows learning and reflection, with little novelty of thought. It was published in quarto, in 1791, when Robertson was in his seventieth year. Lord Brougham, then a child, was in the house with the historian, while he was engaged on this work, and relates that he used to leave the dining-room both after dinner, and again after tea, to remain shut up in his library.

His health now began to decline, and symptoms of jaundice appeared. He removed from Edinburgh to his seat in the country, where he hoped to find benefit from purer air. Here, in mild weather, he would spend much of his time in the garden, as if he had at length grown weary of books, and now sought amusement in nature. At length, in 1793, he was confined to his couch, and died on the 11th June of that year.

It is unnecessary to dwell upon his character, since it can be easily gathered from the circumstances of his life. He was calm in disposition, free from passions, of considerable energy, firm, decided, and candid. His opinions once adopted seem never to have changed, and his taste remained through life always the same. Although without anything of the enthusiast in his feelings, yet he was always just and benevolent. His conduct towards his family, when, in early youth, he

devoted himself to the maintenance of his younger brothers and sisters, and finally provided for them comfortably in life, shows his kind and generous nature; and he was never wanting in the common traits of benevolence.

He either aimed to become a stoic by philosophy or was born one by nature. He thought it wrong ever to destroy the happiness of others by the recital of one's own private griefs; and he said he always left all his sorrows in his study. When he came into the company of his friends he was always good-humored and cheerful, and he continued to the close of his life one of the most agreeable of that amiable band of authors who made the fame of Scotland in the last century. He was fond of lively conversation, enjoyed company and a good joke, and it would probably have shocked the rigid Knox or Wishart could they have seen the amiable wit who was at the head of the church which they had founded.

Few writers, in fact, have attained a position of more influence than that held by Robertson. As principal of the University he controlled the educational system of his country and influenced the minds of the greater proportion of its rising intellect. In the general assembly he was long the ruling member, directing all its measures and infusing his own mildness and liberality into the minds of the young ministers. There, it is true, he often met with opposition from Erskine and the violent party, but in the end he usually

triumphed, as patience and moderation are almost always at last successful. His literary fame, rising with his years, completed his wide influence. He was the personal friend of George II. and III., the favorite of Lord Bute, and admired by all the royal family. The fashion of London was on his side, and his moderation and general good-humor preserved him from having an enemy.

He used his power in the most praiseworthy manner, endeavoring by all means to serve his friends and to protect and advance the fame of his literary rivals. The head of the Scottish kirk, he set the example of perfect charity in his conduct towards others; he was intimate with Hume and Kames, the leaders of free inquiry; he remained the friend of Erskine, the head of the extreme faction in the church. He always inculcated charity as the chief of the virtues, and would never grow more angry than when he heard some scandalous or defamatory remark.

As an orator, he is pronounced by his friends to have been the first in Edinburgh, if not in the empire. His voice was fine and mellow, his action graceful, his person tall and imposing. It was easy, therefore, for him, with his clear style and rounded periods, to produce a good impression. Whether, however, he in fact possessed the rare gift of oratory, and was capable, by its inspiration, of moving the feelings and guiding the mind, is not easy to determine. When he preached he spoke chiefly from notes, but few of his sermons

remain to show his peculiar power in this respect. In the assembly, where he so long presided, he was supposed to be the most finished of orators. His manner at last, however, probably grew formal, and the tones of his voice, and the peculiar train of thoughts in which he indulged, became monotonous and wearisome to his younger hearers. A story is told by Lord Brougham of a joke played off upon the principal by Lord Cullen, which seems to have been one of the few occasions on which his good humor was shaken. It was evening, and the assembly being just met, the principal not having arrived, the room was dimly lighted, and the members sat in silence awaiting their leader. At last he appeared, ascended to his seat, and delivered an address full of all those liberal sentiments which he was accustomed to utter, and marked by the same dignified action and mellow periods that he never failed to use. It was, however, Cullen who had taken his place, for the time, and imitated his peculiar manner. Soon after the real principal came in and delivered a speech very nearly to the same purpose, and with manner, voice, and rhythm very nearly the same as that of Cullen. The assembly burst into a general laugh, and Robertson, when he found out the joke, seemed vexed and displeased.

In writing, Robertson had formed his taste on the best models in the language. He studied Swift and Defoe, to acquire a pure narrative style, and always recommended those writers as the best examples

of simplicity and strength. When a young friend asked his advice as to what works he should read to improve his taste, Robertson told him to study Robinson Crusoe and Gulliver's Travels.

Yet his own style cannot well be called simple. Its language is often strained and the rhythm wanting in melody. He always seems to have uttered his thoughts in measured and stately language; his periods are labored, and he never reaches the simple and natural flow, either of language or thought, which marks the style of Goldsmith and Hume. His mind did not belong to the class of which Swift and Defoe were leading examples; nor did he ever attain their natural ease in narration or their pure and harmonious English. His style, in fact, has everywhere the traces of imitation, coldness, an artificial language, and an appearance of labor and study.

The History of Scotland, the only one of his works which approaches the perfect plan of a history, is the best of his productions, the most interesting, and the most naturally written. Although he asserts that he was ten years engaged on it, the size of the work would hardly seem to require so much labor. It hardly exceeds nine hundred pages octavo, and in order to swell it to two volumes he was obliged to add, afterwards, by a few months' labor, a large body of notes. He was always fond of referring to many authorities, and was careful in his researches; yet he seldom discovered any new facts and does little more than relate

gracefully the more interesting portions of a well-known narrative.

He was always happy in the choice of his subjects; they were of unusual interest and well suited to his peculiar genius. The History of Scotland has both these qualities. It is a careful account of the earlier annals of Scotland, in a very concise form, terminated by a most interesting narrative of the adventures and death of Mary of Scots. The whole work is only a life of that queen introduced by a general essay on Scottish antiquities.

Such a work could not fail to arouse the national feelings of the Scotch, since it related all the most touching episodes in the annals of their country; dwelt for a brief space on the eminent names of their history, on Bruce and Wallace, the Arrans, the Hamiltons and Douglasses, and then passed on to adorn with the most eloquent painting the death of their favorite queen. The history of Scotland, too, had been the type of that of Europe. The Scotch had arisen from barbarism to feudalism, had known their own reformation and their own struggle for liberty, and had finally attained peace and prosperity by adopting a liberal form of government, and by placing a king of their own royal race on the throne of England. It was easy, therefore, for Robertson, by dwelling upon these animating subjects, as well as by adding an appearance of philosophy and learning, to produce a work that should have unflinching interest for his own countrymen, even had he never

possessed that clear and harmonious style which so delighted the critics of London.

The history of Charles V. is another example of the peculiar turn of Robertson's mind towards biography. It is little more than a life of that monarch, prefaced by a learned account of the progress of modern civilization. Robertson was seemingly incapable of forming the plan of any historical work which should not revolve wholly upon the life of a single hero. A history, however, is the biography of a nation, and no work which treats only of an individual can deserve that name.

The view of "the state of Europe" is the most learned and philosophical of all Robertson's productions. The earlier portion is somewhat dull, as he relates too many well-known facts, and dwells too long on the commoner causes of the fall of Rome; but his account of the growth of the free cities, of the progress of knowledge, and of the principles which form the base of European civilization, show considerable acuteness and power. Without much novelty, or any bold speculation, the essay shows great labor and a power of thinking clearly as well as of presenting a pleasing theory in a graceful form.

Yet nothing can be more awkward than the plan of this work. The whole of the first volume, a thick quarto, is consumed in the introduction, and the life of Charles with notes makes up the remaining two. We are presented with a history of the whole civilization of Europe, in order to prepare the way for the narrative

of the life of a single king who played but a brief and unimportant part in the affairs of the world; and in Robertson's exaggerated view of his subject, Charles was the aim towards which all the progress of Europe tended, and his age the crowning one of its civilization.

When he finally reaches his real subject, the life of his hero, all the natural powers of the writer are at once called into play. He paints, with his usual happy manner, the infancy of Charles, his growing talents, the character of Ximenes, and the general condition of that vast empire which now acknowledged a single ruler. The subject is full of interest, and scarcely needed all the labor and fine writing which Robertson bestowed upon it to give his work a lasting fame. He paints with admirable skill the adventures of the chivalrous Francis, the beginning and progress of the Reformation, the growth of Jesuitism, and the daring character and unceasing labors of the undaunted Luther. At length the biography, after a series of brilliant sketches, reaches its crowning excellence in the account of the abdication of Charles, and there can hardly be found in any language a spectacle of greater interest, or one more happily delineated, than that which Robertson has given of that remarkable event. In his account, however, of the conduct of Charles after his retirement, the historian is supposed to have fallen into a series of errors almost inexcusable, and several later writers have shown, either that his materials were defective or that

he willfully colored his narrative in order to give a more interesting view of the last days of his hero.

In the preface to Charles V., Robertson observes that the exploits of the Spanish in America, under Cortes and Pizarro, form a subject too extensive to be properly treated in that work, and that he hopes at some future time to write a separate account of those achievements. This was the origin of the history of America, a series of biographies of Columbus, Cortes and Pizarro, interwoven with various essays on the manners and religious belief of the native inhabitants. This subject has been so fully and gracefully treated by a later historian of our own country, that the defects of Robertson's work need not be indicated. He evidently, however, had but slight acquaintance with the antiquities of the Peruvian and Aztec races, or, perhaps, chose to neglect those topics for the purpose of directing the chief attention of the reader to his brilliant narrative of the exploits of their conquerors. In these relations, he rises to the highest excellence of his art, and no writer since Plutarch has produced such pure and delightful biographies as are those of Columbus or Cortes. Robertson selects only those facts needful to be known, combines them with singular taste, and fills the imagination with a clear and perfect conception of his hero.

His geographical writings, comprising the learned introduction to the history of America, are also not inferior to the general tone of his writings. They are

laborious, accurate and full of interest. Nor is it easy to find anywhere examples of knowledge so happily conveyed, or of deep learning so skillfully brought down to the common understanding.

In his own age, Robertson was thought to have produced, in his History of Scotland, a perfect model of historical writing; and Walpole, speaking the common opinion, pronounced him as sagacious and penetrating as Tacitus, as perspicuous as Livy, and with far less partiality than his countryman, Mr. Hume. At least, he must be considered the most perfect of modern biographers. In this respect, time only lends value to his productions, and they will, doubtless, continue to be read as long as the language, which he so aided in purifying and improving, shall be spoken among men.

GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON.

THE life of Lyttleton has been written by Dr. Johnson, in his usual concise and careful manner, omitting whatever is unimportant, and telling every thing that the reader would most wish to know. All that I can hope to do, therefore, is to enlarge upon his narrative by such new particulars as later materials have placed within my reach. The father of the historian was Sir Thomas Lyttleton, baronet, a person of large fortune, and of considerable political influence. He married Christian, the younger of the two sisters of Sir Richard Temple, of Stowe, afterwards Viscount Cobham; and by his marriage had five sons, all of whom rose to influential stations, and were in some measure conspicuous. George, the eldest, was born 17th January, 1709. He was educated at Eton, where he was "so much distinguished," says Dr. Johnson, "that his exercises were recommended as models to his schoolfellows."

From thence he went to Oxford, where he continued to display the same taste for study and early made himself some reputation as a poet by his poem on "Blen-

heim. Here, too, he probably wrote his "Progress of Love," and the "Persian Letters." After a short stay at Oxford he began his travels in 1728, with the design of performing what was then called the grand tour, and meant usually a visit to France and Italy. He stopped for some time at Luneville, the capital of the little sovereignty of Lorraine, where his father desired him to perfect himself in the French, as well as to improve his manner, and acquire ease and grace in society.

These last accomplishments, however, nature had for ever debarred him from possessing. His appearance was awkward and unattractive; and his nervous manner and restless carriage made him ill at ease, except among his familiar friends. Johnson thinks, with pardonable blindness, that the term "respectable Hottentots," which Chesterfield has applied to himself, was meant for Lyttleton: a mistake that shows at least that there must have been good grounds for having committed it. Probably he made more progress in the language, for he seems to have written French with considerable ease. But from the first he had become dissatisfied with Luneville. Always strict in his morals, Lyttleton was shocked at the dissipation of the little court. Its chief amusements were gaming and the chase, for neither of which he had any taste, while he made some errors in etiquette, which long hung heavy on his mind, particularly as he was at that period of life, when such trifles make a serious impression. From Luneville he wrote to his father various kind and dutiful letters,

which show him to have been a considerate and excellent son, and are the best authorities for that period of his life.

Having obtained the consent of his father, he next went to Soissons, where was sitting the celebrated congress. Here he made the acquaintance of Mr. Poyntz, one of the British commissioners, who not only cultivated his society, but employed him in the course of the negotiations. At the close of the conference, Mr. Poyntz was made ambassador to Paris: there Lyttleton accompanied him; was employed by him in various important business, and found an entrance into all the society of the capital. His father seems now to have been somewhat anxious about his morals; but Mr. Poyntz assures him, in one of his letters, that the bad examples of Paris or any other place could have no effect upon his son; and he prophesies that Lyttleton will become an ornament to his country and his friends if he can only withdraw himself from too great attention to literature, and attend more heartily to business. From Paris Lyttleton wrote a poetical letter to Dr. Ascough, at Oxford, and another to Pope from Rome. These poems, like all his poetical writings, are smooth, and generally correct; but show no unusual refinement of taste nor any ear for harmony. The "Epistle to Belinda," published in 1731, is a feeble effort to imitate the "Universal Passion" of Young.

Lyttleton having returned to England with a great reputation for talents and good character, was now to

make his way in public life. Early ambitious of distinction, he had already tried literature, with a success greater than his merit; and he now turned himself to politics, to attain advancement in a similar manner. In 1733, Frederick Prince of Wales, having formed an opposition against his father, George II. and his minister Walpole, selected Lyttleton for his secretary and confidential adviser. Not long after, in 1735, he obtained a seat in Parliament, and prepared to enter upon a struggle for office and emolument.

By his connections, no less than his reputation, he had every prospect of rapid success. He formed one of that powerful family connection of which William Pitt and George Grenville became finally the leading members. He was nephew to Temple, Viscount Cobham, and cousin to Richard Grenville, afterwards Earl Temple, and to George Grenville, the famous minister. William Pitt, afterwards Earl of Chatham, married his cousin, and his own sister was married to Pitt's elder brother, while many of his relatives, in the gradual rise of the family, gained high stations among the leading aristocracy.

In the Parliament into which he now entered, Lyttleton formed one of the opposition to Sir Robert Walpole, who had so long ruled over England with tact and discretion. In the same assembly, for the first time, William Pitt and George Grenville entered upon public life. They were all three young men little known to politicians, nor did either probably foresee at that period

the great influence to which they were finally to attain. Chatham had not yet made his first speech, and George Grenville was almost unknown. Of the three relatives, Lyttleton was by far the most conspicuous, and gave the best promise of future advancement. When they began their first attacks upon Walpole, he contented himself with sneering at them as "boy patriots;" and when at length they rose to power, they were known among politicians as the "Cousinhood." It is remarkable, however, that Lyttleton, who began his parliamentary career with the brightest promise, soon fell behind his relatives, and never gained anything of that influence which belonged to Pitt and Grenville.

"For many years," says Johnson, "the name of George Lyttleton was seen in every account of every debate in the House of Commons. He opposed the standing army, he opposed the excise—he supported the motion for the removal of Walpole. His zeal was considered by the courtiers as not only violent, but acrimonious and malignant."

He could not, however, have opposed the excise, as that was given up by Walpole in 1737. Nor can the "courtiers" have been right in their estimate of his zeal or his motives: he was no doubt impelled by that sincere passion for liberty which is common to young minds, to oppose what he believed to be arbitrary and tyrannical measures; and although he may have gradually lost some of his warmth, he never gave up wholly his love for liberty.

While secretary to the Prince of Wales, his fondness for letters led him to aid several of the authors of the day, by placing them in various posts about the prince. He counselled the prince to enlist literature on his side, and was no doubt the chief source of his liberality to literary men. With Thomson he long retained a sincere friendship, and when the poet died he brought out a corrected edition of his works. In this edition he ventured to amend "Liberty," by leaving out much that the poet had written; and at one time he even entertained the strange idea of improving the "Seasons" by a similar correction. Mr. Phillimore, his last biographer, has found a copy of the poem prepared in this manner for printing. But fortunately for his own reputation, as well as that of the poet, he soon gave up his design.

Mallet, Moore, West, and Hammond were also friends of Lyttleton, and he became generally known as a critic whose favor it was well to propitiate, and who was well disposed towards all rising authors. Hume, at a later period, made some advances towards his acquaintance, which never ripened into any good feeling on either side, while Robertson was immediately received into favor, and was overwhelmed with praise and regard. Like many men of moderate talent, Lyttleton's criticisms were governed by his feelings as much as by his intellect.

He was now "in the front rank of opposition," says Johnson, "and Pope, who was incited, it is not easy to

say how, to increase the clamor against the ministry, commended him among the other patriots. This drew upon him the reproaches of Fox, who in the House imputed to him as a crime his intimacy with a lampooner so unjust and licentious. Lyttleton supported his friend, and replied that he thought it an honor to be received into the familiarity of so great a poet."

In 1741 he married Miss Lucy Fortescue, of Devonshire, with whom he lived for several years in great happiness, when she died in childbed, leaving a son, afterwards Lord Lyttleton, and two daughters. This son became as renowned for his dissipation and unbelief as his father had been for the opposite qualities, and his conduct embittered the close of Lyttleton's life.

Not long after his marriage, the ministry of Walpole fell, and the Temple connection came into power. Their accession to office can hardly be thought a benefit to their country, since under their auspices began that course of policy which ended in the freedom of America. In 1744 Lyttleton was made lord of the treasury, and from that time seems never to have lived satisfied out of office.

It was during this period of his life, however, or not long before, while apparently immersed in schemes of personal aggrandizement, that he began to reflect upon the subject of religion, and was finally convinced of the truth and importance of Christianity. He was not, as is commonly supposed, an infidel at the time of this change, but had probably been much shaken in his

faith by the arguments of his unbelieving associates. His uncle, Lord Cobham, who seems to have had great influence in the family, belonged to the class of free-thinkers, and many others of Lyttleton's acquaintance secretly cherished the same opinions. His father, however, was a person of sincere piety, and the son was also greatly influenced by his friend Gilbert West, who had lately been won over to Christianity from being one of its most sincere opponents. Johnson, in his "Life of West," says, "West was very often visited by Lyttleton and Pitt, who, when they were weary of faction and debates, used at Wickham to find books, quiet, a decent table, and literary conversation. There is at Wickham a walk made by Pitt, and what is of far more importance, at Wickham Lyttleton received that conviction which produced his 'Dissertation on St. Paul.' These two illustrious friends had listened to the blandishments of infidelity; and when West's 'Observations on the Resurrection' were published, it was bought by some who did not know his change of opinion, in expectation of more objections against Christianity."

In 1747 Lyttleton published his "Observations on the Conversion of St. Paul," a work which Johnson evidently thought unanswerable, and which still maintains a great reputation among thoughtful men. Lyttleton wrote with all the ardor of sincerity, and he inculcates truth with clearness and force. The best applause which he received for his production was the following letter from his father:

“I have read your religious treatise” (he writes) “with infinite pleasure and satisfaction. The style is fine and clear, the arguments close, cogent, and irresistible. May the King of kings, whose glorious cause you have so well defended, reward your pious labors, and grant that I may be found worthy, through the merits of Jesus Christ, to be an eye-witness of that happiness which I doubt not he will bountifully bestow upon you. In the mean time I shall never cease glorifying God for having endowed you with such useful talents, and giving me so good a son.

Your affectionate father,

THOMAS LYTTLETON.

A few years after, in 1751, this good parent died, leaving to his son a baronet's title, with a large estate. He was now, therefore, placed in a position of affluence which might well have satisfied his desires, had not ambition urged him to continue his political efforts.

As a politician Lyttleton had formed many connections, which, however brilliant in themselves, could have had but an unhappy influence on his character, and it becomes the more wonderful that in so loose an age, associating with the free-thinkers and libertines of the time, he should have so well preserved his own purity and faith. He was long connected with Bolingbroke, the deist, and Chesterfield the gentlemanly unbeliever; he corresponded with Voltaire, and was the patron of Mallet. During his political career, however, his character has not escaped reproach. He was thought at times to have sacrificed his consistency to his love of office, and sometimes to have acted in a manner that seemed treacherous and insincere. He suddenly abandoned the Prince of Wales, with whom he had been so long connected, to take office in 1744

under Pelham, while ten years later, he abandoned Pitt to become chancellor of the exchequer in the new ministry. Pitt, however, soon succeeded in driving his enemies from office, and Lyttleton loosing his chancellorship, received a peerage. This was the close of his official life, and he now once more returned to the studies of his youth. In 1755 he had made a journey to Wales, an account of which he gave in a letter to Archibald Bower, a man who long retained his friendship although he seems never to have deserved it. Like most good men he was easily deceived, and hoped to find in others that sincerity which he possessed himself. His "Dialogues of the Dead" appeared in 1760, "which," says Johnson, "were very eagerly read, though the production rather, as it seems, of leisure than of study; rather effusions than compositions. The names of his persons, too, often enable the reader to anticipate their conversation; and when they have met, they too often part without any conclusion. He has copied Fenelon more than Fontenelle."

"When they were first published, they were kindly commended by the critical reviewers; and poor Lyttleton, with humble gratitude, returned, in a note, which I have read, acknowledgments which can never be proper since they must be paid either for flattery or for justice."

In all his literary career Lyttleton had hitherto been a professed imitator; he had followed Pope in poetry, Montesquien in his Persian letters, and Fontenelle in

his "Dialogues of the Dead." But now that leisure seemed given him for more extended labors, he began to press forward a larger work upon which he had long been engaged, and which had been making gradual progress during all his political career. This was his "History of Henry II.," a work which was more painfully elaborated than almost any other in literature. In 1741, Lyttleton had told Pope that it would be ready in two or three years, but was not finally published until twenty-three years afterwards, when three volumes only were printed, the conclusion not appearing until 1771. Johnson speaks of the work with a contempt which is not undeserved. The subject Lyttleton had selected, because it seemed to give the origin of the British constitution and to support those political views which were held by his party. But the period lay too far back to be of much interest to the public; nor had the author any of those charms of manner or arrangement which lend interest to any theme. His style was cold and heavy, without a trace of fancy or any of the peculiar graces of the historian. Lyttleton possessed plain sense and an industrious intellect, but he never rose in any of his productions above the level of a second-rate writer.

Among his friends, however, and in the literary circles of the capital, the work was well spoken of. Horace Walpole writes of it, to the author, in the following manner: "I twice waited on you in Hill-street, to thank you for lending me your "History,"

which I am sorry I kept longer than you intended ; but you must not wonder. I read it with as great attention as pleasure ; it is not a book to skim but to learn by heart, if one means to learn anything of England. You call it the “History of Henry II.—it is literally the History of our Constitution, and will last much longer than, I fear, the latter will ; for, alas ! my Lord, your style, which will fix and preserve our language, cannot do what language cannot do—reform the nature of man.”

With these prettinesses and artificial compliments Lyttleton was probably satisfied, and believed that he had indeed produced a work which should live for ever. His care in printing was so excessive and unusual as was equalled only by his labor in writing. The whole work was printed twice over, a great part of it three times, and many sheets four or five times. These costly advantages were paid for by the author, who is said to have expended a thousand pounds in getting out his work. It was nearly ten years printing, having been commenced in 1755, and the copy which Walpole saw in 1758 was one printed only for the use of the author.

“Andrew Reid,” says Johnson, “a man not without considerable abilities, undertook to persuade Lyttleton, as he had persuaded himself, that he was master of the secret of punctuation ; and as fear begets credulity, he was employed, I know not at what price, to point the pages of ‘Henry the Second’—When time brought the history to a third edition, Reid was either dead or

discarded ; and the superintendence of typography and punctuation was committed to a man originally a comb-maker, but then known by the style of Doctor. Something uncommon was probably expected, and something uncommon was at last done ; for to the doctor's edition is appended what the world had hardly seen before, a list of errors in nineteen pages."

The history, notwithstanding its moderate merit, passed through several editions, and was read with pleasure and profit by the whigs of the time. Lyttleton, so influential by his political connections, his wide circle of literary acquaintance, and the general opinion of his character and abilities, could not fail to win sufficient applause to satisfy his vanity, and was unconscious how soon after these exterior advantages had passed away, his book must sink into oblivion.

The work was, in fact, highly instructive, learned, careful, and accurate, but like many another of that description, wanted the crowning touch of genius to give it lasting importance. Its whole plan and form was tedious and uninviting. Lyttleton had pursued, through five dreary volumes, the life of a king who had been long forgotten by the public, and whose reign, with one or two striking episodes, had been dull and unimportant. His work is as long as the whole of Hume's History of England, and while that graceful writer had condensed in a few pages the Life of Henry II., Lyttleton gave to one reign labor and space sufficient for the history of the nation.

The work, too, was little more than a party pamphlet

written to sustain the political theories of the whigs, and even in the preface he takes occasion to laud the Revolution of 1688 and to declaim against the growth of prerogative. His style, clear and easy, is altogether uninteresting; and he evidently had no power to rise above the dullness of a common chronicler. There is scarcely to be found in all his volumes a single passage of interest, a single character painted with skill and warmth, or any trace of thought, or fancy. Lyttleton was neither a poet, philosopher, nor possessed of any trace of genius, and while looked upon as the best critic of the time, he could have had no just conception of merit in writing.

Yet he was now giving law to the world of letters, and with Chesterfield and Garrick held undisputed sway. He had always been fond of the society of men of letters, a taste that his position and influence easily enabled him to gratify. In early life he had been intimate with Pope, and had cultivated the friendship of that poet by dull verses in his praise. He spent much time in the learned and noble society of Twickenham, was esteemed by Lord Bolingbroke, and was often at Dawley with Pultney and Pope. Thomson had been his chosen friend, and with Mallet, Hammond, and Moore he had ever been familiar. Towards the close of his life he still continued to visit at Garrick's and to join the literary assemblies of Mrs. Montague and perhaps Mrs. Vesey. He knew Johnson slightly, and had some acquaintance with that new race of

authors, who, united in the Literary Club, had arisen to control the world of letters.

One of the least pleasant passages in his political life occurred towards its close; he quarrelled with all those gifted relatives with whom he had began his career, and found himself in open hostility to Pitt, the Grenvilles and the whole "cousinhood." He even fell into a violent dispute with the Earl of Temple in the House of Lords, and for a time could never speak of Pitt or Temple without all the bitterness of a partisan. At length, however, in the changes of politics, the old allies reunited, and Lyttleton sustained the Grenvilles in all those measures that led to the loss of America.

As a parliamentary speaker, Lyttleton seems to have been little more happy than as a writer. He thought himself an orator, but was lost in the crowd of inferior speakers. His position and character gave weight to whatever he said, and he was always heard with respect. His constitutional knowledge was considerable, and he had certainly a passion for what he believed to be liberty; but his political theories were all superficial, and he could advocate oppression in America while he upheld freedom at home.

In private life he seems to have been amiable and popular. He lived at Hagley, his family seat, which he had adorned with a fine new mansion, and had cultivated and laid out the grounds with the ardor of a Shenstone. Here he was fond of entertaining an agreeable circle of friends, composed of the most learned and

gifted intellects of the day. His disposition had always been cheerful; he had known few of the common ills of life and had possessed a prosperity unusual even among the great. Several circumstances; however, marred his perfect enjoyment. Some years after the death of his first wife he had married Miss Rich, daughter of Sir Robert Rich, a connection which did not add to his happiness. His eldest son, too, who in early youth seemed to give great promise, as he grew up became one of the most dissolute rakes of the time. His conduct gave constant uneasiness to his father and destroyed for ever his hopes of domestic peace.

Lyttleton had never strong health, his frame was always tender and his appearance delicate. At sixty he was seized with an illness which finally proved fatal. As he drew near his end all those Christian impulses which sustained him through life grew stronger at its close. "Doctor," he said to his excellent physician, "you shall be my confessor. When I first set out in the world, I had friends who endeavored to shake my belief in the Christian religion. I saw difficulties which staggered me, but I kept my mind open to conviction. The evidences and doctrines of Christianity studied with attention made me a most firm and persuaded believer in the Christian religion. I have made it the rule of my life and it is the ground of my future hopes. I have erred and sinned, but have repented, and never indulged any vicious habit. In politics and public life I have made public good the rule of my conduct. I

never gave counsels which I did not at the time think the best. I have seen that I was sometimes in the wrong, but I did not err designedly. I have endeavored in private life to do all the good in my power, and never for a moment could indulge in malicious or unjust designs upon any person whatsoever."

This is the parting self-examination of a well meaning and virtuous man. Lyttleton, although no high example of excellence, was, at least, harmless and benevolent. He had always lived too much in luxury and self-indulgence to understand exactly what were the duties of the Christian, but as far as he knew them he endeavored to fulfill them. He had always acted upon the selfish principle of avoiding evil rather than with ardor and enthusiasm to do good; and it is to be feared that even Lyttleton, pure as he was, left much undone that he might have done, and saw but a small part of the meaning of the faith he professed.

His death, after much suffering, was finally easy and tranquil. He said to Lord Valentia, a few hours before he died: "Be good, be virtuous, my lord; you must come to this." He gave all around him a benediction, and left the world with a blessing on his lips.

He was buried at Hagley, and the following inscription was cut on the side of his lady's monument:

This unadorned stone was placed here
by the particular desire and express
directions of the Right Honorable
GEORGE LORD LYTTLETON,
Who died August 22, 1773, aged 64.

His literary reputation in a great measure died with him; his poems are long since forgotten and his prose writings have little merit. The Persian letters, the most amusing of them all, were written while he was very young, and are a tolerable imitation of Montesquieu. They contain passages indelicate and coarse, and could hardly be placed in the hands of the young and pure of our own day. They probably gave rise, however, to Goldsmith's *Citizen of the World*, and by their popularity led that delightful writer to imitate and surpass them. But Goldsmith's letters are the perfect and graceful productions of a man of genius, Lyttleton's those of a coarse and inferior artist.

His correspondence is often agreeable and interesting. His remarks on his travels and the society he met abroad are the best of his writings; his letter from Wales to Bower is a far more pleasing production than the history, and he seems always to succeed better in trifles than when he attempted any laborious work.

The "Dialogues" Johnson dismisses with a contemptuous criticism, yet they may even now be read with some profit. Falkland and Hampden talk of liberty in a manner which shows, at least, what were Lyttleton's opinions of that subject as well as those of his party, and the dialogue between the savage and the duellist may be of use to many of our own day who still uphold the code of honor. Pope and Boileau discuss Shakspeare with little feeling of his real merits, and Pericles and Cosmo contrast the sentiments of Greece

and Florence. In our own time Walter Savage Landor has adopted and improved upon the model of Lyttleton, and when his heroes talk they are certain to say something new.

In general, Lyttleton was a laborious and careful writer, with no imagination, little feeling, and capable of few great or stirring thoughts. His history will, no doubt, be read by all writers upon that subject as a store-house of materials; but his fame will rest rather upon the purity and elevation of his character than upon his intellectual merit.

TOBIAS SMOLLET.

TOBIAS SMOLLET was born in 1721, at the farm of Dalquhurn, on the banks of the Leven, amid fine and striking scenery, which seems early to have delighted him. His father was the son of Sir James Smollet, of Bonhill; but, having married, against his father's consent, a lady of no fortune, died, leaving two sons and a daughter, together with his wife, dependent on Sir James for support. The elder son went into the army, and was lost off the coast of America; the younger, Tobias, was sent to school at Dumbarton, and soon began to show traces of an intellect above the common order. He wrote verses in honor of William Wallace, the national hero, several of whose exploits had taken place near Dumbarton; and whose adventures and patriotic life filled young Smollet with enthusiasm.

He was also remarkable for great liveliness of spirits, taking part in all school-boy frolics, and enjoying practical joking and rough play with an ardor that supplied him with many amusing reminiscences for his novels. He next went to Glasgow, to be apprenticed to a sur-

geon, and to attend lectures at the University; and here he was known as a sarcastic, daring and ungovernable student, fond of ridiculing his superiors, and of course by no means popular among the heads of the University.

By the death of his grandfather, which now happened, Smollet was left penniless, and he next went up to London, with little money, but many recommendations from his friends, to seek a maintenance. He was at length employed as surgeon's mate on board a ship of the line that went with the unlucky expedition to Carthagena; and here he gained that knowledge of the hardships of sea-life and of the peculiar character of sailors, which gives a coarse interest to several of his novels. Although certain of promotion, he had become disgusted with the sea; and, having left his ship, went to live at Jamaica, where he married a lady of the name of Lascelles. In 1745 he came back to London, with the hope of living by literature.

He had already experienced, however, some of the mortifications of a literary life. His first tragedy, "The Regicide," written at eighteen, was rejected at all the theatres, and he was forced to publish it by subscription. An opera, which he offered to Rich, was also refused; upon which the disappointed author complained and lamented as if none but himself had ever been thus treated.

His talents did not fit him to write either tragedy or opera; but several poems, which he now produced, are full of sweetness and power. "Leven Water" is one

of the finest odes in the language, and the "Tears of Scotland" have still an interest for the people of that patriotic country. The ode to Independence, too, is strong, vigorous, rough and effective, and has in it something of the poetic element which will not let it die.

But in his twenty-seventh year, in 1748, Smollet struck upon that literary vein which was to yield him his widest reputation. He now published his "Roderick Random," a book that was more generally read than probably any novel of the time. Coarse, indecent, and rough, the intellect of Smollet is happily developed in this production. It is in a measure the history of his own varying life, and is often natural and affecting. Here, too, he introduces the British sailor, in the person of Tom Bowling, the first of that long series of naval heroes who have since enlivened English literature. Brave, generous, rough and candid, the surly and irascible sailor, so devoted to his profession and his ship, was a creation that had too much originality and power ever to be forgotten; and later writers of sea-tales have seldom departed from the model given by Smollet.

Roderick Random, too, contained many allusions to notorious characters of the time, and was full of Smollet's rough and sarcastic humor. He narrowly observed the most disagreeable side of life, and was more intent upon extracting from it disgusts and miseries, than in softening and smoothing those that are inevitable. His jokes are

vulgar and laughable, his stories those of the cockpit of a man-of-war; but he found the public was not fastidious, and never after made any pretence to delicacy.

He was now an author of wide reputation, and began to find that literature was profitable. In 1750, he visited Paris, his mind already revolving the plot of "Peregrine Pickle." This laughable and indecent book is chiefly enlivened by its sea characters, its coarse jokes and overstrained wit. Smollet was, however, possessed of considerable learning, and the classical feast which he paints, at which the poet Akenside is supposed to have stood for the learned physician, shows humor of a higher order than anything he has produced. Through all his writings his Jacobite inclinations constantly overflow; and he touches skillfully, although rudely, the romantic chord in the Scottish nature, their love for the unfortunate Stuarts. The "Tears of Scotland" gained much of its popularity from this circumstance; and, in fact, Smollet's strong prejudices on every subject, have been of no little use to his fame.

In *Peregrine Pickle* he ridicules the French with keen and ready satire; and when he wrote his "Travels" he continued the same strain of contempt for every thing foreign. With a large portion of his countrymen this added interest to his work; they delighted to hear the French mounseers ridiculed, and their weaknesses and national peculiarities painted with Smollet's coarse and vigorous wit. And as Smollet had to live by

literature, he indulged his readers at the expense of good taste and generosity.

Various novels succeeded one another from his ready pen, all possessed of the same rough interest and the same repulsive features. He translated "Gil Blas," and published "Count Fathom," and "Sir Launcelot Greaves;" but was also engaged in a periodical, which, owing to his rude and violent nature gave him no little trouble.

After a short visit to Scotland, where he saw his mother after many years' separation, and renewed his recollections of Leven Water, he returned to London to edit the Critical Review. This he continued for several years, but, unhappily, brought into criticism a violence and sarcasm that involved him in various troubles. He reviewed Grainger's Tibullus with such bitterness as to produce a violent quarrel with that author; and about the same time he was prosecuted for assault upon a person, whom he had caned for some real or fancied injury. Smollet was acquitted, but wrote an angry letter to the opposing counsel which gave no favorable indication of his temper.

Soon after, having made some severe strictures upon Admiral Knowles' pamphlet, the admiral prosecuted him for libel and gained a verdict of three hundred pounds, besides imprisonment of three months in the King's Bench. Here Smollet lay for some time, never idle nor disheartened, while Garrick, whom he had abused and satirized with extreme violence, now brought

out for him a farce called "the Reprisals," and Smollet, touched with his generosity, wrote to him that he should ever find his gratitude as warm as his other passions.

He now engaged to write his *History of England*, a work which was written more rapidly than probably any other of its kind. Four large quarto volumes Smollet composed in fourteen months. But the author was now a well known and popular writer, and even his eccentricities and faults added to his popularity. His history, therefore, sold with uncommon rapidity, and the copy money he received for it exceeded all that Hume or Robertson gained by their earlier works.

Smollet was a Jacobite and of course a tory; he sustained the measures of the Earl of Bute, the unpopular Scotch minister of George II., and now commenced a weekly paper, called "The Briton," in defence of the court party. This gave rise to the more famous "North Briton," of John Wilkes, who, although he had long lived in friendship with Smollet, took the opportunity of bringing himself into notice by attacking his principles and abusing his party.

Notwithstanding his wide fame and the ready sale of his writings, Smollet had kept himself poor by his imprudence, and had made no use of his ministerial friends to obtain any permanent support. His peculiar and hasty temperament seems to have alienated his friends, while his sarcastic turn gave offence to many who might easily have aided him. The death of his only daughter, who died in her fifteenth year, seems

to have increased the depression of his spirits and plunged him in a lasting melancholy. Hoping to find some relief in change of scene, he went abroad, visited France and Italy, and on his return wrote an account of his travels.

These letters show that his diseased and melancholy mind was far from being improved by his journey. He sees everywhere only causes of disgust, misery and despair. Nothing is beautiful in nature or perfect in art. The Venus de Medici is no better than she should be, and the Pantheon only a huge cockpit. He had been cheated at inns, devoured by fleas, racked by bad roads and worse vehicles, until nothing but a few strokes of grim humor relieve the wretchedness of his picture. "The learned Smelfungus," says Sterne, "travelled from Boulogne to Paris, from Paris to Rome, and so on; but he set out with the spleen and jaundice, and every object he passed by was discolored and distorted. 'I'll tell it,' said Smelfungus, 'to the world.' 'You had better tell it,' said I, 'to your physician.'"

He visited Edinburgh in bad health in 1776, where he saw his mother and passed some time with his cousin, Mr. Smollet, of Bonhill; on his return he wrote his "History and Adventures of an Atom," a political work full of his usual bitterness and ill humor, and well fitted to please neither his friends nor his enemies. In fact, Smollet was never long satisfied with any one and easily found some cause of complaint against his friends, and fancied injustice and neglect in those who were best

affected towards him. Soon after appeared the least indecent of his novels, "Humphrey Clinker," and which still showed all his native humor.

But he was now fast sinking into the misfortunes and difficulties of poverty and old age. The fortune he had received with his wife, Miss Lascelles, was less than he had looked for, and had long since been dissipated in extravagant living. His mind was no longer fertile or his body active, and he could no more rely upon his pen for support. His health, too, obliged him to travel, but his friends in vain applied to the ministry to give him the small post of consul at Naples or Genoa, to enable him to support the expense of a journey. Mr. Hume, among others, interceded for him, but the ministry were obdurate; they refused to the suffering man of genius the trifle they gave to the lowest of their own partisans.

Smollet, however, found means in 1770 to visit Italy, probably through the generosity of his friends. He remained a short time at Leghorn and then went to Monte Nuovo, where he died October, 1771, in his 51st year.

Smollet was well formed and dignified in appearance, his countenance pleasing, and as he was fond of society had lived with profuseness, keeping a liberal table and entertaining much company. His conversation was, like his writings, original, coarse and amusing; his manners were easy and his company always acceptable.

From youth his disposition seems to have been of

that melancholy yet humorous turn which is not unfrequent to be met with; everything seemed to present itself to him in a double aspect of sadness and of humor. He saw in life little beautiful, generous, refined, or attractive; but he noticed much that gave rise to laughter and sadness. His disposition was not inclined to mockery and lightness; yet everything that he saw seemed to awaken in him the sensation of bitter mirth. He scoffed at what all other men admired, and seemed dead to enthusiasm in art or character.

His nature, however, was generous, forgiving, and kind. To the unfortunate he was apt to give more than he could well afford, and to those whom he had injured he was always ready to make a generous reparation. His temper was quick to fancy an insult, and difficult and uncertain to satisfy; but he never failed to make a grateful return for kindness, and was always desirous to repay a favor tenfold.

To his wife he seems to have been an affectionate husband, and his daughter's death probably hastened his own. His widow raised a plain tablet to his memory at Leghorn, for which Dr. Armstrong furnished the epitaph; while his cousin erected an elegant pillar on the banks of Leven, the river he has immortalized, and Dr. Johnson wrote part of the inscription. In fact there seems to have been a general sorrow among men of letters at the early death of one who had so long been their terror and their scourge, and the anger and pain which had been so often excited

by Smollett's severe strictures, while he lived, were forgotten in the recollection of his benevolence and real tenderness of disposition.

In poetry he possessed a rude and original power, which gives to all his pieces a certain value above those of most of his contemporaries. He was one of the first to abandon the smooth measures of Pope, and to speak the real feelings of his nature in his own bold and ready language. His odes abound in generous and ardent impulses, but, like his own nature, are rude, irregular, and imperfect. "Leven Waters" and the "Tears of Scotland" touch the feelings, and produce the stirring effect of true poetry, but they want the higher charms of the art—refinement, melody, and grace.

As a novelist, Smollet was the creator of a humorous and original school, gaining nothing from romance and legendary lore, but painting the passing world with all its follies, weaknesses and sins. He resembles rather the school of Dickens than of Scott, and aided greatly in introducing into that kind of writing, novelty, observation, and truth. His works, however, can hardly be commended as good models either in style or in morals; and no one can read them without regret that a mind capable of such real excellence should have been marred by so many gross defects.

His historical works were various; he wrote the histories of France, Italy, and Germany, for the "Universal History," and continued his History of England down to 1765. This work, so rapidly and carelessly

written, so full of inaccuracies and intentional misrepresentations, is yet printed as the best continuation we have of the earlier narrative of Hume. It extends from the time of Cæsar to 1765. Whatever other faults it may have, it is certainly interesting; Smollet had the power of fixing the attention of the reader to whatever he produced; and in this respect, at least, he takes a position far above the Cartes, Bradys, and Oldmixons with whom he most properly comes into competition.

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